

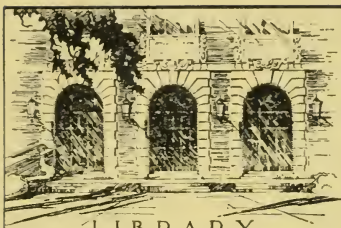
50.

Dunbar

5. Georges Spr.

Dungboro

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
H289c
v.3

CAMBRIAN PICTURES;

OR,

EVERY ONE HAS ERRORS.

BY ANN OF SWANSEA.

An age of pain does not atone for a moment of guilt.

T. CORNEILLE.

If that adversity, which arises from loss of fortune, fix our attachment stronger towards the friend that suffers, and force us to new efforts to assist him, the loss of innocence, when it happens from no habitual depravity, forms a much stronger motive to exertion, when those who have fallen struggle to raise themselves up.

SETHOS, Book 8.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR E. KERBY,
STAFFORD-STREET, BOND-STREET.

1810.

B. CLARKE, Printer, Well-Street, London.

823

H289c

v. 3

CAMBRIAN PICTURES,

OR

EVERY ONE HAS ERRORS.

CHAPTER I.

DURING their ride to Dolegelly Castle, the particular assiduities of the Earl of Clavering, and the extreme dejection of Miss Percival, did not escape the penetration of Hugh Montgomery: a thousand vague ideas chased each other in rapid succession through his mind: his own unacknowledged love, uneasy suspicions relative to Lord Clavering's pointed attentions to Rosa, the motive of her father's visit at that time to North Wales, after an absence of so many years, served to render his imagination an absolute

chaos. Was he again fated to encounter disappointment? Were all the delightful hopes he had so long and fondly cherished of attaching the gentle innocent heart of Rosa to himself destined to be blighted? Again he thought, were even his surmises accurate respecting Lord Clavering's wishes and intentions, the pensive countenance of Miss Percival spoke no pleasure, betrayed no triumph, evinced no proud exultation, but rather wore the impression of regret and uneasiness: once too as their eyes accidentally encountered each other, he remarked that her's were full of tears. "Precious drops!" thought he, "how supremely blest should I be were I permitted to kiss them away, and with attentive fondness remove every uneasy reflection." But little conversation had taken place, and Miss Jenkins felt rather offended at the very small share of notice his lordship took of her, and at his directing all the remarks he made on the surrounding prospects to her niece.

When the party arrived at Dolegelly Castle, they were welcomed with all that gentlemanly affability and politeness that characterized Sir Owen Llewellyn and his interesting family. Mrs. Mortimer received their united congratulations with a blushing modesty that heightened her beauty, and diffused additional graces over her lovely person; while Mr. Mortimer returned their compliments with that air of happiness, that evident pleasure, which told how proud he was of his charming bride, how superlatively blest in her possession. Lord Clavering and Sir Edward, ever perfectly at their ease, understood, and entered at once into the separate characters of Sir Griffith Tudor, his lady and daughter, who happened to be present at their introduction, and joined with avidity in the pleasantries of Eliza Tudor, who could not let slip the opportunity of rallying Miss Jenkins about her admirer Mr. Williams, with whom she said she shortly intended to take a breakfast, she so much longed

to have a cup of his strong hot coffee, and to regale plentifully on his nice well buttered rolls, and to enjoy his rich thick cream comfortably.

Miss Jenkins, with undisguised displeasure, told Miss Tudor that no doubt she would be a very welcome guest at Woodland Cottage, as she appeared to be a prodigious favorite with Mr. Williams; that for her part she had quite done with the quiet deliberating creature; and that any lady who had an inclination for the man had her free permission to visit him; that he was nothing at all to her, nor ever would be, let people take the liberty of talking as they pleased; they were mighty ready to marry her, but it was necessary to ask her consent first; and indeed her pride led her to look for something above Mr. Williams; it was easy enough to stoop and pick up nothing.

“Why what on earth,” asked Miss Tudor, “is the matter between these true lovers now? Why it was but the

other day Miss Jenkins, nay, don't attempt to deny it, that you were ready to strangle me because you thought the poor dear good-natured soul paid me a little attention."

"I am sure he is at perfect liberty," rejoined Miss Jenkins, "to pay attention to any one he pleases; but indeed, Miss Tudor, I must confess you talk in a very odd way, just as if you wished people to believe that I cared about a man who is old enough to be my father."

"Oh! pray," said Eliza laughing, "don't mention his age: consider, my dear Miss Jenkins, this is war time, and men are very scarce, so scarce, that heaven help us poor maidens, there is at this present juncture a most plentiful want of men: think of this, Miss Jenkins, and learn to speak with more reverence. A man is a man, be he young or old, and not to be talked of contemptuously; besides, all this is a mere copy of your countenance, for you cannot pretend to deny that you were downright jealous."

“ Jealous ! me jealous ! ” screamed Miss Jenkins, “ no indeed, not I truly : no man was ever of consequence enough to me to make me jealous. Mr. Williams, I assure you, Miss Tudor, is nothing at all to me, he never was anything more than a neighbor, and an old friend of my brother’s.”

“ I hope, Miss Jenkins,” said Lord Clavering, “ if you marry while I remain in the country that I shall have the honor of giving you away, an office that will afford me much pleasure.”

Miss Jenkins frowned. Lord Clavering’s offer of giving her away was quite disagreeable ; she neither liked his speech nor his manner, which she thought was not very expressive of tenderness for her. Sir Edward, twirling his eye-glass, inquired if they were speaking of the queer old quiz who had so graciously honored Lord Clavering and himself with an invitation to smoke tobacco and drink strong ale, and eat Cheshire cheese at his comfortable cottage. Eliza Tudor

laughed, and said she was sure it was Mr. Williams.

“ Upon my soul,” resumed Sir Edward, “ I believe I affronted the odd animallastnight; but I beg pardon, Miss Jenkins,” added he : “ if I had possessed the knowledge of his being your favored admirer, I would have treated him with more ceremony out of respect to your tender feelings.”

Miss Jenkins thanked him with a sneer for his humane consideration, and endeavored to change the subject, by asking Mrs. Mortimer if she intended honoring the next assembly at Carnarvon with her presence. Before Adeline could reply, Miss Montgomery said it was her mother’s intention to give a masked ball at Glenwyn Priory in the course of the month.

“ A masked ball,” replied Sir Edward, “ is the only amusement worth going to. Mrs. Montgomery has certainly the ideas of a woman of fashion.”

Mrs. Montgomery bowed, simpered, and looked delighted with Sir Edward's approbation.

“And this entertainment will give you, madam,” said he, with an insinuating air to Miss Montgomery, “an opportunity of displaying to great advantage that exquisite taste for which you are so very conspicuous. A masquerade,” continued he, “is quite a stylish amusement, it gives to genius and fancy so wide a field to display their unlimited powers; puts into the hands of wealth a magical wand, that creates a fanciful world, and astonishes the eyes of the vulgar with splendor and expence, which they view with gaping wonder and admiration. A masquerade I suppose was never heard of in Wales, it will be so novel.”

“Yes,” said Miss Jenkins, “it certainly will be novel, for I fancy, Sir Edward, few of the natives, as you are pleased to call us, have ever witnessed

•

an entertainment of that sort; they know nothing of masquerades but what they have gathered from books."

Mrs. Mortimer, Eliza Tudor, and Rosa Percival, had never been at a masquerade.

"I felicitate you on the pleasure you will enjoy," said Lord Clavering; "the novelty, ladies, will give the amusement double charms."

"I remember," said Lady Tudor, "when I was quite a girl Lord Evershaw gave a masked ball at Northglen Abbey. I went in the character of a sylph, and Sir Griffith Tudor represented Alexander the Great."

It was with difficulty that a general laugh was suppressed, as all present turned their eyes on the *embonpoint* figure of Lady Tudor and the diminutive height of her helpmate.

"All the company said we looked and supported our characters to admiration; but in that day," continued her lady-

ship, "I was an everlasting dancer, was all life and gaiety."

"True, my love," rejoined Sir Griffith, "you had not then imbibed a partiality for quack doctors; you knew nothing of the exhilarating vapour of burnt feathers, was ignorant of the virtues of valerian; you had not discovered that you had weak nerves."

"No, Sir Griffith," replied Lady Tudor sarcastically, "I was not married."

"Bless me," said Miss Jenkins, playing with her fan, and affecting to look youthful, "does matrimony lower the spirits and weaken the nerves? If this is the case, I think we girls had far better remain single."

"I am determined to try, however," rejoined Miss Montgomery, "and I think it will be wonderful if I don't contrive to keep up my spirits in spite of the frolics of a husband."

"And what a brute a husband must be," said Sir Edward, assuming a tender

air, "who would wish to diminish in the smallest particular what is so exquisitely delightful; for my part, I doat on vivacity; I idolize spirit; I would not, to obtain an empire, be tied to a half dead, half alive soul, one of your good kind of skim-milk, water-gruel without salt folks; no, no, give me a wife who has sense enough to form opinions of her own, and soul and spirit enough to insist upon and defend them."

Sir Edward Percival had taken the hand of Miss Montgomery, which he was tenderly pressing, during this speech, and which she, nothing loath, suffered him to retain.

Eliza Tudor had frequently mentioned Miss Percival to her friend Mrs. Mortimer in terms of high praise. Adeline was much pleased with her interesting face and figure, but more with her gentle unassuming manners. Nor was Rosa less attracted by the graceful elegant person of the fair bride, or less charmed with her affability. Mrs. Mortimer at

parting took Rosa affectionately by the hand, and entreated she might often be favored with her company at Dolegelly Castle.

Lord Clavering as yet had found no favorable opportunity of declaring his sentiments to Miss Percival, but he supposed her father had instructed her in the purport of his visit ; and his vanity was not a little piqued at the air of reserve with which she treated his attentions, and the smile of pleasure that illumined her features, whenever Hugh Montgomery addressed her on the most indifferent subject. The Earl of Clavering was, however, not of a disposition to feel much misery on account of female indifference ; he had been constantly in the habit of consoling himself for the frowns of one fair one by basking in the smiles of another. The smart little person of Eliza Tudor had not escaped his observation ; he was pleased with her countenance, and thought that her arch playful manner had peculiar charms ; she was

also heiress to very large estates ; and while he considered how much more advantageous a match she would have been, he more than half repented the engagement he had bound himself in with Sir Edward Percival.

When the Montgomerys rose to take leave, Sir Edward took the hands of Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter, whom he placed in their carriage, and was by them invited to occupy his former seat, a permission he gladly accepted, not being inclined to lose a single moment in the prosecution of his design upon Miss Montgomery, in whose favor he perceived he had already made no small progress, and to obtain the possession of whose hand he determined to leave no art or flattery untried ; no stratagem unattempted.

Miss Montgomery had said she would be a countess, and when Lord Clavering was introduced, her heart had bounded with the hope of possessing his title ; but Lord Clavering was by no means so

handsome a man as Sir Edward Percival, neither had he his easy manners, or insinuating address. Miss Montgomery was self-conceited and assuming, Sir Edward applied himself to her weak side, and was soon established in her opinion, as the most fascinating, charming creature in nature. Lucretia was again over head and ears in love, and she settled it in her own mind that Sir Edward Percival was so much superior in figure, understanding, and address, to the peer, that she would rather be a baronet's lady than a countess.

Lord Clavering handed Rosa into the barouche, and then returned to speak to Mr. Mortimer, who was kindly shaking Hugh Montgomery by the hand, and wishing him as happy in a matrimonial alliance as he was himself. Miss Jenkins, to her infinite mortification, had been left entirely unnoticed, though standing by the side of his lordship ; and as she ascended the vehicle unassisted, she muttered her dissatisfaction aloud,

protested she thought there was something in the air that turned the heads of the men, and made them forget every thing they ought to remember.

Rosa, whose thoughts had been differently employed, innocently asked what was the matter.

“Matter enough, I think, Miss Percival,” replied her aunt, in a tone of vexation, “pretty rude behavior in a person of Lord Clavering’s rank, to suffer a lady in whose family he is visiting to get into her carriage without offering her his hand ; but lords I perceive can be as rude as commoners, and ruder too for the matter of that. I know plenty of commoners who would not have been guilty of the *impoliteness* of placing such a mere chit as you in a carriage before me.” “Indeed, madam,” said the astonished and abashed Rosa, “I am extremely sorry ; I am sure I had not the most remote intention——”

“Oh, miss,” replied her aunt, “you need not take the trouble of attempting

an apology, I can see how it is, without being a witch ; you are trying to inveigle and ensnare the heart of Lord Clavering, but you will find he is not so soon caught."

Rosa was ready to faint ; the servants were listening and tittering ; but Miss Jenkins, unmoved by that circumstance, proceeding to vent her spite and discontent, said, " I think for my part the world is turned topsy-turvy—nothing but rudeness, ill manners, and the basest ingratitude, to be met ; mere babies now-a-days absolutely pushing themselves upon the notice of the men, languishing and leering ; and the men are so idiotish, and infatuated, and stupified, as to prefer them and their childish nonsense to a woman of sterling understanding."

" I hope, madam," said Rosa diffidently, " that there has been no impropriety in my behavior, to provoke you to address this very severe speech to me?"

" Nothing in your behavior indeed !" retorted Miss Jenkins, with increased

acrimony ; “ your behavior, and Miss Montgomery’s behavior, and Miss Tudor’s behavior, are all equally indecorous and intolerable ; but as to you, Miss Percival, I can give your vanity a bitter pill ; I assure you, and I speak upon pretty good authority too, my Lord Clavering has more true taste than to be attracted by your baby face.”

“ I hope so most sincerely,” said Rosa.

“ I know so,” replied Miss Jenkins, “ so, child, you may set your heart at rest ; you will never be Countess of Clavering I promise you.”

“ I am sure,” said Rosa, almost expiring with confusion, “ I am sure I never had the most distant wish, the remotest intention —”

The conversation was here interrupted by the gentlemen, at the sight of whom Miss Jenkins bade Rosa hold her tongue, and not expose herself. It was with the utmost difficulty Miss Percival could command her tears, while the inflamed cheeks and wide extended eyes of Miss

Jenkins declared evidently that some incident had occurred to disconcert and ruffle her placidity.

Lord Clavering expatiated largely on the beauty of Mrs. Mortimer, protested he had scarcely met a finer figure either in England or abroad, though he confessed the penserosa cast of her countenance was not altogether of a description to please his taste ; he preferred the arch lively expression that played upon Miss Tudor's.

Miss Jenkins scornfully tossed her head, and said she thought either of them well enough, but nothing so extraordinary as to make a fuss about—no, truly, nothing very particularly handsome.

Rosa replied, she not only thought Mrs. Mortimer beautiful and elegant, but there was something in her smile, and the tone of her voice, absolutely angelic (another toss of the head from Miss Jenkins); and though Miss Tudor was not so handsome as Mrs. Mortimer,

her person and manner were extremely pleasing.

Miss Jenkins told Rosa she was vastly polite to contradict her opinion, but for her part she hated such baby faces, and wondered what the men could see in them. Hugh Montgomery observed that ladies were incompetent to judge of each other's beauty.

“And why so, sir?” asked Miss Jenkins sharply; “you I suppose imagine they are envious of each other's charms; but suffer me for one to assure you, sir,” continued she, drawing up her scraggy neck, “that I am perfectly satisfied with my own person and face, indifferent as they are; and I dare say I have attracted as much notice, and had as many admirers too as Mrs. Mortimer, with her languishing looks; or Miss Tudor with her bold ones.”

Rosa was ready to sink with confusion. Hugh Montgomery stared with astonishment at this specimen of the old maid's indelicacy, spite, and vanity.—

Lord Clavering smiled, and that smile Miss Jenkins construed into approbation, though it was in reality the effect and expression of ridicule and contempt.

When they reached Glenwyn Priory, Mrs. Montgomery, who had arrived before them, pressed them to stay dinner, but this Miss Jenkins decidedly declined, offering as a reason, her brother being quite alone and expecting them home ; but in reality hoping in the course of the day to be left again alone with Lord Clavering, and to bring him to explain his intentions, of which she yet encouraged favourable hopes. Rosa was anxious to escape observation, and in the privacy of her own chamber to think over the occurrences of the day, to meditate on him so loved, Hugh Montgomery, and fix on some plan to evade the addresses of the earl, whom she hoped, and indeed expected, would remain the rest of the day at Glenwyn Priory. His lordship however cruelly disappointed her wishes, by declining, to the great joy of Miss Jen-

kins, Mrs. Montgomery's polite and pressing invitation : he determined that very day to explain himself to Miss Percival, and by her refusal or acceptance of his addresses to regulate his future proceedings.

Lord Clavering had fancied himself violently in love, but a few hours had made a revolution in his feelings and sentiments. Yet, though he certainly gave Miss Percival the preference, he discovered that he was not so far gone, so madly infatuated, so entirely and devotedly attached to her ; but he believed he could console himself for her rejection of him with Miss Tudor, whose spirit and animation he thought would grace and adorn his coronet nearly as well as the simplicity and mild innocence of Rosa Percival.

Hugh Montgomery had strolled into the woods with Sir Edward Percival and his father, while the ladies performed the necessary ceremonies of the toilet

before dinner. Mrs. Montgomery thought Sir Edward Percival a most *perdigiously* handsome man, and amazingly polite and well bred. Lucretia said nothing in nature could have happened more exactly fortunate for her, than his coming into the country at that particular time, as he would assuredly help her to some useful hints, respecting conducting the projected masquerade ; and certainly no man had more taste, or was more perfectly qualified to instruct.

Mrs. Montgomery smiled, while she replied, that perhaps Sir Edward Percival was the person appointed to instruct her in the road to matrimony, and if he was heaven bless them together, for they would make a *perdigiously* fine dashing couple. “He appears,” continued she, “my darling Lucretia, to be quite smitten with your charms, and for my part I don’t see what you can do better than take him, that is, my dear, if you have quite done grieving yourself about that

silly, stupid fellow, that would not accept of nothing for his own advantage, that oafish Mortimer."

"Pray, madam," rejoined Miss Montgomery, "don't wound my feelings by mentioning the savage: his ridiculous fulsome fondness of that tall, awkward maypole, his wife, this morning, was actually quite sickening; he is a creature without a single atom of taste; but Sir Edward Percival is quite a different sort of character; he has sense, feeling, and discernment; to be sure I did say that nothing under a coronet should content me, but this love oversets our very firmest resolves. I really believe, if Sir Edward offers, out of pure compassion to the divine man, I must condescend to be Lady Percival."

At dinner the nabob was so much entertained with Sir Edward's droll anecdotes that he pronounced him the most facetious and best companion he had met for many years, and he so enraptured Mrs. and Miss Montgomery with his

fine speeches, and still finer compliments, that when the hour of separation arrived, it was with evident reluctance on their part, as well as his, that he was suffered to depart, with a promise of being again at Glenwyn Priory the next day. Hugh Montgomery had been an attentive observer of Sir Edward Percival all day : he was the father of Rosa, of her on whom his future happiness depended, and he wished, if possible, to acquaint himself with his character : the investigation by no means either pleased or satisfied him. Hugh Montgomery's heart was the seat of honor ; his principles were founded on truth and integrity, and his penetration pointed Sir Edward Percival of superficial rather than solid attainments, calculated indeed for a *bon vivant*, but not for a friend, of free morals, of frivolous behaviour ; he thought him designing also, and he saw with real concern that this man was ingratiating himself with his father, and winding himself into the favor of his mother and sister,

and he knew that to offer advice on the subject, or warnings of so dangerous an acquaintance, would only be received with contempt and resentment. When the trio returned to Birch Park, Miss Jenkins beheld Williams stationed on the lawn, on the look out, and as soon as the carriage stopped he was ready to hand her out, which politeness she was not in a humour to receive graciously, or be gratified with : she only answered his — “How do you? I am very glad to see you look so well this morning,” with “Bless me, Mr. Williams, who would have thought of seeing you here.”

Now it was certain that Miss Jenkins did not wish to see her old admirer, or she would not have expressed surprise at a circumstance that happened once in every day in the week. Mr. Williams, to her infinite chagrin, answered, “that he supposed she had expected him, as his brother would take no denial, but would have him home with him to dinner.”

Gabriel Jenkins, who thought he had

been insulted the preceding night, and took some little blame to himself for having so tamely witnessed it, had indeed warmly insisted on his accompanying him home, and spending the day at Birch Park, swearing at the same time that all the lords and baronets in the nation should never make him meet an old friend with a new face, or oblige him to forget for one instant that what he had honestly earned was his own lawful property, and that he was king in his own castle.

Miss Jenkins most cordially wished Williams in the infernal regions: she began to discover that he was a mean looking little man, that his legs were too short, that he had an insignificant nose, that he had nothing to say for himself, in short that he was like a chip in porridge, neither good nor harm; and though he was well enough when no one else was to be had, that compared with Lord Clavering, he was a mere nobody, a quiz, a bore, a nothing at all, and she was astonished at her own patience, that

had so long suffered a person who was for ever deliberating and turning things over in his mind, to dangle after her for such a length of time. Rosa had scarcely completed her toilet, when her uncle very unceremoniously entered her room, puffing and blowing with a face full of importance.

“ So, niece, I come to ask you if you know that this same Lord Clavering is come all the way from London to marry you ? Gad, this is quite nice and clean, the most oddest affair I ever heard of in all the course of my business.” He now seated himself, took off his wig, and wiped his head. “ I say, Rosa, my girl, and so you are to be a fine lady,” continued he, “ and I suppose will soon forget your uncle, and that you ever knew Birch Park.”

Rosa’s tears would not be restrained, “ Forget my dear uncle !” said she, “ no never.”

“ Why look you, niece,” replied
 “ I believe you are as good a girl now

as need to be, but when you are married to a lord it will be quite and clean another guess matter; your father was always ashamed of our family, except when he wanted money, and then he was never ashamed to mention his wants, and have them supplied from the till of the shopkeeper—and gad, child, when you are married to a lord, and go to live in London, Lord help us in Wales, we shall be quite and clean drove out of your head by fresh acquaintances, all great and grand like yourself and your husband——Well, well.” said he, wiping his eyes with the end of his cravat, “ I was in hopes that your father would never have claimed you. I was in hopes he would have left you where you was born and bred. I pleased myself with the fancy that he would have quite and clean forgot to remember that he had a daughter at all, as he was so many years coming to his recollection.”

·Rosa’s heart told her she would have been full as happy if he had.

“ But here now,” continued Gabriel Jenkins, “ here now, this Lord Claver-
ing, he may be clever enough too for any
thing I know or can tell; he has really
quite and clean put me in a downright
flurteration, as I may call it, with saying
that he came here with your father, on
purpose to marry you, and that the bar-
gain was made, signed, sealed, and deli-
vered.”

“ What !” said Rosa, “ without con-
sulting me ?”

“ Aye, Rosa, without even asking you
whether or not you liked the man, or
chose to marry him; but gad, I am
talking just like a fool, for what young
girl would refuse to be made your lady-
ship of, and what young girl would re-
fuse a husband.—Bless me, Rosa, for
my part, I don’t like this lord at all, he
carries his head so high in the air, and
when he laughs, why, my girl, it seems
just for all the world as if he were only
making believe. Oh, dear, dear, I was
in hopes you would never have left

Wales, but now you must live in London, and spend your days in dressing and visiting, and coaching and carding, and running here, and flying there, telling lies, and pretending to like people to their faces, and cursing them behind their backs. Bless me, bless me, Rosa, I have heard that great people in London are nothing in the world but bags of deceit ; and how, my girl, will you be able to do otherwise ; why you must quite and clean forget all your sincerity ; and in order to be able to pay the great folks in their own coin, gad, you must be as wicked to the full as themselves."

" I hope not, uncle," replied Rosa ; " I hope I shall always respect truth, and never cease to remember the good lessons you have taught me."

" Poor child, poor child," said Gabriel Jenkins, kissing her cheek, " you are so good, and so innocent now, that it would be quite and clean a sin to take you to that wicked place London ; but there it does not signify ; you will have

a lord for your husband." "Indeed, my dear uncle," said Rosa, "I will not if I can help it."

"What," said Gabriel Jenkins, his face brightening, "what, why, Rosa, you would not; hey! why, gad, you would not pretend to be rebellious, and dispute the authority of Sir Edward Percival?"

Rosa looked in her uncle's face, with an affirmative on her countenance, but was silent, while he continued:

"Now, if Mr. Hugh Montgomery, (Rosa's colour grew more vivid at that name); I say, niece, if Mr. Hugh Montgomery had fancied you, and you had fancied him, why I should not much have minded giving you a few thousand pounds as a marriage portion, because that would have been quite and clean a match to my mind; then I might have hoped to nurse your little ones on my knee, as I used to nurse you, Rosa, and carry you about in my arms before you could go alone, when your poor dear mother was dying by inches, all for love

of your father. I won't curse him, Rosa, because he is your father; but his neglect killed my sister, as sweet a creature as ever drew the breath of life: gad, girl, you are the very image of her; I thought I should have broke my heart when she died, and I am sure if you marry this Lord Clavering I shall soon rest in the same grave with your poor mother."

"I will never marry him," sobbed Rosa, "I hate him."

"Do you upon your soul?" said Gabriel Jenkins, dashing the tears from his eyes. "Yes I do most sincerely," replied Rosa.

"Then I wish I may be d——d," rejoined he, jumping up, "if he shall have you; no, no, my girl, we live in a free country; no marrying here against inclination; no force in a land of liberty. Gad, but is it true though, all honor bright and shining, that you don't like this Lord Clavering—are you quite and clean sure you are not deceiving yourself and me?"

“ Quite certain,” said Rosa : “ Lord Clavering is my aversion.”

“ Tol der lol,” sung Gabriel Jenkins, capering about the room, and kicking his wig before him ; “ gad, but this is nuts for me to crack ; a mountaineer, as your father calls you, to have spirit enough to refuse a lord ; but come along, Rosa, I long to let them see a bit of Cambrian blood, pure and honest, neither ashamed nor afraid to refuse the gingerbread gilding of title, when the heart does not approve the man. Rosa, kiss me, you slut ; gad, I am so happy !”

“ But my father, sir ! I understand his affairs are embarrassed,” rejoined Rosa, “ and Lord Clavering was to advance money——”

“ Upon you,” said Gabriel Jenkins, with indignation ; “ your father would have sold you without pity, just as if you had been timber on his estate, to this Lord Clavering, and this noble lord would have bought you : very decent proceedings truly, just as had to the full

as if you had been a negro slave in a West-India plantation. But I shall take care to put a spoke in this wheel ; I shall quite and clean alter this matter : come along, Rosa : gad, I am all agog for you to deny this lord—and as to your father, d—— no, no, I wont d—n him, because he is your father, Rosa, but let him get out of his embarrassments as he got into them ; let him go to the gaming table, and win somebody else's estates, as they have his."

"Gaming tables !" echoed Rosa, "my father lose his estates by gambling !"

"Quite and clean as bad," replied Gabriel Jenkins, "the Rhydderdwyn estate was mortgaged for a gambling debt, and now he would have turned you over to this Lord Clavering to redeem it ; but we shall learn him that we natives are sharper than he expects."

Gabriel Jenkins led his niece to the drawing-room, where sat his lordship trimming his nails, and waiting with no little impatience the appearance of Miss

Percival, whom her uncle had promised should presently give him his answer, for he had no notion of shilly shally, putting folks off to another time, when it was quite and clean as easy a matter to speak their minds honestly and fairly at once. His lordship rose on the entrance of Rosa, and leading her to a seat, said, he hoped Mr. Jenkins, who was informed of his very great partiality in her favor, had prepared her to receive his addresses, and to give him such an answer as would be favorable to his wishes.

Rosa was confused and silent, but Gabriel Jenkins pushing himself between his niece and the peer, said: "Look you, my lord, few words are the best, and plain dealing is my maxim. My niece don't wish to be made a ladyship of—nor I don't chuse she should be trafficed away like a bale of goods, which it quite and clean appears was to be the case. I have maintained her to this time, my lord, and I am not tired of it yet. Rosa Percival is the child of my dearly loved sister,

and while I have a bit of bread, or a guinea, she shall never be forced to give her hand where her heart is not gone before. She shall never be forced I say."

Lord Clavering had never been talked to in this way, and in a tone of disappointment he repeated the word forced.

"Aye, forced," said Jenkins; "what do you call it but force? Here comes her father, who never saw her since she was the height of six pennyworth of halfpence, and tells her a long rigmarole tale about his embarrassments; gad, if the devil had his right, he would have had him long ago."

Rosa burst into tears.—Gabriel Jenkins stopped short to ask her pardon, and console her—then resuming his discourse to Lord Clavering, said, "Well, as I was telling you, he tried to work upon the poor girl's feelings, by talking about his distresses, and no doubt tried to dazzle her eyes with the notion of all the fine silver and gold gowns and petticoats she was to wear, because the weak brains of

women are apt to hanker and run after such tinsel and gew gaws.—But the truth is, my lord, she thinks you a very disagreeable sort of person.”

Lord Clavering looked in an opposite mirror, bowed, and said he was much obliged to Miss Percival’s opinion.

Rosa would have spoke, but her uncle proceeded to say, “ And you are her aversion : she don’t like you the least bit.”

His lordship expressed his admiration of her sincerity.

“ Gad, my lord,” replied Gabriel Jenkins, “ our family, I mean the Jenkins, were always famous for speaking their minds freely and honestly, and that is as far as I see the best plan : what signifies being fair teeth outward and hollow within. Rosa Percival loves her old uncle, and her own Welch hills, and prefers staying with us to marrying your lordship.”

“ She shews her taste and her discernment,” replied Lord Clavering, not a little piqued.

“ Why as to taste, my lord, you know what is one man’s meat is another man’s poison, and she perhaps would rather prefer a man whose face is something fresher than your’s, without puckers about the eyes. I beg pardon, my lord, for mentioning it, but time will quite and clean rob a body of his youth : only see, (taking off his wig, and pushing his bald pate in his lordship’s face) ; only see, it has made me bald headed.”

“ Really, sir,” said Lord Clavering, “ I don’t understand——”

“ Don’t you,” replied Gabriel Jenkins ; “ gad, that is very odd too, for I thought I spoke pretty plain. Well, I will try again ; I would speak Welch to you, but I suppose you are not learned enough for that—it is a pity you do not understand Welch, for I am more at home in that than English ; however, to make short of a long story, my niece, Rosa Percival, does not like you ; do you understand that, my lord ?”

“ Why yes,” replied the peer, “ it is

pretty plain English.” “ And she will never marry you—is that understandable, my lord ?”

“ Perfectly so, Mr. Jenkins, but I wish to be certain that you are really speaking Miss Percival’s sentiments.”

“ Speak for yourself, Rosa,” said Gabriel Jenkins, turning to his niece, “ tell this Lord Clavering that you will never tell a lie in the church, above all other places, and promise to love with your lips, when your heart won’t bear witness to the agreement.”

“ Miss Percival, what am I to believe ?” asked his lordship.

“ That I am sorry,” faltered Rosa, “ extremely sorry to disappoint the wishes of my father, but it is quite impossible for me to accept your generous offers.”

“ Offers ! generous offers !” interrupted Gabriel Jenkins, “ I see nothing so generous in his offer of taking you, as pretty a girl as any in Wales, in the lieu of a little dirty cash.”

“ Perhaps, sir,” rejoined his lordship, “ you are not aware of the settlements I offered.”

“ A fig’s end for settlements,” said Gabriel Jenkins: “ gad, my lord, I am glad with all my heart she does not like you ; I don’t want any more great men in the family ; they bring nothing but pride along with them, to kick affection out of doors—and as to settlements, Rosa Percival has never yet known what want means, in any shape, and it is quite and clean out of the question that she ever should ; my will is made, and she is my heiress, provided she does not marry a title, or the heir to one ; if she does, not a shilling of my money, all got in trade, goes to encrease the pride of those who would spend my earnings, and despise the earner.”

The peer looked contemptuously, while Rosa, placing her hand in her uncle’s, said, “ My more than father, how shall your Rosa, the child of your bounty, ever

sufficiently evince her gratitude, her affection ?”

“ By never marrying with lords or baronets,” replied he.

“ Then, Miss Percival,” said his lordship, “ I am to consider your uncle’s refusal decisive.”

“ Exactly so, my lord,” replied Rosa, “ and I can only lament that it is out of my power to make a grateful return for your lordship’s generous intentions in my favor ; permit me to wish you that happiness with another which I feel incompetent to bestow.”

His lordship bowed, and affected to smile, but his chagrin was too powerfully obvious for concealment.

Gabriel Jenkins observed, that he did not know why coming to a right understanding should make them enemies ; for his part, he wished every man breathing well, and would do any thing in reason to serve a fellow creature ; so he hoped his lordship had no objection to shake hands, for it was quite and clean the most

distant thing in the wide world to his intention to offend him, and that as a friend he should be glad of his company at Birch Park, as long as he pleased to stay, only that he was to remember that Rosa Percival was not to marry a lord nor a baronet.

His lordship did not refuse the offered hand of Gabriel Jenkins ; but now Rosa had absolutely refused him, he felt himself madly in love with her again, and determined, if possible, still to obtain her, if it was only to plague and mortify the purse proud trader, who had dared to refuse, and despise his rank and consequence, and decline the honour of his alliance.

At dinner Gabriel Jenkins was all life and gaiety. Rosa said but little ; her thoughts were full of what her uncle had expressed concerning Hugh Montgomery, and she sighed to think how little prospect there was of her wishes in that quarter being realized.

Lord Clavering tried to look pensive :

his behavior to Rosa was attentively polite, but on Miss Jenkins he scarcely bestowed a glance, though she was at infinite pains to draw him into conversation. Mr. Williams appeared to have committed some high offence, for to him, whenever obliged to speak, her behavior was stately and distant.

After dinner his lordship ordered his carriage, and left Miss Jenkins almost mad with disappointment, as her eyes followed him down the green lane leading towards Carnarvon.

It was in the midst of Gabriel Jenkins's triumph at having beat his friend Williams out of several games at cribbage, that Sir Edward Percival entered the room, and casting his eyes with careless indifference over the rest of the company, inquired for his friend Lord Clavering. Miss Jenkins said he was gone out, but he had not thought any body there of consequence enough to tell where he was going.

"I suppose, Miss Percival," whispered

Sir Edward, "he has declared himself to you on the subject I mentioned this morning?"

"Yes sir, he has."

"And you have received him according to my wishes?"

His last question was overheard by Gabriel Jenkins, who answered for her. "No she has not." Sir Edward frowned. "Gad," resumed Gabriel Jenkins, "I was not born so near a wood to be frightened at an owl—angry or pleased, you shall have the truth: Rosa don't like him; she shall not marry him; indeed, it is quite and clean out of all question, that she could ever like a man old enough to be her father. Lord, lord, it is quite a *perposterous* matter to suppose that Lord Clavering could ever be the husband of my little Rosa."

"What," said Miss Jenkins, stretching herself a yard taller than usual—"what did you say, brother Gabriel, that Lord Clavering had offered to marry Rosa?"

“ Yes, madam,” replied Sir Edward, “ and what is so wonderful in all that.”

“ Wonderful ! Oh, I shall faint,” said Miss Jenkins : “ the cruel, base, ungrateful man.”

“ Why, what now, Nanny ?” asked Gabriel Jenkins ; “ what has he said or done to you that you should call him such hard names ?”

“ Offered himself to Rosa !” repeated Miss Jenkins, “ is it possible, to that child ! offered to make her a countess !”

“ Yes,” said Gabriel Jenkins, “ and gad, sister, you will be more surprised when you hear that he is so much in love with her, that he has offered to pay off the mortgage from the Rhydderdwyn estate, and give her worthy father ten thousand pounds, if she will consent to be Countess of Clavering.”

“ And you have dared to refuse ?” said Sir Edward sternly to Rosa.

“ Yes she has, and she did right,” replied Gabriel Jenkins, “ for ’tis quite and clean, as plain as the nose on your

face, that the poor thing did not like such a long yellow visaged, meagre looking rushlight, though he is a lord."

Miss Jenkins fanned herself, pushed her fingers through an elegant lace veil, and trod with her high heeled shoes upon her brother's gouty toes.

"Why, what the devil, Nanny, is the matter? I don't know which looks most out of temper, you or Sir Edward," said Gabriel; "however, you may as well both of you content yourselves, for Rosa shall never be the wife of any man she does not like."

"And so, sir, you encourage children to rebel against their parents?" said Sir Edward.

"Yes, and he does right," said Miss Jenkins, rage flashing from her eyes, and flaming on her cheeks; "he does right, you ought to have been ashamed to want such a mere child, an infant as one may sa, to marry; you ought to have been ashamed to listen, and that vile brute, that unfeeling monster Lord Cla-

vering, to make proposals." Mr. Williams asked why she was so enraged.—Rosa saw there was likely to be a general disturbance, and she left the room, glad to escape contention. Miss Jenkins told Mr. Williams not to ask questions that did not concern him.

Sir Edward said he should take measures to enforce his daughter's obedience.

"And I shall take measures to prevent it," retorted Gabriel Jenkins.

"I shall remove Miss Percival tomorrow," said the baronet, "to some situation where she may learn duty to her parent."

"Remove her at your peril," replied Gabriel Jenkins: "remember I can come upon you for the expence I have been at on her account for upwards of seventeen years; it will amount, Sir Edward, to a pretty round sum, so have a care which way you go to work. I do not mind money more than that (snapping his fingers), and if you can raise any for them sharks the lawyers, why I fancy I can

come down guinea for guinea with you at any hour."

The baronet did not like this menace : in rather a low tone he said he might have expected opposition, but he trusted Miss Percival had sense enough to know her own interest, and sufficient of the Percival blood in her to despise their vulgar notions, and to act in conformity with his wishes.

"Gad, Sir Edward," rejoined Gabriel Jenkins, "I believe you are just now reckoning without your host. Rosa is a girl of upright conscience, and I am sure will never be led to promise what she can never pretend to perform. No, no, she has not Percival enough in her for that, for it is quite and clean clear as noon day that she cannot abide this Lord Clavering, and she has spoke her mind plainly to him, and I will be d—d," said the honest Cambrian, growing warm—"I will be d—d if she shall have him."

"Not have him!" echoed Sir Edward Percival, "not marry my friend Lord

Clavering, I shall see to that affair."

"No, she never shall be Countess of Clavering," screamed Miss Jenkins, so loud that Mr. Williams, who had been a silent auditor of the dispute, and was just raising a bumper of port to his mouth, fairly started from his chair and let fall the glass, the contents of which were emptied into her lap, and ran in meandering streams over a richly worked muslin robe; if she was before enraged, she was now absolutely furious, and stamped and raved like a maniac.

Sir Edward, in spite of his vexation, laughed immoderately, while poor Williams stood terrified, vainly endeavoring at an apology. In the midst of this confusion Lord Clavering's carriage stopped at the door; and Sir Edward Percival, fearing to commit himself farther, hastened out of the room to learn with what temper his lordship bore his rejection. Gabriel Jenkins vainly strove to mediate between his friend and his

sister. Poor Williams declared he never felt more uncomfortable in his life, but he did not mind treating Miss Jenkins with a new gown, if she would only look good natured and be quiet, and make herself agreeable, for it was quite unpleasant to him to hear such a noise kicked up about an accident, which might have happened to the most genteelest person as well as to him.

“Accident,” replied Miss Jenkins; “you are the most awkward, ill-bred—but don’t suppose, sir, that I mind the spoiling of my dress, though it cost five guineas. No, sir, I am above such paltry considerations, I have matters of far more consequence upon my mind. Lord Clavering offering himself to that child Rosa!—I am actually petrified at the idea.”

“Aye, and well you may,” said Gabriel Jenkins; “but thank God the child has more love and respect for us than to listen to such an outlandish proposal; she knows better than to intro-

duce another great man into the family. Gad, this Sir Edward beats all my acquaintance hollow for impudence; expects to rule the roast here; wants to tie such a sweet rose-bud to that long shanked ugly yellow faced lord; why it is quite and clean out of nature to think about such a match; not but that you are out in one thing, sister Nanny; and I am surprised you don't remember about five and twenty years ago, when you was Rosa's age——”

“ I Rosa's age five and twenty years ago !” exclaimed Miss Jenkins; “ why, brother, you are mad—you are in your dotage; why I was an infant in my cradle five and twenty years ago.”

“ The devil you was,” said Gabriel, “ you was a pretty forward infant then, for I remember you was all cock-a-hoop to marry that fellow Ross; you was dying for him, and though he was not worth sixpence, you would have had him if he would have married you; but you know you had——”

Williams was all ear, and Miss Jenkins, dreading any further bringing up old stories, begged her brother to hold his tongue, for that he sadly misplaced dates, and misrepresented circumstances.

“Well, well, Nanny,” said Gabriel, “I won’t make you blush with repeating old grievances; but as to Rosa I think she is old enough to marry if she can get a good husband, and I have one for her in my eye.”

“You have; and pray who may he be?” asked Miss Jenkins.

“One of the best, aye and the finest young man too in the principality,” replied Gabriel Jenkins; “and I am quite out in my judgment if she makes the smallest objection to my choice.”

“Objection!” said Miss Jenkins, lifting up her hands and eyes; “objection! I am thunderstruck, the world will certainly soon be at an end. But pray, brother Gabriel, inform me who may this choice of your’s be?”

“ Why, Nanny ; but gad, mum is the word yet awhile. No matter who he is or what he is ; I like him, and I think Rosa likes him, and that is enough, for she shall not marry any body she does not like, I will take good care of that I warrant ; but,” said Gabriel Jenkins, winking at Williams, “ I shall be careful how I trust a secret to a woman’s keeping ; gad, that would be quite and clean what a person might call downright folly and nonsense.”

Mr. Williams laughed, and applauded his friend’s notion, for the only way to be agreeable and comfortable was to trust nothing to a woman.

Miss Jenkins flounced out of the room, casting glances of scorn and indignation on them both, and without deigning to bestow the compliment of good night on Mr. Williams.

“ Well,” said he, as the door closed after her, “ I don’t understand the least in the world what has put your sister into such a tantram. God bless us,

when one sees the ways of the female sex, a man that wishes to pass his life quiet and comfortable will have nothing at all to do with them."

"Gad you speak like a sensible man," said Gabriel Jenkins, shaking him by the hand; "you are quite right in what you say, neighbor, and as to my sister, more is the pity for her poor thing, she is quite and clean any thing in the world besides agreeable."

"I have been turning it over in my mind for a long time," replied Mr. Williams, "whether it would be best to marry or let it alone; but dear bless me, I think from this time I shall never trouble my head about women: I could never bear to hear their tongues scolding and raving about nothing at all; I am for a quiet life—I love to smoke my pipe and enjoy a friend's company in my little bit of a cottage; but lord if I was to take a wife I might soon be made quite uncomfortable."

Gabriel Jenkins could not in con-

science disapprove his friend's notion ; he had indeed looked forward to a match between him and his sister, and had felicitated himself on the prospect of being released from her ill tempers, which seemed to encrease with her years. Yet he could not wish poor Williams, for whom he had a most sincere and cordial regard, burthened with a load he himself thought at times intolerable and unbearable ; he therefore consoled his mind with remembering that he had always been told there must be one old maid in every body's family, that old maids were fractious cross-grained animals, always fretful and dissatisfied, and that man was born to trouble, even as the sparks fly upwards.

CHAP. II.

Lord, lord, there is mad work at these same masquerades;

I would not wonder if some hot-brained spark
Should, like another Paris, bear our Helen off.

He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my suit.

If I profane with my unworthy hand |
This holy shrine, the gentle fine be this—

My lips two blushing pilgrims stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

ROMEO and JULIET.

SIR EDWARD PERCIVAL and his friend, the Earl of Clavering, had a long conference, the result of which was, that, notwithstanding Rosa had contumaciously and peremptorily refused his lordship's

addresses, and declined the high honor of his alliance, he not only advanced the sum necessary for the redemption of the mortgage on the Rhydderddwyn estates, but moreover and above money to repair the old mansion-house, and put all things in proper state and order for the reception of his intended bride ; and a circumstance still more worthy of remark, they parted better friends than ever.

Lord Clavering, as if she had never rejected him, still preserved towards Rosa the polite attention of a lover, as much to her annoyance as to the inexpressible chagrin of her aunt, whose sarcastic hints and invidious remarks, while they wounded the delicacy of Miss Percival, passed entirely unnoticed by Lord Clavering ; however, to her great joy she was now no longer constrained by politeness to pass nearly the whole of the day in his society, as he, with Sir Edward Percival, had removed to Glenwyn Priory, at the pressing instance of the nabob and his lady, where they joined their united ef-

forts to flatter Miss Montgomery, till she was become even more affected, more presuming, and more silly than ever.

Though Montgomery witnessed their arrangements with much secret displeasure, the earl and the baronet were persons whom, notwithstanding their rank, he could neither esteem nor admire; and he saw with infinite regret the unbounded influence Sir Edward Percival's opinions acquired with all the family; he knew that he was in reality a needy man, and perceived that his sister's large fortune, unfortunately at her own absolute disposal, was the sole incentive to his unwearied assiduities.

To his friend, Mr. Mortimer, in his visits to Dolegelly Castle, he had unreservedly disclosed his own passion for Miss Percival, and had also as freely expressed his dislike of her father, his suspicions of the distressed situation of his circumstances, and his intention of bettering them by the wealth of his sister.

All that related to Sir Edward Perci-

val's ruined affairs, and his design on the Montgomery wealth, Mr. Mortimer had heard reported from many quarters, and it was with great surprise they now learned as a fact that Sir Edward had actually cleared all the incumbrances on his Welch estates, and was getting all things in order for his immediate marriage. Cards of invitation had for some time been issued to all the people of consequence for many miles round the country, and all the beds in the village and neighborhood put in requisition; nothing was talked of but the magnificent masked ball to be given at Glenwyn Priory.

Sir Edward Percival had undoubtedly mixed with what is commonly called the higher orders of people—that is, with titled sharpers, who ran long bills with tradesmen they never intended to pay; who made bets and rode their own horses at Newmarket; who gamed deeply, and made love to their friends' wives and corrupted their daughters; with

ladies of rank, who rouged high, gambled, and intrigued ; who sought notoriety at the expence of decency and principle, and who were in all things in the very extreme of fashion ; if, therefore, he had in reality no taste nor invention of his own, he had certainly very successfully borrowed something that partook of both from the various amusements of which he had participated with his gay friends. Under his direction Glenwyn Priory had assumed the appearance of an enchanted palace, all the merit of which he, with the most delicate flattery, gave to Miss Montgomery.

Two large saloons were thrown into one to allow space for the dancing, and were tastefully hung with alternate draperies of scarlet and white satin, interspersed with large wreaths of poppy, corn flowers, and convolvulas. The floor was elegantly painted in water colors, with a triumph of Venus and dancing figures. Under the canopied orchestre were two magnificent arches erected,

splendidly illuminated with variegated lamps, disposed to represent the arms of the Montgomery family; beneath which were entrances to an apartment fancifully decorated with temporary pillars of green frost work, entwined with chains of red and white roses, orange flowers and jessamine, between which were spread tables covered with green velvet, and loaded with gilt baskets full of every delicious fruit that could be procured, among which appeared a rich profusion of pine-apples, melons, grapes, and pomegranates, diversified with jellies, ices, wines, liquers, and all the endless variety of cakes and biscuits, on highly burnished gold stands, interspersed with curious Indian vases bearing highly scented exotics.

Another apartment was fitted up to represent a Turkish harem—here the walls were panelled with looking glass, and low sofas supported by silver swans, and canopied with pale blue silk richly fringed with silver, and drawn back with superb cords and tassels

of the same material, gave an air of voluptuousness, which the magnificent and expensive carpet, the eider down cushions spread on the floor, the flowers in vases of silver fretwork, the foreign birds in gilt cages, and the sandal wood burning in silver censers, contributed to heighten.

A large grotto at the end of a shrubbery was transformed into an Egyptian temple, and exhibited in its adornments all the monsters of the Nile. The entrance was guarded by two formidable figures of the sphinx; and the interior had on each side its altar coloscean statues of Iris and Apis.

The long avenue leading to the grand entrance, the extensive gardens, the shrubberies, and plantations, poured a radiant flood of light, reflected from innumerable lamps formed into a variety of figures and trophies, and of a thousand different colors, exhibiting a spectacle of uncommon brilliancy and elegance.

On the appointed night Miss Montgomery, habited as a sultana, was lite-

rally a shining character, for the silver gauze that composed her turban, robe, and cimar, were covered with diamonds: her mother, drawn forth with peacock's feathers, jewels, and transparent clouds, looked every thing but the grace and dignity of the goddess Juno. The nabob had his head wreathed with ivy and grapes, and personated Bacchus, to which character his long yellow face and tall lank figure were a flat contradiction. Hugh Montgomery had not been seen during the evening, and it was not known what character he intended to assume. Sir Edward Percival was a Turk, and Lord Clavering a friar.

At an early hour the rooms were nearly filled, and the goddess Juno hoped that the company would be all *perdigiously* entertained, as no sort of trouble or expence had been spared to render the amusements of the night amazingly pleasant.

While she was thus haranguing her guests, a very grotesque figure, designed

to represent Sterne's Maria, with her hair twisted into a silk net, and leading a tame goat by a green ribband, attracted general observation; somebody facetiously observed that, like Shakespeare's Falstaff, 'sighing and grief had blown her up;' another that a goat was a filthy animal to introduce into genteel company; while a third, still more witty than the rest, remarked that goats were admitted into the most fashionable parties. The mirth this mask occasioned found a fresh subject in a May-day chimney sweeper, who with much address knocked his shovel and brush to the annoyance of some and the infinite diversion of others. A male gipsy proposed to the sultana to point out her future destiny: the sultana held out her hand.

"Here are crooked lines," said the gipsy, "that denote you will become the dupe and prey of fortune-hunters; have a care of listening to flattery—beware of men."

The sultana drew away her hand, and

said in a peevish tone she did not want advice, but to be told what would happen to her.

“Disappointment will happen,” replied the gipsy, “and a life of misery, if you are not very particular with whom you marry.”

“How impertinent!” said the sultana.

“Yet how true,” rejoined the gipsy.

The sultana affected to look stately, and passed on, while the gipsy addressed himself to a nun, who appeared devoutly telling her beads.

“Sweet saint,” said he, “drop not with those beads too soft a tear. Alas! that love should heave a bosom wrapped in the sacred garb of religion. What pity that devotion cannot shield from passion!”

“What has a recluse like me to do with love?” replied the nun; “at matins I beseech heaven to guard me from its infatuation, and at vespers——”

“You pray for Hugh Montgomery,” rejoined the gipsy.

'The nun started.

"And from whence have you this knowledge?" said the nun.

"I read it in the stars," answered the gipsy, "and they have told me, that though you are too amiable and innocent to heave the sigh of penitence, that you are destined to heave the sighs of love."

"And who are you who seem so well acquainted with my thoughts?" asked the nun.

"One who not only seems, but really is acquainted with your thoughts," replied the gipsy; "and I will venture to pronounce that whenever Hugh Montgomery can prevail upon himself to lay aside his diffidence, and say 'I love,' Miss Percival will not be very averse to the declaration."

A tall shepherdess, with a crook in her hand, and an artificial lamb under her arm, now joined the nun.

"Well, I protest," said she, "I never saw any thing so out of character in my

life, as a nun to stand talking with a gipsy."

"Sweet arcadian," replied he, "be not severe; the fair recluse was only promising me to remember my sins in her orisons."

"Raisins," said a little punch looking Cardinal Wolsey, pushing in between them, "there is plenty of raisins and almonds too in the next room; gad there is no want of any thing, it is quite and clean plain to be seen that no sort of expence has been spared either to please the eye or fill the belly."

The shepherdess declared she was shocked at his gross expressions, took the nun by the arm, and walked away.

The gipsy next addressed himself to a smart little figure, habited in a light blue rich jacket and petticoat, with a tartan plaid thrown in elegant draperies across her shoulder, and asked her what she would give for news from Sandy gone to the wars.

“Gude troth aw the siller I can cull mine aine,” replied she.

“If you would give so much only to hear of him,” rejoined he, “what would you give to see him?”

“Dinna tempt me,” said the Scotch lassie, “I canna tull what I would gi—aw the siller I may expect to ha fra the coffers of my father and my mither.”

“Thou art a brave lass,” replied the gipsy; “trust yourself to my guidance and I promise to lead you to Captain Seymour.”

“To Captain Seymour! but who are you that makes this promise,” said she; “how do I know that I may trust myself with you?”

The gipsy took off his mask; the Scotch lassie passed her arm under his; they left the rooms, crossed the gardens, and entered a pavilion, the door of which was no sooner thrown open than she was clasped in the arms of the long absent but still constant Seymour.

“ Eliza, dear Eliza,” said he, as he pressed her to his heart.

She had just time to learn that he had received a slight wound, and had been sent to England with dispatches ; that not daring to proceed to Tudor Hall, he had availed himself of some letters entrusted to his care by Colonel Effingham, for his friends at Dolegelly Castle, and that from Mr. Mortimer he had obtained intelligence of the masquerade, and the certainty of meeting her.

“ And now, dearest but beloved Eliza,” said Seymour, “ prevent the possibility of another separation.”

“ And how, friend ?” asked she.

“ By eloping with me to-night.”

Eliza shook her head.

“ Don’t you know, friend,” said she, “ that if I marry before I am twenty, I lose fourteen hundred pounds a-year. None of your imploring looks: I love you, most sincerely love you ; but yet not well enough to relinquish so much money ; besides I know, were you weak

enough to persuade me, and were I silly enough to be persuaded, in less than a month you would repent, and blame me for yielding to your wishes."

"Dearest Eliza," said he.

"Aye, and dearest Seymour, wait with patience till I am twenty, and then hey for a journey to Gretna Green, and a Scotch parson."

Seymour snatched her to his arms; she struggled, but let him obtain a kiss or two.

"Haud mon," said she, "I dinna kin what you mean by sic rude behavior: gin you woll clap a mask a top on your bonny face, and gang wi me tull the ball-room, I wull dance a highland lilt wi you, and that wull be far better than aw this kissing."

The gipsy advised his retreat as soon as possible, adding that he would return with him to Dolegelly Castle, for that Sir Owen Llewellyn being rather indisposed, Mrs. Mortimer, unwilling to leave him, had declined coming to the masquerade.

By this it will be understood that Mr. Mortimer was the gipsy. Half an hour was soon passed in questions and endearments. Captain Seymour obtained, in the presence of Mr. Mortimer, Eliza's solemn promise to be his, as soon as she had attained the age of twenty. Fearful of being missed, she tore herself from his arms, and was conducted by the gipsy to the ball-room, where she immediately joined a group of dancers, and the gipsy departed with Captain Seymour for Dolegelly Castle.

The sultana in proud triumph was parading round the rooms, hanging on the arm of the Turk; and the goddess Juno descending from her high state, was entertaining every one who would listen, with an account that her dear Lucretia had planned all the decorations out of her own head, and declaring that she was *perdigiously* gratified at seeing such a *conquest* of company *dissembled* together.

The signal being given for a grand

display of fire-works in the gardens, the company hurried out in such crowds that the tall shepherdess got her crook broke and her lamb crushed to pieces.

“Now I shall cut a fine figure,” cried she; “a very pretty sort of a forlorn shepherdess I shall look now, with my crook broke in two and my lamb crushed to atoms; dear me, sure never any thing was half so unfortunate, when every one said how appropriate I was dressed, and how well I supported my character.”

“What disagreeable thing has happened—what in the world is the matter, Miss Jenkins?” asked a Justice Shallow.

“There now! there is fine nonsense,” replied the shepherdess, “was ever such a thing known as calling people by their own proper names at a masquerade.”

“Well, well, I ask pardon, Mrs. Shepherdess,” said the justice; “I did not understand that these masquerades were for all the world the same as draw-

ing for king and queen on a twelfth night, when if you happen to fix on Dolly Dishclout, you are obligated to go by that name all night."

"There!" screamed the shepherdess, "there, that Jew pedlar has carried away on the end of his box the wreath of flowers off my crook, that cost me seven shillings."

"Have him before the justice," said the chimney-sweeper, clapping her on the back with his shovel.

"Well," continued she, "this night will be a pretty expence to me; what with my lamb being squeezed to pieces, my crook broke, and my flowers lost, I have made a sweet night of it."

"I am sure I am ready to say good night," said the justice; "I begin to be heartily tired. What time will they sup I wonder? I want to sit down and be comfortable."

The crowd pressing upon them, the nun and the shepherdess were separated. The nun looked anxiously among the motley

group that surrounded her, but the tall singular figure of the shepherdess was no where to be seen. The fair nun hoped she had returned to the ball-room, and took a path that she thought led to the priory ; but after having pursued it some time, she found she was wrong, and turning into another, in a few moments found herself close by the Egyptian temple ; attracted by its singular appearance, she entered and stood contemplating its monstrous adornments and colossean statues. She heard the distant hum of voices, and shouts of mirth, and recollecting her lonely situation, was about to quit the temple, when she beheld a figure habited as a pilgrim leaning against the entrance, and seemingly observing her. A faint scream burst from the lips of the nun, and she clung trembling to one of the statues.

“ Of what are you afraid, fair nun ? ” said the pilgrim advancing, “ not surely of a poor way-worn pilgrim, who journeying to the shrine of his saint, lingers

here to breathe a prayer and rest his weary steps."

The voice was familiar to the ear of the nun, but with tottering steps, and in hurried accents, she entreated to be allowed to pass.

"And where," said the pilgrim, "would you go? and why, fair nun, are you here alone? Alas! I fear me that habit, which speaks a person resigned to religion, covers a heart devoted to love, else why seek this mysterious temple, why this retirement from observation? Say, charming nun, wait you here to receive the vows of some enraptured lover? but yet beware, be cautious how you exchange the simple habit, the peace of innocence for splendor."

"You wrong me, indeed you do; I came here to meet no lover, to listen to no vows; accident," continued the nun bursting into tears, "accident separated me from my company; in the attempt to regain the priory, I took a wrong direc-

tion, and chance alone conducted me to this spot."

"And will Miss Percival forgive the impertinence that has caused those tears; will she pardon one deeply interested for her happiness, who presumes to ask whether the rank Lord Clavering offers does not engage her attention, meet her wishes?"

"Whoever you are," replied the nun, "to this question I can without the smallest hesitation answer no."

"What," said the pilgrim, "so young, so lovely, and yet not ambitious, not experience the proud desire of shining amidst admiring throngs, of removing from these wild bleak mountains to a sunny spot, where your beauty, brought into observation, shall command the adulation of the multitude, where splendor, rank, amusements, shall spread their glittering fascinations round you."

"Good pilgrim," replied the nun, "these scenes which you delineate in such glowing colors have no attraction for

me ; I prefer the sweet healthful air of my native mountains, their sublime views, and romantic objects, to all the glare of midnight revelry, all the magic of pomp and grandeur : a title has no music for my ear, I have no vanity to shine in crowds, and attract the gaze of multitudes ; I am not ambitious of admiration, and the adoration of one worthy heart would be sufficient for my desires." The nun stopped suddenly, she feared she had said too much.

" Proceed," said the pilgrim, " proceed; I could listen for ever to that voice which so sweetly speaks the sentiments of unsophisticated nature, blest shall he live, whose happy destiny marks him the object of Miss Percival's affection, whose fate it is to dwell with her on her native mountains."

The nun believed she was acting imprudently in listening so long on such a subject, and to a stranger too, and again she entreated to pass.

" One moment, one little moment

more, loveliest Miss Percival, indulge me," said the pilgrim : " have you, I beseech you condescend to tell me, have you really rejected Lord Clavering ?"

" I fear," replied the nun, " I do wrong to answer these interrogations ; what right have you, a stranger, to question me ?"

" None, most surely," answered the pilgrim, " none, but a most sincere interest I feel in all that concerns your future welfare, mingled I must confess with a desire to serve a friend, who is anxious to declare himself your lover."

The nun felt her cheeks glow ; she thought of the gipsey, and the idea of Hugh Montgomery mingled with the soft sigh that heaved her bosom.

" Yes, Miss Percival," resumed the pilgrim, " I have a friend who has long loved you, but diffidence, the fear of offending, the dread of rejection, has put a seal upon his lips ; though sure his looks, his manner, must have betrayed his secret."

The nun sank on the pedestal of the statue, the voice she was now certain was Hugh Montgomery's, and overcome by pleasure and surprise, she fainted. When she opened her eyes, she encountered those of her lover fixed on her with the tenderest solicitude; her mask had fallen off, and he had laid aside his, and now in the softest accents said:

"I shall never forgive myself for having occasioned you this alarm." Rosa's tears now happily came to her relief, while he continued to ask, "How am I to interpret these tears?—to aversion, has the declaration of my long smothered secret offended you? I fear you hate me."

Rosa extended her white hand, and softly whispered:—"Oh, no!"

Hugh Montgomery's face brightened with hope and pleasure, as he pressed it to his lips, to his heart.

"Lead me," said she, deeply blushing, "lead me to the company: my aunt and uncle no doubt are distracted on my ac-

count; and this place, so distant, so remote from the house—”

“With me,” replied Hugh Montgomery, “every place is a sanctuary that Miss Percival consecrates with her presence; but answer me—may I hope, will you listen to my vows? will you promise——”

“Nothing here,” said Rosa, “to-night I will promise nothing.”

“To-morrow then—nay,” continued Hugh kissing her hand, “I will not let you go without you promise.”

“But recollect,” said Rosa, “compulsatory promises are not binding.”

“Nay then,” said Hugh letting go her hand, “be every action of Miss Percival’s life the voluntary impulse of her own ingenuous mind.”

Rosa rested her arm on the statue of Iris; she murmured a few indistinct words, and unable to proceed was again silent. Hugh Montgomery had retreated a few paces from her, but perceiving her extreme agitation, he advanced and said :

“ Fondly as I love you, I wish to extort no promises: if Miss Percival’s pure ingenuous feelings tell her that her heart is mine, to me that heart will be a treasure invaluable, but if I am doomed to meet indifference, to find her affections point another way——”

“ And would you not hate me,” said Rosa timidly interrupting him, “ would you not despise the weak heart that was so easily won, so soon subdued ?”

“ No,” replied Hugh, “ on the contrary I would worship the noble disposition, adore the ingenuous mind that scorned to take advantage of the power it might assume, that relieved from the misery of incertitude the heart that idolized her.”

Rosa stood silent a moment, as if uncertain how to act, then turning her mild eyes with modest diffidence upon him, said:

“ I know not how to answer you, particularly in this place, but at Birch

Park perhaps I might feel more confidence."

"To-morrow then," said Hugh.

"Yes," replied Rosa, "to-morrow."

The enraptured Hugh sunk on his knees before her, and for the first time his lips met her's, for the first time Rosa received the chaste kiss of pure affection: while his arms enfolded her, he exclaimed:

"I have never known happiness till this moment."

"You have reached the shrine of your saint at last then," said a voice behind him, and a loud laugh and a confused murmur of voices met the ear of the affrighted and abashed Rosa; the friar, foremost in the throng, looking round the temple, said with a sneer:

"A very appropriate temple for worshipping so fair a saint, but rather unlucky you were caught in the act."

"What act?" said a shrill voice in the crowd that now rushed into the temple, "what act?" and the tall shep-

herdess, her hair all out of curl, and the trimmings of her green muslin jacket hanging in tatters, stood before the speechless and terrified Rosa.

“ Why, the act of praying at the feet of Miss Percival, and twining his arms round her waist,” said the friar.

“ Gad, is that all,” said the little fat cardinal, “ I thought by the noise you all made ; I supposed, I say, something quite and clean wrong, and out of the way, had happened.”

“ Avast, my hearty,” said a sailor, “ don’t run the little cock-boat down in such a cowardly manner ; she does not seem able to weather such a tempest ; bring to, father,” addressing the friar ; “ if you will give absolution, all will be well again.”

The friar turned away, and said to give absolution in such a case would be improper.

“ Improper !” echoed the tall shepherdess, “ I say improper, indeed ! I am

sure no person of our family ever did any thing improper."

"Improper," repeated the sultana, with a sneering laugh, "improper, no, certainly there can be nothing improper in a young lady making a private assignation with a gentleman in so retired a spot."

"Dare not," said Hugh Montgomery, sternly, "dare not breathe so vile, so false an insinuation; presume not to sully the purity you know not how to imitate. Miss Percival had been separated from her friends in the crowd that rushed out to witness the exhibition of the fire works; I met her by accident at this spot, and I detained her, unwillingly on her part, to hear me declare a passion which I am proud to proclaim to the whole world."

"Gad, you are a very fine fellow," said the fat little cardinal, "and as far as my consent will go, you have it with all my heart and soul; and Rosa, my girl, don't

be ashamed, there is no harm in the world done. I dare say many of these ladies here, for all they seem so shy and prudish, would be quite and clean glad to be in your situation."

"Well observed, my knowing one," said a mountebank, "you have more wit by half than my merry Andrew. In what pope's reign were you presented with your hat?"

"Gad," said the cardinal, "I never found any body so generous as to present me with a hat; no, no, I bought it of David Griffiths, at Carnarvon, in thereign of his present majesty our most gracious sovereign George the Third. I know nothing at all about popes."

"So I thought," said the mountebank,

"But Rosa, your aunt and I have been seeking you up hill and down dale, but we might as well have looked for a dog in a fair. Gad, I was afraid you had been quite and clean carried off."

"Yes," replied the shepherdess, "I have walked about till my feet are all

blisters, looking after you, and the damp has taken out all my ringlets; and look at my petticoat, catching upon one thing, and hooking up another, it is torn to fitters; then my crook is utterly ruined, my flowers lost, and my pretty fat lamb crushed to pieces. Oh, this has been a blessed night of entertainment for me."

"I am sure," said the goddess Juno, making her a low obeisance, "I am *perdigiously* glad to hear you say so, I am sure it gives me an amazing great deal of pleasure."

"Bless me, madam, sure you don't mean to say that you are pleased that my crook, that cost six shillings, and the wreath of flowers that dressed it, which came to seven shillings more, are lost and destroyed; besides the ripping of my green muslin all to tatters, that stands me in a matter of thirty shillings; and my nice fat lamb, which I paid a guinea for, is entirely demolished, his head off, his fore feet gone, and his body squeezed double."

"Why, he has been most barbarously

butchered," said the chimney-sweeper, "and all that I can advise now he is cut up, is that you should sell him in quarters."

"Oh, mercy deliver us," said the sultana, "here comes the unwieldy Maria, and her nasty stinking goat; I am surprised, quite surprised, how any body in their senses could think of introducing such a filthy animal into a fashionable society"

"You forget," said a Don Quixote, "that the fair Maria, unhappy maiden, had lost her peerless wits."

"Lord ma'am," replied Justice Shallow, "she looks upon this place to be like Noah's ark, and thinks that beasts, clean and unclean, may enter; for my part, I love always to do things that are agreeable, and would not for all the world bring any sort of odd out of the way animal, to make folks uncomfortable."

The friar observed that he was an odd animal enough himself, but the more ri-

diculous the more conspicuous, and that was the life of a masquerade.

Maria and her goat now made a terrible confusion, for the poor animal, tired of confinement, refused to be led about any longer ; the chimney-sweeper began swearing, and insisting upon her letting the animal go, but Maria pertinaciously insisted on retaining him, till the chimney-sweeper growing outrageous at her obstinacy, lit a piece of paper at a lamp, and set fire to the green ribband by which he was held ; away scampered the goat, upsetting some, and rushing against others, till in the midst of execrations, complaints, and loud bursts of laughter, he made his escape.

Maria, shocked at the behavior of the chimney-sweeper, and the confusion his frolic had occasioned, fell into strong hysterics. The chimney-sweeper elbowing one, and shoving another, asked every body for snuff, but not being able to procure any, he flew up to the majestic

Juno, and snatching a plume of peacock's feathers from her head, which nodded over a brilliant tiara, he instantly set fire to them, and crammed them burning up Maria's nose, who no sooner felt the heat, than she jumped up, tore off her half mask, and forgetting her assumed character, screamed out:—
 "Sir Griffith Tudor, you have ruined my nose for ever; sure such another brute was never sent into the world to plague a woman."

"Brute, Lady Tudor!" said he, laughing; "instead of calling names, you ought to be much obliged to me for recovering you so soon; why, my dove, you might have screamed and kicked for an hour, if I had not seen those feathers in the head of the thunderer's wife."

"The most *perdigiously* rude thing I ever met with," replied the goddess, "to take the feathers from my head, without even asking my leave; amazingly *impolite* behavior indeed."

"Pooh! d—n it," said Sir Griffith,

“ don’t make a fuss about a few peacock’s feathers ; send to Tudor Hall, you may have a bundle as big as yourself ; and as to Maria here, she looks her character now better than ever ; her eyes are quite wild ; that is as it should be, for Maria you know was touched in the upper story, her attics were deranged.”

“ I am sure,” replied she, “ you are enough to derange any body whose nerves are as strong——.”

“ Oh ! d—n it,” said Sir Griffith, “ if you are getting upon the nervous system, I wish your auditors patience, mine you have worn threadbare long ago.”

The company now repaired to the hall, where the supper tables were spread under white silk awnings, elegantly painted with borders of fruit and flowers, and lit with variegated lamps : every delicacy that nature or art could furnish, was there in profusion, while hams and the famed sirloin made up the banquet.

The fair nun was seated between the pilgrim and the Scotch lassie ; the tall

shepherdess had the little fat cardinal and Justice Shallow on each side her ; Maria had disappeared, but the chimney-sweeper with the tinsel trimmings hanging loose from his coat was a conspicuous figure at the table ; next the cardinal sat Bacchus, who appeared to have swallowed copious libations to the honor of his own divinity ; the justice got the wing of a turkey and a slice of ham on his plate, and declared he was as happy, notwithstanding he had not been out of his bed at such hours for years, full as happy as if he were at Woodland Cottage, and quite as comfortable too as if he were eating a slice of his own Cheshire cheese ; “ And what is life,” continued he, looking round, “ what is life, good folks, nothing at all you know, if one is not to enjoy it, and be comfortable.”

“ Gad,” said the little fat cardinal, “ you are right, neighbor ; I shall make a famous hearty supper ; and to tell you a little bit of a secret, my stomach wanted lining, it felt as hollow and empty as a

tub, for as to your sweet things, and your ice, and your fruit, I can make no sort of hand at all of them gim cracks : I am for something solid," helping himself to a slice of roast beef an inch thick, " and as to your jellies and syllabubs, lord they are nothing but mere froth, and quite and clean fit for nothing in the world but to give one the cholic."

Rosa now thought the time passed delightfully, and she smiled upon, and listened to Hugh Montgomery, with attentive pleasure, in spite of the frowns and sneers of her aunt, who was again fated to be mortified by her niece taking another heart from her, which she had unsuccessfully angled for.

Eliza Tudor too was all life and spirits ; she had seen her Seymour, was assured of his unaltered affection, and she joyously anticipated the period that would unite their destinies.

At length the little fat cardinal, having satisfied the cravings of his appetite, and drank more freely than usual, began

to grow sleepy, and made a motion for departure.

Rosa reluctantly rose at the instigation of her aunt. Justice Shallow was also on his feet to escort them to their carriage, but the jolly god insisted that he should help him to empty another flask. Justice Shallow made excuses: Bacchus, determined not to lose a votary, endeavored to push him again into his chair: the foot of the justice slipped, and in the fear of falling he caught hold of the white silk awning; down it came, lamps, girandoles, and all in wild confusion, and with a horrible crash—out flew the company in various directions, fancying the roof had fallen in.

Rosa had, however, contrived to hold by the arm of her aunt, and in their fright they had ran almost to the bottom of the avenue before they stopped. Here they were met by two men in liveries, who civilly asked what was the matter?

“ Oh,” replied Miss Jenkins, “ the

roof of the Priory has fallen in, and crushed hundreds to death ; we have narrowly escaped with our lives ; good charitable men, assist us to find our carriage.”

This they promised to do, and having passed several, one of the men suddenly lifted Rosa from the ground, and threw her into a chaise, the door of which stood open. She shrieked, but her mouth was instantly stopped by a man, who was seated ready to receive her. The blinds were already drawn up, and the chaise drove off as fast as four horses could gallop. Meantime Miss Jenkins, who had entered into discourse with the man respecting the accident, did not immediately miss her niece ; but on the man saying here is your carriage, she put her foot on the step, and then turning her head round, and not seeing her, cried :—

“ Rosa, child, where are you ? ”

The man pushed her into the carriage, and got in after her ; and in spite of her

loud remonstrances and struggles, it drove off.

“Where is my niece, where is Miss Percival?” screamed Miss Jenkins.

“On the road to be married,” replied the man.

“And where pray are you taking me?” rejoined she.

“The same road, if you can persuade any body to be plagued with you,” answered the man.

“And you!” said she, “I should not have thought of your assurance, to seat yourself in the carriage with me. I think behind might have suited you as well.”

The man only laughed, while she continued:—

“Oh, what a terrible night this has been for me: if these are masquerades, I hope I shall never have the misfortune to be invited to one again.”

“Why you need not accept the invitation, you know,” said the man, “if you don’t like it.”

“First,” resumed she, “to get my crook broke, then to lose my flowers; next to have my nice fat lamb crushed all to pieces. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!” said she, weeping bitterly; “it is too shocking to think of; besides having my new green muslin torn to rags, then to be run away with like poor Miss Byron, in Sir Charles Grandison, and by a man in livery; but I suppose some gentleman has bribed you to commit this outrage on my person, for I hope it is not your own audacity; you don’t intend to marry me whether I will or not; I am sure if you are so unfortunate as to be in love with me, it is no fault of mine; I never wish my charms——”

“Charms! where are they to be found. Hey! old girl!” asked the man, laughing; “in your long purse, I suppose; for as to any other that you might have had, they have bid you good bye so long ago that folks have quite forgot you ever had any; and as to my wanting to marry you,

bless your frosty face, I have got a wife already."

"Well then," said Miss Jenkins, "perhaps you intend to rob me, but there you will be disappointed; I have not a single shilling about me; I never wear pockets, nor carry money."

"Aye," replied the man, "that is for fear a poor person should ask charity from you; but I am no robber, so your having no pockets on 'don't concern me."

"Oh! my poor niece," raved Miss Jenkins; "what will become of her?"

"Why, she will get a husband, I tell you, if she is not a fool," replied the man.

"Surely no woman's troubles and disappointments ever equalled mine," said Miss Jenkins; "here I promised myself so much pleasure at this masquerade."

"After sweetmeat, comes sour sauce," said the man: "you have plagued many

a poor soul in your time, now comes your turn to be punished."

"To be sure I have been very cruel to the men; I have certainly treated my lovers with slight and scorn; I have indeed made them feel a vast deal of pain."

"The devil a bit," said her companion; "no man ever cared a brass button for that frosty face of your's. Your niece is a pretty girl enough, and worth a man's giving himself a little trouble about, but as to you, old girl, you are not worth hauling out of a ditch, if you were to tumble in."

The carriage now stopped at a mean looking hut on a common, and it was with difficulty the man and two women could force her out; she kicked, fought, and screamed, and insisted on being drove without further delay to Birch Park, The people only laughed, and at last dragged her up a ladder into a cock-loft, where a miserable bed was spread on a dirty floor.

The man pointed to the bed, and told her she might go to rest as soon as she would.

“Rest!” said she, “rest in such a dismal hole as this, and on such a filthy bed as that.”

One of the women replied :—

“Hur was mighty dainty; it was the best room and the best bed hur had.”

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” cried Miss Jenkins; “after all my troubles and disappointments, I suppose I am brought here to be ravished and murdered at last.”

The man laughed till he shouted. The woman said hur might sleep in peace, for please got, no harm would come to hur while hur was in hur house. When the man could speak for laughing, he told her nobody would take the trouble of ravishing her, she was too ugly; and as for murdering her, she was not worth being hanged for; so she might lie down and sleep till night, for nobody would offer to come near her. They then left

her alone, and after screaming, knocking, crying, enumerating her losses and disappointments, she found herself so weary, that she was glad to throw herself upon the bed, filthy as it was, where she slept soundly till it was dark night. The woman came at last to wake her, and to her great surprise she found her nap had lasted all the day; being very hungry she gladly partook of some milk and oat cake; the man then told her he would conduct her home: she joyfully started up, and asked if the carriage was ready.

“Carriage,” replied the man, “no, no—you must make use of your legs, old girl.”

“Walk!” cried Miss Jenkins; “I can’t walk, I shall die on the road.”

“Then die and be —— if you will,” said the man; “but come along, I have no time to waste in prating.”

The night was dark as pitch, and a drizzling rain fell. As the man led her through ploughed fields, her shoes stuck

to the clayey ground, and it was with difficulty she was able to proceed. After various lamentations on her part, and rude replies on that of her companion, lights were seen at a distance.

“That light,” said the man, “comes from Birch Park ; keep to your right hand and you will presently arrive at the green lane opposite the lawn.”

In vain Miss Jenkins entreated him to see her safe home. The man jumped over the hedge, and she saw him no more. Before she reached the green lane she had lost both her shoes ; she was wet to her skin, lame, covered with dirt ; her green muslin jacket hanging in tatters, her long black hair streaming down her back. She limped into the parlor to her brother, whose grief Mr. Williams was vainly endeavoring to console.

As soon as he saw her, his first question was :—

“Where is Rosa ?”

He listened to her strange story with the utmost rage and impatience ; and

finding she could give no account of his niece, his sorrows became almost frenzy; while Miss Jenkins's losses, disappointments, frights, and fatigues had such an effect upon her, that she was many days confined to her bed, so extremely ill that her life was despaired of.

CHAP. III.

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air
 Soon close; where past the shaft no trace is
 found,

As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
 So dies in human hearts the pangs of love.

Lets talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs,
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

But not to thee,
 Meek spirit, not to thee, the morn is fair,
 Nor glow the sun beams cheerily: alas!
 The early carols of the woodland choir,
 Echoing so sweetly in the dewy fields,
 Thou hearest not: wrapp'd in the arms of death,
 Thou can'st not feel the rising sun's warm ray,
 Thou can'st not mark the beauty of the morn,
 For dark and silent is thy narrow cell.

I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry.
 Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
 Thou shall not escape calumny.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE young, the sensitive, and the ro-
 mantic, erroneously persuade themselves

that first impressions are indelible, and that a disappointment in love leaves on the heart and imagination an incurable malady, which no new object can alleviate, no time extirpate.

When the Marchesa della Rosalvo pronounced the solemn vows which annihilated his hopes, and separated her from his arms for ever, the constitution of Horatio Delamere was unequal to the shock ; he raved for many days in actual delirium, and when his senses were again restored, he considered the world as a blank, incapable of producing an object or an event to interest his mind, or blunt the poignancy of his feelings.

For many weeks he continued gloomy, cheerless, a prey to anguish, regret, and melancholy ; but absence, time, a change of scene, the various amusements at which his friends compelled him to be present, insensibly diverted his attention, by degrees weaned him from dwelling on irremediable sorrow, and a few months restored him, if not to actual happiness, to a state of tranquillity.

He thought indeed of Celestina frequently and tenderly; but his reason, unclouded by passion, was now convinced that her retirement from the world was the only step she could possibly have taken, which honor and propriety could approve. Cool and unimpassioned, he had now leisure to reflect that a marriage with her would have been highly displeasing to his father, and would have been a source of uneasiness to the tenderest and best of mothers; and while he heaved a sigh of fond melancholy regret to the beauties and fascinations of the Marchesa della Rosalvo, he yet rejoiced that he had escaped the misery of giving pain to parents so very worthy of his affection and respect.

Lord Narbeth, though proudly tenacious of preserving the male line of his family purely British, extended not his prejudice or partiality to the female branches, but cheerfully awarded his consent to his niece, Miss Lonsdale, be-

coming the wife of the Count Miraldi, though a foreigner.

Miss Lonsdale really liked the count, yet she did not bestow her hand upon him without experiencing a sort of reluctance. She knew that separated from her own family and connections, the greatest part of her life must be passed in Italy ; she also feared that a husband might attempt to exert those prerogatives, against which her spirit would revolt : however, her reasons for, appearing far weightier than those against, Miss Lonsdale became a bride.

Their marriage was celebrated at the church of St. Rosolia at Palermo, with the utmost publicity and magnificence ; and at this ceremony Horatio Delamere assisted, and afterwards retired with the happy pair to a palazzo of the count's a few miles from Palermo, where balls, riddottos, and various amusements gave the fair Sicilians an opportunity of endeavoring to remove the melancholy of Hora-

tio Delamere, and of displaying their own graces and attractions.

Lady Isabella Lonsdale being in the way that women wish to be who love their lords, Captain Lonsdale became anxious to have his child born in England, they therefore took an affectionate leave of their Sicilian friends, and, accompanied by the Count and Countess Miraldi and Horatio Delamere, bade adieu to the luxuriant and delightful shores of Italy, and soon hailed the white cliffs of their native land.

At Narbeth Lodge they were received with the warmest demonstrations of pleasure. Horatio was paler and thinner than when he left England, and the glance that shot through the thick fringes of his intelligent eye had lost much of its spirit and lustre.

Lady Narbeth beheld the ravages grief and disappointment had made in his fine person with apprehensive solicitude, and rejoiced that he was returned again to his native air, and under the mater-

nal eye, where she could watch his health, and with her own hand administer such restoratives as she thought he required.

After remaining a month at Narbeth Lodge, Lady Isabella and Captain Lonsdale, with the Count and Countess Miraldi, took their leave, and by easy stages arrived at Ravenhill Castle, where Lady Isabella intended to wait the period of her accouchement. Horatio had promised to visit his friend Henry Mortimer, but while preparations were making for his journey, Lord Narbeth was seized with an alarming illness, which set aside for the present his intended tour through North Wales.

On the first news of Miss Percival and her aunt being missing, Hugh Montgomery, in the utmost distress of mind, rode all over the country, but without obtaining the slightest intimation of the objects of his search. Sir Edward Percival also and Lord Clavering offered great rewards, and threatened punish-

ments, and explored the country round for many miles without success : no kind of intelligence was to be obtained.

On Miss Jenkins's return their efforts were renewed, but without effect, and the fate of the amiable lovely Rosa remained concealed from the inquiries of her anxious and lamenting friends.

Sir Edward Percival made a great noise, and appeared to be very unhappy : the Earl of Clavering declared himself absolutely miserable ; and Hugh Montgomery, resigning himself to grief, became in a short time the shadow of his former self.

Miss Jenkins recovered her health, while her ill temper became if possible more intolerable than ever, so sore had her mind been made by disappointment, and hearing truth delivered in plain English ; and to add to her mortifications, Mr. Williams had hired a plump good-looking dairy-maid, of whom he took more notice than Miss Jenkins approved, and she vehemently protested she would

never again set her foot in Woodland Cottage, unless he discharged that pert, bold hussey, whose very looks told she was not a bit better than she should be.

Mr. Williams, however, was not so subservient as Miss Jenkins expected ; he peremptorily refused to discharge the girl, alleging as a reason that she was a very good and useful servant, and suited his purpose extremely well.

“ No doubt,” answered Miss Jenkins, “ no doubt she suits your purpose : she looks like one of that sort.”

Finding she could not prevail to have the girl turned away, her jealousy became more and more inflamed, so that actually afraid of her tongue, to which she gave unlimited freedom, Mr. Williams’s visits to Birch Park became less frequent, a circumstance that gave him great concern, as Gabriel Jenkins pined so much after his niece, that he stood in actual want of the consolations of friendship, having lost his appetite and his spi-

rits, and become moped and melancholy, confining himself entirely to the house ; though Williams wrote him a very kind letter, inviting him to Woodland Cottage, and stating his reasons for not venturing to Birch Park ; endeavoring to demonstrate that it was the most *foolishest* thing in all the world for a man to give himself up to sorrow and refuse to take comfort, seeing that things that must be will be ; because for a person to sit all day in the house to do nothing but groan and lament, only made him quite disagreeable and uncomfortable.

Sir Owen Llewellyn had the felicity to see his daughter in ten months after her marriage the mother of a beautiful boy : he witnessed with grateful and heart-felt pleasure the increasing fondness of Henry Mortimer ; and in Adeline's tender attention to her infant he beheld the maternal softness and solicitude of Lady Llewellyn, his beloved and ever-lamented wife, renewed.

At Dolegelly Castle all was refined

elegance, calm, rational, and dignified happiness. Books, music, and enlightened conversation diversified their hours, and time flew rapidly away without leaving them a desire beyond their own happy circle.

The affection of Adeline towards her child was warm and animated; she nursed him herself, while a new feeling, a rapturous sensation, such as mothers only can experience, filled her heart.

Sir Owen Llewellyn doated on his grandson, and spent a large portion of his time in the nursery. He had one morning as usual been fondling the little smiling urchin, and had but just returned him to his mother, when he was seized with the third apoplectic fit, and fell senseless into Henry Mortimer's arms.

Assistance was instantly summoned: they tried the lancet, but in vain; no blood followed the incision; the just, the upright, the worthy Sir Owen Llewellyn slept to wake no more; his spirit had flown to heaven to receive the reward of

a life spent in acts of benevolence and virtue.

Adeline was now an orphan, and as she wept on the bosom of Eliza Tudor, she would turn her eyes towards Heaven and say :——

“ Oh ! that I too were dead. Oh ! that I were quietly reposing in the grave of my mother.”

Henry Mortimer, though scarcely less affected, silently mourned the loss of his father, his friend, and benefactor ; he confined his grief to his own bosom : and tenderly endeavored to comfort his distressed wife. He brought their lovely child, and gently placing it in her arms, besought her to remember how much injury the violence of her grief might occasion him, as on her health depended that of the child, who drew his sustenance from her bosom.

Adeline clasped the infant to her heart with one arm, while she extended the other hand to Henry, who prest it to his

lips, while in a voice choked with grief, she cried :——

“ Dearest Henry ! forgive me. I must weep. Oh ! my father, my dear, dear father ! ”

The remains of Sir Owen Llewellyn, were by torch-light deposited in the same tomb with his wife’s.

Henry Mortimer attended as chief mourner.

The funeral was followed, according to the custom of the country, by a numerous concourse of people of all ranks, whose tears and lamentations plainly evinced that the poor had lost a father and benefactor, whose heart had always felt for their necessities while his liberal hand had relieved. The higher sort mourned a worthy man and a valued friend.

Ned Ratlin’s tears had mingled with the dust that covered the hallowed remains of his honored patron: when he returned to the castle, he looked mournfully at the sable band that waved in his

hat, and at the crape that bound his arm; the domestics had assembled round him, and he began harranguing them in such terms of simple and pathetic grief that there was not a dry eye among them.

“Death! my friends and messmates, Death,” said Ned, “is an enemy we cannot fire upon and obligate to sheer off. No, he sticks close to our quarters; we cannot, let us try ever so hard, slip our cables and run away, whenever we find he bears too hard upon us. No, no, if once he claps his grappling irons aboard us, we must strike whether we like it or not, messmates. Sir Owen Llewellyn—” at this name, honest Ned’s tears gushed out, and for a few seconds prevented his proceeding; at last, after coughing and wiping his eyes, he continued:—

“Sir Owen Llewellyn, messmates, was a worthy and a noble commander: but he never could have had promotion equal

to his deservings here, so he has been called off to a far better station.— Yes,” said Ned, elevating his voice, and flourishing his wooden leg, “at the great day of judgment, when the boatswain pipes all hands, then will be read the certificate of his services, and he will have a flag, and will sail in seas without danger of a lee-shore; no tempests, no rocks, no quicksands.”

Ned wiped his eyes again, and looking kindly around him, continued:—

“And I hope, messmates, we shall all one day get upon the like station; in the mean time let every one keep a true reckoning—stick firm to their duty—never sleep upon watch, but obey the noble Captain Mortimer, who has the command now, in the hope of getting promotion too, after their topsails have been lowered by death.”

On the eventful night of the masquerade, when Miss Percival was separated from her aunt, the chaise in spite of her

screams flew rapidly along: her companion would answer no questions; but after having proceeded a few miles, offered her some wine and biscuits, with which he was amply provided: but too much alarmed and distressed in mind to eat, she declined accepting any refreshment; the man with perfect indifference said:—

“ Oh ! very well, miss, just as you please for that; I shan't force you to eat against your will, but if you chuse to starve, that is no reason why I should do the like just to keep you company.” He then fell to, and ate and drank heartily, while poor Rosa wept, and thought in agony of the anxiety that the inhabitants of Birch Park would feel on her account.

She reverted to the hour of exquisite delight in which she had listened to the soft tender pleadings of Hugh Montgomery, to the years of bliss, of happiness, she had anticipated in becoming his wife; and her tears streamed faster as she saw herself torn from him, and all the fairy

visions of her imagination melt into air. Again with pathetic energy she conjured her companion to inform her where he was conveying her, and who was his employer; but all she could obtain in reply from him was:—

“Have a bit of patience, miss, you will know all about it by and bye; make yourself easy, and don’t spoil your pretty face with crying; you was born with a silver spoon in your mouth. I warrant you will be glad enough one day that what you think such a mortal trouble now did happen to you.”

“No,” replied Rosa, “I can never have reason to be glad that I was torn in this clandestine way from my friends, from all that love me, to know that they must suffer the most poignant grief on my account.”

The man shut his eyes and slept, or pretended to sleep: while finding she could make no impression on him, she silently recommended herself to the protection of Heaven, and endeavored to

compose and fortify her mind, and to wait patiently the developement of what appeared a complication of mystery, and villainous outrage.

Towards evening they reached the ancient city of Aberconway, where the beautiful river from whence it takes its name empties itself into the Irish sea; here the man rousing himself, and letting down the window, gave the driver directions, then turning to Rosa, said:—

“ Our journey is at an end, miss.”

The chaise left the town about half a mile to the right, and struck into a road near the river side, which terminated in an old fashioned farm-house, into which Rosa had no sooner entered, than her spirits, subdued by grief and fatigue, entirely forsook her, and she fell into the arms of a woman, whom her companion saluted with—“ Here, Peg, shew miss into the parlor.”

The parlor was a large room with white-washed walls, a nicely sanded floor, an enormous wide chimney-piece

over which were placed three japan waiters, and half-a-dozen wine glasses, interspersed with a few broken China tea-cups by way of ornaments : a large casement window that looked into a yard where a quantity of poultry were feeding, and a huge sow and a parcel of little pigs wallowing on a dunghill.

The first words Rosa heard when she recovered recollection were :

“ Peg, where is Mrs. Howels, where is your mistress, hey, Peg ? ”

“ Mistress is a-bed,” replied the girl.

“ A-bed said the man : is she in the old way, napsy I suppose, Peg ? ”

The girl laughed, or more properly grinned, and said :—

“ Yes, yes, you have guessed it sure enough, master.”

Rosa felt sick, her head turned round, and she requested the girl to shew her where she was to sleep.

The man said :—

“ Why, miss, you have tasted nothing all day, I am sure you must be hungry :

you had better have some supper, it will soon be ready. What have you got, Peg?"

The girl answered:——

“Boiled fowls and ham.”

Rosa said she preferred a little gruel, but before it could be got ready she again fainted, and was by the man carried up stairs into a large chamber, in which stood a small tent bed, having no adornments of any kind to boast, nor any recommendation except that of cleanliness. The girl assisted her to take off her masquerade habit, on which she now looked with disgust and terror, and being dismissed, Rosa heard her lock the door: a bolt being on the inside, she drew it, and examining a closet that communicated with the room, and finding she had no interruption to apprehend, threw herself on the bed, recommended herself to the protection of heaven, and soon fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till past eight the next morning, when the girl terrified her thundering at the door, and telling

she had brought her some clothes to put on in place of them papery ones, and that mistress was down stairs and wanting her breakfast. Rosa opened the door : the girl put down a bundle and was quitting the room, when Rosa desired her to stay a few minutes. “ If you wants any thing make haste,” said the girl, “ for mistress is mortal crabbed this morning ; Moggy Jones has disappointed her of her drops.” “ Tell me, my good young woman,” said Rosa, “ do you know who has employed your master to force me from my friends, and bring me to this place ?” “ No, bless your heart, master never tells nobody about his *consarnments*,” replied the girl, “ for as to mistress, hur can never keep nothing at all—for hur gets so——”

“ Here you Peg,” bawled a coarse voice from the bottom of the stairs. “ What the devil are you clacking about hey ?—Come down stairs this minute.” The irl shook her hand at Rosa, and said, “ Hush,” then creeping up another pair

of stairs made no reply, till the same voice in a more angry tone called again, "Peg, you slut, what the plague are you doing?" "Making your bed, mistress," answered Peg. "Confound the bed," said her mistress. "See, you devil, if miss be a coming to breakfast." Rosa hastened down stairs, and on entering the parlor, found a great coarse looking woman with a broad red face, and large squinting eyes, seated at the breakfast table, who saluted her with, "So, miss, you be comed down at last; you be used to quality hours I sees. Well to be sure, what a thin little bit of a shrimp you looks.—Lord! I expected to see a different sort of a body to you: but there, I suppose, you be tightened up into a Miss Bailis, to make you look just the same as two deal boards nailed together." Rosa was astonished: she blushed, felt disconcerted; the tears rushed to her eyes, while Mrs. Howels, unnoticing her agitation, asked her husband if he would have any tea. John Howels was soon

seated by Rosa, who was so terrified by the bold looks and vulgar manners of her hostess, that she was happy when the meal was ended. As she rose to quit the room, Mrs. Howels desired her to sit still where she was, for she had not time to go out with her then: and she had orders not to let her go any where at all by herself. "What! am I a prisoner?" asked Rosa. "I must keep you all the while in my sight," answered Mrs. Howels, "unless you chuse to stay above stairs, and then the door can be locked to be sure, but that will be very dull for you." "Dull indeed!" said Rosa, with a heavy sigh. "I beg to know by whose authority you presume to confine me." "O, Lord a mighty!" replied Mrs. Howels, "by whose authority? Why by John Howels's to be sure; he takes care to let me know he is master. God help me! if I was unmarried again I should sing another tune, but them that is bound must obey: and them as is free may run away."

Oh ! thought Rosa that I could run away. She looked into the yard, and saw it was surrounded by walls ; and in a corner near the door, that opened on a lane, was an enormous large mastiff, chained up, who snarled and barked at every thing that approached him. Mrs. Howels told Rosa if she had a mind for a bit of work she could give her a few of John Howels's shirts to mend, or some stockings to darn. Rosa answered that she did not feel disposed to work, but would thank her if she could supply her with some books.

“ Books ! ” said Mrs. Howels ; “ Oh, what you be a reader, be you, I thought by your fingers you did not use the needle overmuch ; well, if you be fond of reading, here,” throwing open a corner cupboard, “ here be very nice books as I hears John Howels tell ; for I never troubles my head about such things.” Rosa beheld two or three tattered volumes, which having examined, she found

they were the Newgate Calender, God's Revenge Against Murder, and the Farmer's Assistant. Having read their titles, she was turning in disappointment from the cupboard ; when her eye accidentally rested on a box of paints, and a roll of drawing paper.

“ If I may make use of these,” said she, addressing Mrs. Howels, “ I may possibly find some amusement.”

“ Aye, them things belonged to my nephew, who was killed at the battle of the Nile,” replied Mrs. Howels. “ He must needs go aboard of a king's ship ; his head was shot off, miss, and the sharks had the picking of his bones, for he was thrown over board. If the fool had staid here—but what signifies, he is dead as mutton, and there is an end of Walter Owens—— But, miss, can you paint pictures, can you make houses and trees?”

Rosa replied in the affirmative.

“ And may be, miss, you can draw folks' faces,” resumed Mrs Howels :

“lord, I wish you would paint my little girl, a sweet pretty *hinfint* as ever eyes was clapt on.”

Rosa said she would try what she could do to oblige her. Mrs. Howels looked pleased, said she would have it put into a gilt frame, and hung over the mantle-piece. Rosa asked to see the child.

“Then you must go to heaven to fetch her,” replied Mrs. Howels, trying to squeeze out a tear; “for Kitty has been in her grave now above five years.”

“And how on earth,” said Rosa, “am I to take the likeness of a child I never saw, and who has been dead above five years?” “Lord, it is the easiest thing in the world, if you have only a mind to set about it,” replied Mrs. Howels, seating herself opposite to her; “only look at me, miss; the pretty creature was the very spit of me, just such a nose, and just such eyes; only draw my face, and it will be sure to bemightily like.” Rosa smiled, and said she feared she had not abilities equal to the painting a likeness of a person she

never saw. "I never heard nothing so foolish in my life," rejoined Mrs. Howels, pettishly, "why there is Morgan Davids, he never saw the king in his born days, for he never was five miles from Aberconway since he first came into the world; yet he has made the most beautifulest, heligantist likeness of his royal majesty's head as ever was seen; it has brought plenty of custom to the house I assure you. It was a lucky day for Mrs. Cadwallader when Morgan Davids persuaded her to pull down the old worn out Goat, and set up the King's Head. Lord keep us all from pride and the devil. It was nothing but a little pot-house then, where any poor fellow might call for a dobbin of ale; but now it is one of the first *hinds* in Aberconway, with a bunch of grapes over the door, and wine and spirits wrote in big gold letters under it. Then Mrs. Cadwallader is grown so proud she don't know nobody as she used to be quite intimate with. There she sits in her bar, who but she, with

her hair plaited like a horse's mane, and her fine dress cap all *asidun*, jut as if she had got a drop in her head ; and her Miss Bailis is laced so tight about her, that she looks just like a *notomy* ; indeed for that matter, I don't think hur has an ounce of flesh to cover her bare bones, yet hur fancies herself quite the genteel thing. Lord, for my part I hate to see such wizen half starved skeletons ; give me something crummy, as my poor dear first husband William Owens used to say, something to feel."

Rosa perceiving that Mrs. Cadwallader would be an everlasting theme, promised to try what she could do to oblige her ; and obtained permission to take the paints and pencils to her own chamber, from the window of which she had a fine view of the bold scenery of the surrounding country, of the magnificent ruins of the castle, and the beautiful river Conway, rolling its broad waves to mingle with the distant sea. She soon produced a drawing of a child, after her own

fancy, which so pleased Mrs. Howels, that she said it wanted nothing in the world but red cheeks, sandy hair, green shoes, and a yellow sash, to be the very spit of her poor, dear, sweet, little Kitty. Rosa, good naturedly, colored it after the taste of Mrs. Howels. It was placed in a tawdry gilt frame, and hung over the chimney-piece, and that very evening exhibited to Doctor Powell and his wife, who had come on a visit from Aberconway to their cousin Mrs. Howels. Rosa fancied she saw in Doctor Powell's face the lines of feeling and humanity; and during the first half hour she frequently and earnestly wished for an opportunity of relating her situation, and interesting him to acquaint her friends where and how she was detained; but to accomplish this desire was rendered impossible by the watchfulness of John Howels and his wife, who took care to seat the doctor and his wife at too great a distance for her to have any private conversation. For some time indeed, the whole discourse

was engrossed by the two female cousins, and ran solely on the upstart pride of Mrs. Cadwallader, the landlady of the King's Head, who was sprung from nobody, and never would have been nothing, if Morgan Davids the painter, with a lucky stroke of his brush, had not made somebody of her. Mrs. Cadwallader at length was forgot in Doctor Powell's complaints of the poorness of his practice.

"I protest, cousin," said he, addressing John Howels, "Aberconway is a starving hole for a medical man—why it is the healthiest spot in the world."

"Very true," replied John Howels; "I enjoy good health always; I am never sick, never has nothing the matter with me."

"Sick!" echoed the doctor; "no, worse luck for me; I can't hear of any one that is: my drugs get mouldy on the shelves—there is no want of physic at Aberconway; no fevers, no distempers of any kind: and as for accidents, nothing

of that sort ever happens ; no broken legs or arms to set ; I have not had a fractured limb this month—nothing at all to do in the surgical line. And as to any persons cutting their throats,” continued the doctor, “they are far too contented and happy to throw a job of that kind in my way.”

“ Good heaven ! ” thought Rosa, “ I am but a bad physiognomist, for in this man’s countenance I fancied I read the lines of goodness and philanthropy.”

“ Let me consider,” resumed the doctor, placing his forefinger on his forehead : “ the last case of that kind that I attended was about two years ago ; I was called in to sew up the throat of a mad-brained Irish officer, who had divided his windpipe with his own sword.”

“ Lord a mercy ! what did he do it for, cousin ? ” asked Mrs. Howels.

“ Some people say for love,” replied the doctor, “ others for debt. I knew the man was past recovery,” continued he, “ the moment I looked at him, but

the fools about him would insist on my sewing up the wound ; so I did, and was well paid for my trouble ; but now I am quite out of luck's way, nothing of the sort happens ; ecod, I believe, Mary," addressing his wife, " I must cut Pompey's throat and sew it up again, just by way of keeping myself in practice."

" Aye do, Mr. Powell," replied his feeling compassionate helpmate ; " do you, my dear, cut the dog's throat as soon as ever you go home ; indeed it will be great pities for your hand to get out for want of practice."

Rosa shuddered, while she heard one of her own sex so unfeelingly persuade another to commit so barbarous an act, and sincerely pitied the innocent animal who was devoted to suffer under such wanton and cruel experiments ; and an additional weight hung upon her spirits, as she saw the hope she had only a few moments before encouraged recede as the sordid dispositions of Powell and his wife un-

folded. Many days past in melancholy regrets, in torturing suspense, in expectation of evil, to which her imagination could neither give form nor name; and to add still more to the disagreeable irksomeness of her situation, Rosa discovered that the woman allotted her for a companion was not only grossly illiterate and vulgar, but also incurably addicted to the degrading vice of inebriety, in which state she was frequently carried to bed unable to assist herself, at which periods Rosa was regularly locked in her bed-chamber by the vigilant John Howels, who having become from plough-boy to be master of the farm, from his marriage with the rich widow Owens, contented himself with hoarding money, while she swallowed gallons of smuggled liquor, which she procured of her neighbor Moggy Jones, and with which she regularly before dinner got what her husband called napsy, and before bed time hunkumstary; nor did he attempt to restrain her, as he hoped that a free

indulgence would soon release him from trammels into which he had entered merely from motives of gain, love of money being the sole passion of John Howels ; and to gratify which he would have undertaken any act, however nefarious, that did not amount to murder. Before Rosa became convinced of Mrs. Howels's infirmity, her innocent unsuspecting mind was at a loss to comprehend what took her to bed every day about twelve o'clock, though she continually heard John Howels tell his maid that her mistress was getting napsy. One evening, being called down to tea, she found Mrs. Howels leaning her head against the wall ; and on asking if she was ill, found her incapable of articulating a word ; having called the girl, she told her to procure assistance, for her mistress was very ill. The girl to Rosa's astonishment only laughed, while her mistress, squinting more horribly than ever she had seen her, dropped her head first on one shoulder, then on the other, unable

to keep it in an upright position. Peg placed the tea chest before Rosa, and begged her not to mind mistress, who was only in the old way, but to make the tea herself, for mistress never drank no tea when she was hunkumstary. Rosa could not comprehend the meaning of this strange word, which, however, to her disgust and terror, was soon explained by John Howels, who coming in, and looking at her, said :—

“ So you have took your drops, I see ? Peg, get her to bed, girl ; and do you see, and put on her night cap.” “ The devil !” stammered Mrs. Howels, “ the devil may make a nutting bag of it—the devil himself may ride a hunting with my night cap ! what do I care about night caps ; give me a pint of gin.”

Rosa was so frightened, that when asked by John Howels to make the tea, she poured it into the sugar canister, and the cream into the slop bason.

“ Bless my heart, miss,” said John Howels, “ why one would think you was

got hunkumstary as well as my wife, to see your actions. Why you are as white as a sheet, and your hand shakes as bad as her's does in a morning, before hur has had her qualifying drops, as hur calls em. You have made a fine piece of work among the grocery." "Why, what have I done, Mr. Howels?" asked Rosa, with a tremulous voice. "Nothing, only poured the tea among all the *shuggar*, and the *crame* into the slop bowl, miss," answered John Howels, "that is all." "Pray excuse me, Mr. Howels," said Rosa, "I am unused to spectacles of this sort, and they frighten me beyond measure."

Peg grinned, while her master replied:—

"Lord love you, miss, there is nothing at all to be frightful at; this a bin hur custom for many a long year: as soon as hur gets to bed, hur will fall fast asleep and snoring, and never know nothing at all about the matter in the morning—Peg, fetch hur a little more gin. When hur

has had hur quantam hur will be as quiet as a lamb."

Rosa begged for heaven's sake that they would not allow her to drink any more. Peg tried to coax her up stairs, while she, scarcely able to get out a word, declared she would not go to bed without another pint of gin; and in her fury to obtain it she tore off her cap, threw it behind the fire, and kicked her shoes into the middle of the room. Rosa made a precipitate retreat to her own chamber, where she was as usual locked in: her mind was in a state of distraction, her feelings were agonized; and as her clasped hands were raised to heaven, she exclaimed:—

"To what scenes of humiliation am I condemned! for what new sufferings am I destined?"

Many times she opened her window with an intention of escaping; but it looked into the yard, where every night the huge mastiff was let loose to range, after having been chained up all day to make him savage: and added to this, she

had no money, nor any thing valuable about her, and was besides entirely strange to the road that led to her home; thus hopeless and forlorn, all that remained for her was to weep and pray. On this night Mrs. Howels was not quiet as a lamb, on the contrary she was extremely riotous; and it was late the next day before Rosa was released from confinement, and summoned to breakfast. She found Mrs. Howels more drest than usual. Rosa knew not how to meet her, but for her part, she neither by look nor manner seemed sensible that any thing had been improper in her conduct.

Rosa's cheeks were crimsoned with blushes, she felt ashamed for her, and lamented that any woman should so shamefully forget the delicacy of her sex: she looked upon her with abhorrence, and would have gladly evaded her invitation to walk, but Mrs. Howels would admit no excuses, would take no denial; but taking Rosa's white arm under her brawny red one, she forcibly

led her for some time along the high road, which at that time was extremely dusty. Rosa said the fields would have been much more pleasant, or the sands by the river side. "No matter for that, miss," replied Mrs. Howels, "I chuse to walk this way, I be not quite so delicate as you, besides I be gwain after a person who owes me a trifle of money, and these be not times, miss, to lose nothing; and John Howels, a stingy fellow, is so close fisted, I can never get a farthing out of him, though he was only but my servant, and I married him for love: I believe on my soul I was witched to do such a foolish action. Aye, aye, I was mistress then; but I knows to my sorrow who is master now. He never lets me have the handling of nothing. Lord! only see, miss, what a fine coach is a coming along yonders."

Rosa looked up, and beheld the livery of the Earl of Clavering: with a sudden jerk she drew her arm from under Mrs. Howels, and ran screaming towards the

carriage. Lord Clavering saw her, she was lifted in, and overcome with joy fainted in his arms; when she recovered, to her extreme disappointment she again found herself within sight of the detested farm-house. Lord Clavering appeared surprised and rejoiced to see her, while she in transports pressed his hand to her lips, related her story, and entreated him to convey her to her friends: this he faithfully promised to do, but notwithstanding her supplications to the contrary, persisted on calling at the farm-house to interrogate the people, to oblige John Howels to confess who had employed him to carry her off. To Rosa's thousand questions and inquiries after her friends his lordship answered they were all well, and that Miss Montgomery was now Lady Percival, having been married to her father above a week. Rosa felt a pang at her heart, on the conviction that her fate, be it what it might, was of so little consequence to her father, that he had married while she

was lost, conveyed he knew not whither, nor appeared to care. Her tears would not be restrained, and again she begged that she might be allowed to proceed immediately to Birch Park, the home of her infancy, where she knew she had friends that loved her, in whom her fate created the most lively interest and feeling.

It was with extreme reluctance she was prevailed upon to enter the farm-house again, where Lord Clavering, in a voice of authority, demanded to see John Howels, who quickly appeared, bowing and scraping, but refused to give any account of his employer, unless alone with his lordship, as he had taken his bible oath, he said, not to let miss know nothing about it. Upon this Lord Clavering requested Rosa to retire for a short time, while he examined the fellow.

Rosa obeyed, though not without considering it very strange, that she, the injured person, and most concerned in the business, was not to know by whose or-

der and contrivance she had been made a prisoner, and condemned to suffer, and for what intent. In less than an hour Lord Clavering requested her company : as she entered the parlor he took her hand, and seating her, said : “ You will no doubt, my dear Miss Percival, be much surprised to hear that the man of whose character and principles you had the highest opinion is the person who has occasioned you so much suffering, and your friends so much anxiety. Rosa’s heart throbbed with painful apprehension ; it was with difficulty she could ask of whom his lordship spoke.

“ Of that most consummate hypocrite, Hugh Montgomery,” replied his lordship, “ who conceals the vilest principles, and most atrocious acts, under the saintly mask of goodness and virtue. He is the person who employed this John Howels, and with what intent requires no further explanation.”

Rosa’s cheek was alternately the brightest crimson and the palest white,

as she faintly repeated, “ Hugh Montgomery ! Oh ! no, it cannot be possible. I will never believe that he is capable——”

“ He professed himself your lover I believe,” resumed Lord Clavering, “ but at the same time I understand was under engagements, and on the point of marriage, with a rich East Indian, who is every hour expected at Glenwyn Priory. He knew, Miss Percival, that surrounded by your friends, he stood no chance of bringing you to his terms ; but at a distance, deprived of their supporting affection, experiencing the privation of those indulgencies and accommodations you had been accustomed to enjoy, he hoped to be more successful. Next week I find he is expected here.”

Rosa listened with agonized attention.

“ I believe,” continued his lordship, “ I believe, Miss Percival, partiality for this unworthy man made you averse to my honorable proposals ; you blush, and that blush declares you love Mr. Mont-

gomery yet, deceitful and villainous as he has behaved towards you."

"No," replied Rosa, rallying her spirits, "I detest him, I despise his principles, I abhor from my soul his conduct." "Now then, perhaps," said his lordship, "you may be inclined to lend a favorable ear to my passion; offended pride may perhaps induce you to shew Mr. Montgomery his power over your affections is not so confirmed, so certain as is generally believed."

"I know not from what such a belief should have arisen," replied Rosa, "not from any confession of mine."

"Recollect yourself, Miss Percival," rejoined his lordship: "have you forgot the Egyptian temple, and the kneeling pilgrim, whose happy arms encircled you, and from whose embrace you made no effort to escape?" Rosa blushed deeply, while he continued: "Surely this was a declaration sufficient, and a man must have been more senseless than an idiot who would not so have understood it."

Rosa burst into tears, and entreated Lord Clavering to spare her the remembrance of that humiliating scene, as she had been sufficiently punished for any weakness she might then have felt or yielded to. His lordship again took her hand, and pressing it respectfully to his lips, assured her it was far, very far from his intention to give her pain, or wound her delicacy, but that he was obliged in honest sincerity to tell her, that many reports were in circulation highly injurious to her reputation. Rosa's countenance was instantly animated with conscious innocence; an air of pride gave dignity to her figure, while she replied :

“ My lord, no thought or action of mine has hitherto sullied the purity of my character ; I shall yet make my defamers blush for having dared to associate the name of Rosa Percival with dishonor.” His lordship answered—that for himself he felt so convinced of her innocence, so assured of her honor, that he again repeated his offer of

making her his wife, and advised her both as lover and friend, to suffer him to present her on their return to Birch Park, as Countess of Clavering, the only effectual *méthod*," continued his lordship, "of stopping the viperous tongues of scandal, and crushing the infamous designs of Mr. Montgomery. You are silent, Miss Percival; will you not honor me with a reply?" "Take me from this place," said Rosa, "from the society of this hateful woman; restore me to my friends, and give me time for consideration." "I am now," replied Lord Clavering, "obliged to proceed a few miles beyond the town of Aberconway, on business of the utmost importance; if you will at once resolve to give me your hand, I can, as my wife, take you with me, otherwise you must remain till my return." "Remain!" cried Rosa, "remain here! you will not surely leave me? you cannot be so cruel."

"I offer you," replied he, "rank, wealth, the honorable title of my wife,

can you, Miss Percival, be so cruel to yourself and me as to refuse?"

"Oh! heaven direct me," cried Rosa, clasping her hands, on which her tears fell in large drops: "my friends, my uncle, where are you in this moment of trial? Oh! little do you think on what a precipice I am driven; but no, I cannot, must not, will not marry. No, my lord, I will not impose upon your generosity. I am grateful, truly grateful for your goodness, but I can never be your wife."

Lord Clavering rose, and coldly bowing, said, "I shall not neglect, Miss Percival, informing your friends of your situation, and where you are."

"Sure, my lord," exclaimed the agitated Rosa, "surely, for the sake of my father, whose friend you profess yourself, you will not leave me here exposed to the designs of a profligate."

"I fear, Miss Percival," replied his lordship, "that profligate has but too much influence in your bosom; I am indeed sorry to leave you so situated, but I

am really an absolute stranger in this country ; I know no person in whose care I could leave you while I transact the business I am come upon ; and regard for your character makes me unwilling you should travel with me, without a female companion. I will write immediately to my friend Sir Edward ; in the mean time make yourself as easy as you can, with the assurance that you will soon be liberated from your unpleasant situation." Again he bowed, and laid his hand on the lock of the door. Rosa flung herself on her knee before him, and besought him not to leave her there, but to take her instantly to Aberconway. " I can procure a chaise there," said the weeping Rosa, " and I am not afraid to travel alone ; but do not, I beseech you, do not leave me in the power of these wicked, unprincipled people."

His lordship raised her from the floor, and stood musing for a moment. " I have just recollected," said he, " that I have a friend within a mile of Abercon-

way, who has sisters: make yourself content till to-morrow, and I promise you on my honor I will remove you from this place: under the protection of two respectable females, you may return with safety and credit to Birch Park."

Rosa, unwilling as she was to remain another night under so detested a roof, was obliged to accede to this arrangement; she saw Lord Clavering depart, after having again received his assurance that he would the next day place her under safe and honorable protection.

As soon as his carriage drove from the house, dreading to encounter the vile Howels, and his still more abominable wife, she retired to her chamber, to weep over the perfidy and dissimulation of Hugh Montgomery, to hurl from the proud pinnacle on which her fervid imagination had raised it, the worshipped idol of her affections; to teach her agonizing heart the hard lesson of despising the man she had adored; to banish his idea from her remembrance, and to indulge the hope of

being restored to her beloved relatives at Birch Park.

Mrs. Howels had again got in the old way, and Peg was deputed to guard miss. Rosa had not long indulged her sorrowful reflections, before she bounced into the room, with "Lord, miss, I be mortal glad you be here; I was sad frightful you had a gin us the go bye, as master calls it; marcy on us, we an all bin in such a flusteration to-day, that nobody has not thought any thing about dinner: what shall I get you to eat, miss?"

Rosa, scarcely knowing what she said, asked where Mrs. Howels was. "On the bed, as napsy as ever," replied the girl, grinning and shewing her broad yellow teeth; "and where," inquired Rosa, "is your master?"

"Master! oh master is taking his pleasure. A is gone in a coach with that great lord as was here just nows."

"You must be mistaken, child," replied Rosa, "your master cannot be gone with Lord Clavering."

“ A is though,” said the girl, insisting on the point ; “ a is, for I seed him get in with my own eyes. Coach stopped aside the old barn, where I was a feeding the pigs ; footman opened the door, and stood we his hat in his hand, just for all the world as if master had bin a great parson too ; well, he let down a little ting black looking sort of a ladder ; up mounts master, who but he, and the great lord shook him by the fist, and smiled upon him just like as if a had bin his sweetheart. Oh ! dear, miss, how I should love a bit of a ride in that fine coach.”

Rosa’s head turned round ; she sunk into a chair, and became pale as death ; the girl was frightened at her altered looks, and pouring out some water, bade her drink. “ Why Lord ! miss,” said she, “ you looks sure as if you had a mind to sound clean away.”

Rosa swallowed a little of the water, and having wept plentifully, felt much relieved. She dismissed the girl, saying she was too unwell to eat, and would en-

deavor to sleep, as she had enjoyed but little rest all night. Peg left the room, and locked her in.

“All this story then is false,” said Rosa, hope again throbbing wildly in her bosom. “Hugh Montgomery’s character has been villified and traduced, and I am the dupe of Lord Clavering’s schemes. Dear, ever-loved Montgomery, forgive me for having listened to such a degrading tale, for having for a moment believed you capable of such vile duplicity, such infamous conduct. But what is to be done ; how am I to avoid this man ? To-morrow he returns, to carry me heaven knows where, not to my home, not to Birch Park ; no, no, having proceeded thus far, I suppose he thinks to terrify me into becoming his wife. But I will die first ; Montgomery, my heart is thine, and never shall any consideration prevail on Rosa Percival to bestow her hand unaccompanied by affection.”

Towards evening Mrs. Howels met Rosa at the tea table, where she affected

in her vulgar way to wonder what had become of John Howels. Rosa, unwilling as she was to enter into conversation with a woman she so much detested and despised, rallied her spirits sufficiently to tell her she might spare any farther attempts to impose on her, as she was perfectly acquainted with all their schemes, and that her friends would assuredly bring them to severe account, for having been the agents of Lord Clavering's nefarious designs.

“As to me, miss,” replied Mrs. Howels, “as I am a sinful woman, I am as hinnicint as a new born baby about Lord Clavering: to be sure one of his kept misses is John Howels's sister, and a was down here last summer; but Lord our house was not good enough for madam; no sure, hur had grand lodgings tother side Aberconway, and quite turned up her nose at me, that am a honest decent woman; and as for John Howels, his mouth was as close as the poor's box, he never let a word drop to me consarning

nothing, only as I was to be sure not to let you run away ; and a said too that Lord Clavering wanted to make you his lady in earnest, and not a kept mistress.

“ But my friends,” replied Rosa, “ will reward you handsomely if you will supply me with the means of escaping. I don’t like Lord Clavering—I never will marry him.”

“ No,” said Mrs. Howels, staring at her ; “ well, I never heard nothing so downright foolish in my life afore. Why, miss, he is very rich and grand, and keeps sitch fine coaches.”—“ But suppose it was your own case, Mrs. Howels,” replied Rosa, “ and you did not like the man.”

“ Oh ! lord, miss, I am sure I should like him mightily,” said Mrs. Howels : “ I should know trap better, as John Howels says, than to refuse such an offer. No, no, miss, I should never be such a witched fool as not to like a man as keeps sitch a lot of flashy servants, and sitch a fine coach.”

Rosa endeavored to convince her of the wickedness of marrying for wealth only, and asked her if she would assist her with a little money, and allow her to escape, promising her an ample reward. "Aye, aye, miss, promises and pie-crust is made to be broke," said Mrs. Howels; "but, as my poor dear first man, William Owens, used to say, fine words butter no parsnips; and as to money, John Howels tells me it is the root of all evil, so he never allows me the handling of none: and as for letting you go, Lord have mercy! he would play up Mag's diversion with me; I should have the devil and all of a to do with him—why he would beat me black and blue. No, no, I never can go to think of such a project; he would knock me a head like a door nail."

Rosa, finding she could make no impression on the unfeeling hearted wretch, retired again to her chamber to solicit the protection of that Being who never forsakes those who confide in him; to

pray for fortitude to resist oppression, and power to sustain the afflictive conflicts she feared the next day would necessitate her to undergo, as she now felt the conviction that she was entangled in the net wove for her by Lord Clavering, who no doubt was preparing for her fresh trials and further persecutions.

CHAP. IV.

Lace and furr'd gowns hide all.
Clothe vice in rags a pigmy's straw will pierce it.

Rowe.

Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength.

Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.—MILTON.

Now the grave old alarm the softer young,
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee ;
Trembles each lip and falters every tongue
That bids the morn propitious smile an me.

SHENSTONE.

Man ! monster of ingratitude ! behold
Thy work !—the yawning grave receives the wretch
Thy perfidy destroys !

A. J. H.

A NOBLEMAN proudly supposes he may
commit any outrages on society with im-

punity ; may defame characters, may oppress innocence, and ostentatiously oppose his rank as a shield against public abhorrence and condemnation. Thus thought Rosa, as she indignantly reflected on Clavering's behavior ; on the infamous tale he had so contemptibly forged with the diabolic design of depreciating Hugh Montgomery in her esteem, which fabrication indeed would have proved but too successful, had not the ignorant servant undesignedly opened her eyes and given her an insight into the plot.

Her distress of mind became agonizing as she considered her forlorn situation—far from all assistance, in the house of mercenary, unprincipled people, the devoted tool of a man who she too plainly perceived would spare no efforts to accomplish his design, which, if it respected her honor, would eventually destroy the peace of her future life.

The higher her detestation of Lord Clavering's character arose, as she remembered his artful speeches, his deep dissi-

mulation, and the necessity of immediate escape, pressed with additional energy on her bewildered brain; but how, or whereto go without money, without being acquainted with a step of the way, she knew not, yet felt the urgency of attempting it, as the coming morrow might involve her in misery beyond all she had hitherto encountered. Busied with these torturing, these perplexing reflections, she paced the room with disordered steps: she paused before the door; she tried it, but, alas! it resisted her efforts; yet as she gazed upon it, she thought it might be possible to remove the screws that held the lock, as the wood that surrounded it appeared to be in a perishable state, and promised but little difficulty in the undertaking.

Elated with the idea of obtaining her liberty, she sank upon her knees, and fervently prayed for fortitude and protection, resolving as soon as the family were buried in repose to attempt escape. With impatient emotion she counted the

tedious hours, and waited till all was quiet in the house, which did not happen till the night was at odds with morning, Mrs. Howels being as usual hunkumstary, and, contrary to her husband's asseveration, extremely riotous and unmanageable.

After listening in breathless suspense, and at last finding all still, Rosa, with a palpitating heart, and in the utmost trepidation, proceeded to turn the screws with a penknife, which at length, to her infinite joy, after much trouble and labor she effected. As she drew the last screw the lock slipped from her hand and fell to the ground. For some moments she stood in trembling apprehension lest the noise should awaken Peg or the plough-boy, who slept in the house; all, however, remaining quiet, she softly opened the door and ventured into the passage. Mrs. Howels was loudly snoring as she descended the stairs, which harshly creaked under her light foot. When she reached the front door it was bolted, and as

she expected, locked also ; but the key, which used to hang on a hook behind it, was to her grief and disappointment taken away.

“ What am I now to do ? ” said Rosa, desponding, as she turned into the parlor, “ here, alas ! ends my hopes. I am now compelled to wait my destiny—I must now bear whatever Lord Clavering chuses to inflict.” She wept bitterly as her eyes followed the course of a waning moon, which every now and then, emerging from clouds of snowy whiteness, illumined the darkness of the room.

She approached the window, and beheld the terrific mastiff stretched at his length in the yard. “ Oh ! ” exclaimed she, regarding the huge animal with despairing looks, “ Oh ! but for thee I might escape.” After an agonizing pause—“ What, if I were to venture !—most likely I should be the victim of my temerity—I should perhaps be torn in pieces by this savage creature. Well, better to perish at once by his fangs than live the

lingering prey of that detested, hated Lord Clavering." Again she wept, and thought of the happy years she had passed at Birch Park, considered now more happy than ever as viewed through the medium of her present distressful situation. "If I pass unhurt by thee," continued Rosa, still gazing on the dog, his rough coat silvering in the rays of the moon, "if thou wouldst suffer me to pass, before morning I might be far distant, many, many miles from this abominable place." Again the remembrance that she had no money threw a damp upon her spirits. "But no matter," resumed she, "surely I should meet with some compassionate persons, who when acquainted with my story would humanely assist me to reach my home. Oh! my friends, most likely at this hour of night you are enjoying the blessings of repose, while I, wretched and encompassed with danger, wake to weep, to think over happiness that may never more be mine."

Again she looked at the dog with sen-

sations of terror; then raising her tearful eyes to heaven, continued: "Oh! thou who art the protector and supporter of the unfortunate and afflicted, graciously defend and direct me—release me, if it is thy good pleasure, from this house of bondage, from this den of wickedness,"

As she prayed she felt inspired with courage, and instantly repairing to the back door, exerted all her strength to remove a massy iron bar that lay across it. Finding her utmost efforts unequal to the undertaking, she returned to the parlor, and having stood a few moments irresolute, unclosed the casement, and boldly sprang into the yard. The mastiff growled horribly, and instantly quitting his recumbent posture, darted forward open mouthed to intercept her.—Rosa shrieked, and giving up herself for lost, fell nearly fainting against the wall. The dog reared his huge paws against her. She beheld his extended jaws, his large white teeth, and with sensations of indescribable horror expected them to

fasten in her flesh ; but having regarded her for a moment as he kept her pinned against the wall, with his broad tongue he gently licked her neck and hands, as if to re-assure her.

This action of his in some measure restored Rosa to herself. Recovering a little from her fright, in a faint voice she whispered, " Tiger, poor Tiger," and at last ventured to stroke his neck and head, as he stood wagging his tail before her.

As soon as terror would permit she moved forward, while the mastiff peaceably followed her to a door leading to a lane, which he suffered her to open.—Hastily passing through it, she closed it after her, and flew across the yard with the rapidity of lightning, and in a few minutes the house and mastiff were far behind her. Unknowing which way to proceed, when she reached the end of the lane she struck into the first path that presented itself, returning heaven thanks most fervently for her miraculous escape from the fangs of an animal whose temper and disposi-

tion she had always been taught to believe were fierce and savage, and who she had observed would never allow a stranger to touch him.

The sun had just risen when she entered a village, and feeling rather tired, she sat down on a stone stile near the churchyard to rest herself, with the hope too of seeing some person pass who might direct her in the road to Carnarvon. In a few moments a smart looking young man came whistling along. Rosa got up, supposing he would pass over the stile, but she was faint and weary, and, unable to support herself, reeled against a tree.

“What,” said the young man, “are you light-headed, my dear, so early in the morning?” Finding she made no reply, he stood for a moment staring at her; when perceiving her pale and in tears, he gently took her hand, and in a soothing tone asked, “Where do you come from, my dear?—you don’t belong to this village. Who are you?—Do you wait for any body?”—“Oh! for hea-

ven's sake," at length said Rosa, "ha^{ve} compassion on me. I have fled from danger, from oppression—lead me I beseech you to the shelter of some hospitable, virtuous roof—I have relations who have the power, who will be most happy to reward your goodness."

The agitation, the innocence of her look, and above all the energy of her request, affected the young man. "I feel a something here," said he, laying his hand on his heart, "that always repays me when I do a service to a fellow-creature in distress; and sure I am doubly bound to help a pretty girl when she is in trouble without thinking about reward. I have got a mother living close by the green yonder," pointing with his finger to a cluster of houses at a short distance, "as kind a soul as ever broke bread; she will I am sure take care of you, and make you very welcome. Come along with me, I will see you safely lodged in a few moments." Rosa felt grateful, but could make no reply! she suffered the young man to

pass her arm through his, and he led her to a neat cottage in the middle of the village. "Here, mother," said he, as he entered, "take care of this young woman, give her something to eat, and put her to bed, for she wants both food and rest." "Bless thee, Johnny Wilkins," replied the old woman, placing Rosa on a chair near the fire, and clapping on her spectacles, "who has thee brought me here, boy?" "She will tell you all about that herself, mother," said the young man; "all I know is that she seems in trouble, and in want, and I thought you would assist her." "Aye, by my truly, that I will, please God, as sure as my name is Ruth Wilkins," said she, going close up to Rosa, who was leaning back in the chair, totally unconscious of what they were saying. Dame Wilkins having examined her face, uttered a loud cry, threw her spectacles upon the table, and clapping her hands together, said, "where in the name of the Lord did you come from! Johnny, my son,

where did you find this sweet young creature?" Johnny, astonished at his mother's strange emotion, explained where he had met Rosa. "God preserve my wits," replied she; "I don't know who or what she is, but I feel I love her dearly, for she is the very image of my sweet Rosa Jenkins, who married that sad rake, Edward Percival."

At this name Rosa opened her eyes, gazed for a moment on the old woman, threw her arms round her neck, and fainted; when they had recovered her, she learned that Ruth Wilkins had been her mother's nurse, and had lived in her family more than twenty years, and was perfectly well acquainted with all the country and inhabitants round Birch Park. To these worthy people Rosa related without the smallest reserve who she was, and all that had befallen her, while the old woman and her son, at the name of Lord Clavering, mutually exclaimed:

"What! has not the vile monster left off his wicked ways yet?" and threw up

their eyes in wonder, while she related her adventure with, and miraculous escape from, the formidable mastiff. Dame Wilkins tied on a clean apron, and was almost wild with joy to think her poor little cottage was so honored as to afford shelter to the child of her own dear Rosa Jenkins; and hugged her son, for having had the good luck to pass by the stone stile so early. Rosa on inquiry found she had walked twelve miles, but entirely in a contrary road to Carnarvon, a circumstance she now rather rejoiced at, as she thought it most probable when she was missed that they would seek her on the road that led to her home. John Wilkins said he would lose no time in acquainting his master that Miss Percival was there, as he intended the next day to set off for Dolegelly Castle; "And that, Johnny," said his mother, "is only five miles from this child's home, from Birch Park. Well a day, well a day, I was a lusty young girl when I lived there; Johnny, Johnny, it was there I

married thy poor father ; and God help me I came here to bury him." Dame Wilkins wept, while her son affectionately kissing her said, " He is happy, be content, mother ; God has spared me to comfort you." " Bless thee ! bless thee, my boy !" replied she, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, " if I was to lose thee, all would soon be over with Ruth Wilkins ; my poor old heart would soon break." He shook her hand cheeringly, while he said that he was sure the Honorable Mr. Delamere, his master, would take Miss Percival under his protection, and convey her safe to her friends, if she would go with him. Rosa was pleased with the honest open countenance of John Wilkins ; but she remembered how much mistaken she had been in reading the lines of Doctor Powell's face, and hesitated on the propriety of trusting herself alone with a stranger. John Wilkins understood her feelings and perplexity, he spoke in the warmest terms of the goodness of his master's cha-

racter, said he had the best, the most honorable, the most humane heart that ever was lodged in a human breast. "Aye, by my truly," rejoined his mother, "and you might, Johnny, without telling a word of a lie, have said the most tender and charitable one too, for only to think now of his staying here, and giving up his own pleasure, for no one thing in the *vassal* world, but just to bury the old blind harper, that he met by accident about a mile from the village. Aye, he was the merciful Samaritan that poured the wine and oil upon the stranger by the way side: God will bless him for his goodness to the old and poor; well-a-day, well-a-day, poor Herbert Jones, there is nothing in this world for certain but ups and downs, rich and grand families coming to the dogs, and them that was born upon a dunghill as one may say rising up, and in a few years riding about in their own coaches. Well-a day, well-a-day! poor Herbert Jones! to think after his being so well

brought up, and of such a creditable family, to come at last to know such poverty, and to be obliged to a stranger for a little earth to cover him." "I must go, mother," said the young man, "my master will want me, but you shall see me again by and by." He bowed respectfully to Rosa. Dame Wilkins looked after him. "Go thy way, Johnny," said she, "for a better son never blest the old age of a mother." Rosa thought herself in Heaven, as she listened to Dame Wilkins, who soon made her some coffee, and while they were at breakfast, her daughter, a nice clean wholesome looking young woman, who was married, and lived a few doors off, came in, and prepared a little chamber, to which the old woman conducted her as soon as their meal was ended, and where she was easily persuaded to go to bed, for having been up all night, she felt sleepy as well as fatigued.

Towards evening Dame Wilkins, who while she slept had got her cloaths nicely

washed, came to see if she was awake, and to tell her that she had got a fine roasted pullet for dinner. Rosa gratefully thanked her kind hostess, and feeling much refreshed, rose up with a heart infinitely lighter and spirits more animated than they had been since the disastrous night of the masquerade.— When she came down stairs, Dame Wilkins threw open the door of a snug little parlor, whose neat oak chairs and tables shone like looking glass, where a cheerful fire, a clean hearth, and a cloth laid in a style much superior to what she expected to meet, welcomed her ; with the fowl her kind hostess placed a tart and wine on the table. Rosa expressed surprise, and also declared herself extremely sorry that she should have occasioned her so very unnecessary an expence, as wine was an indulgence she could very well have dispensed with. “ My dear child,” replied Dame Wilkins, “ make yourself quite easy ; it is no use to tell lies about the matter ; it is no expence at

all to me, so eat, drink, and be merry as you can, for I am sure you are most heartily welcome; it was Johnny brought the dinner and the wine from the inn, with the Hon. Mr. Delamere's best respects; and if quite agreeable he will wait upon you, and pay his compliments himself in the evening." Rosa said she was indeed infinitely obliged and indebted to Mr. Delamere's polite attention, but she felt awkward in accepting favors from a gentleman, particularly a stranger: her situation was very delicate. "Aye, I see," said Dame Wilkins, looking fondly on her, "you are a sensible good child, and know what is proper; but as to accepting favors, is not Mr. Delamere going close to your own home, and your uncle Mr. Gabriel Jenkins, my worthy master, must be mainly altered from the noble spirit he used to be, if he lets any body that serves his family be a loser by their generousness; and lord love thee, my child, Johnny's master is so good, that he is never con-

tent nor happy but when he is doing some kind thing or other. Do you know, Miss Rosa, he came God only knows how many long miles out of his road only just on purpose for Johnny Wilkins to see his old mother, and his native village. Well, well! I believe on me truly, there is not such another pitiful, kind hearted gentleman to be met with in the wide world, and what is more, bless his proper looks, he is as handsome to the full as he is good." Rosa smiled. "Do, my dear child," continued she, "do drink a glass of wine to his honorable health." She poured out a glass and presented it. "Not," said Rosa, "unless you drink with me." Dame Wilkins looked pleased, and filling out a glass for herself, drank to the health of the Honorable Mr. Delamere. Rosa repeated the health. "Aye, may God preserve him," continued Dame Wilkins, placing the breast of the fowl on Rosa's plate. "As he and my Johnny were coming along within two miles of this place,

they met with poor Herbert Jones ; he was lying at full length on the cold earth, with his harp under his head for a pillow ; the old man tried hard to reach his native place, but he was so tired he could go no further ; so he laid his poor weary bones down by the road side ; and his little grandson that led him, seeing him unable to move, stood crying over him."

Rosa was all attention, as the old woman, proceeding with her tale, said, " My Johnny saw him first, and rode up to the chaise and told her master ; and would you believe it, Miss Rosa, he got out and helped Johnny to place the old man and his grandson in the carriage with his own honorable self, and my boy carried the harp." " I am really charmed with this Mr. Delamere," said Rosa. " Aye," replied the old woman, " some folks would have thought they had done enough to send to the overseers of the parish ; but he brought him along with himself : by my truly, I believe there are

not many like him to be met with.”

“ But come, my dear child, you are doing nothing at all,” attempting to help her a second time to the tart. Rosa protested she could eat no more. Dame Wilkins soon removed the cloth; and Rosa, when she was again seated, begged to hear the rest of Herbert Jenkins’s story.

“ The rest! why by my truly, Miss Rosa,” said the old woman, “ you have heard none of it yet. You must know,” said she, drawing her chair closer to the fire, “ you must know that Herbert Jones was the only son of the vicar of ———; and he brought him up to all sorts of learning, and wanted to make a parson of him too: but no thank you, my young spark had no stomach for preaching and praying. He loved music, dancing, and gaiety: and besides all this, he fancied he should look well in a scarlet coat, and he wanted his father to buy him a commission in the army: the vicar however would hear of no such thing, and many were the quarrels they

had about a scarlet coat and a black one. Herbert would settle to nothing serious ; for he spent all his time in making verses, for he was a great poet even from his cradle, and playing on the harp. It is a long story," said Dame Wilkins ; " I am afraid you will be tired of it." Rosa assured her to the contrary, and begged her to go on. " Well, at last Herbert Jones fell in love with a farmer's daughter in the neighborhood, and married her unbeknown to anybody ; and this so enraged the vicar, that he swore—Yes, Miss Rosa, the man of God swore a bitter oath, that he would cut him off with a shilling ; and by my truly so he did, for he died soon after, and left all his property to his daughters." " Alas ! poor Herbert Jones," said Rosa, with a sigh. " Aye, poor Herbert Jones indeed !" repeated Dame Wilkins, " for the worst part is all to come: his hard-hearted sisters turned their backs upon him, married rich husbands, and left the countr; and he with all his fine learn-

ing had nothing at all to live on but what his father-in-law the farmer gave him. Well, he wrote God knows how many books; but for want of money and friends he never could get them printed, though many folks that understood such things said they were mighty clever.” “Alas, for genius!” thought Rosa, “its brightest blossoms too often wither beneath the blights of poverty.” “But then all he wrote,” resumed Dame Wilkins, “were verses about love and such nonsense; and people used to say it was downright wasting of time, pen, ink, and paper; for if he had wrote sermons and godly book, or something against Bonny-party, why he might have made a good penny: but then he was quite angry when folks pretended to direct him, and he used to say he could not follow a path that was pointed out to him. To be sure, poor Herbert Jones was always high spirited, and a little oddish as one may say, and would never listen to advice: for when the vicar wanted him to be a par-

son, he said he did not feel himself called to the sacred office : and that it would be profanation in him to attempt to preach the gospel." " Then it was really conscience," asked Rosa, " that prevented his entering into holy orders?" " Aye, by my truly was it," replied Dame Wilkins, " though his father said it was because he loved the girls too much. After the vicar's death he kept a school, but some how he did not succeed : for though every body knew he was scholar enough for any thing, yet they said he spent all his time playing on the harp instead of teaching the children, and in making verses, and composing tunes, and singing them himself ; so his scholars all left him one by one, and at last he got the name of the mad poet." " How much," said Rosa, " I should like to see some of his verses." " Oh, please God," replied the old woman, " you shall have that pleasure directly : here," said she, opening a little buffet, " here is something my Johnny

bade me take great care of, for it was in the hand-writing of Herbert Jones, and of his own making, and mighty fine ; but for my part I don't pretend to understand such like things."

Rosa opened the paper, the writing was little inferior to copper-plate : on the top was wrote ;—

ANACREONTIQUE.

Come, Aura, and weave me the chaplet divine,
Compos'd of the myrtle, the rose, and the vine ;
Haste, bind round my temples the wreath of de-
light,
Ere my forehead grow wrinkled, my tresses turn
white ;

For time ev'ry instant steals something away,
The bloom from my cheek, from my eyes the
bright ray,
Kiss, kiss me, and fold me again in thine arms,
While my eyes can admire, my heart feel thy
charms.

Boy, bring here the flaggon, and fill up my bowl,
I'll drink to my girl and the friend of my soul,
With summer's bright roses my goblet entwine ;
Come, Aura, with kisses perfume the rich wine ;

For see slyly creeping old age steals along,
 To extinguish my fire, and deaden my song ;
 But while in my bosom one spark shall remain,
 Love, friendship, and wine shall enliven my strain.

Beneath the tall vine rear my grave when I'm dead,
 That its branches may shadow, its clusters o'er-
 spread ;

And dropping the tears of the night on my urn,
 It may seem in the vision of fancy to mourn.

Plant the rose and the myrtle to shed their balms
 round,

Entwining their sweets let them ever be found,
 For they shall this truth emblematic impart,
 Love, friendship, and wine have divided my heart:

“ Good heaven,” said Rosa as she re-
 stored the paper to Dame Wilkins, “ and
 was this man with such talents fated to
 die in want ? ” “ Aye, by my truly was
 he,” replied she ; “ his wife was very
 sickly, and bore children so fast : to be
 sure Farmer Watkins her father was
 very good to them, and the children all
 died young, except one girl, and if she
 had died too, God willing, it would
 have been a great blessing ; but as I was

a saying, Miss Rosa, lyings-in, and christenings, and burials, run away with a main sight of money, and things went very hard with Herbert Jones, so hard that at last he was obliged for all his pride to turn harper in earnest to keep his family from starving; and though he was sometimes sent for to the houses of the gentry round about, and made much of, yet I believe there was not a much poorer hut in the village than his, though he was a great scholar and had been brought up a gentleman: however, to make short of it, for I hate long stories, his father-in-law was ruined by a fire that destroyed all his property, and after having lived well in the world, Watkin Watkins died in the poor-house."

Dame Wilkins wept at the remembrance; Rosa wiped the tears from her own cheeks, and said:—

"What a dreadful misfortune!"
 "Well-a-day! well-a-day!" continued Dame Wilkins, taking off her spectacles to dry her eyes, I never see the spot where

that farm-house stood but it makes my heart ache, because I remember when I was a little strip of a girl, I used to go there to play with Patty Watkins, aye, and the day she married Herbert Jones there was not a prettier girl in the parish; no, the sun did not shine upon a prettier maid. Who could have thought what sorrow she was born to; but poor thing her troubles are all over and past; she sleeps quiet enough in a corner of the churchyard, close by the stone stile, Miss Rosa, and a large elm tree waves its mournful branches over her grave. Poor soul, poor soul! but, my dear child, I fear you are tired of my prate." Rosa assured her she was much interested, and begged her to proceed. "I mortally hate long stories," resumed Dame Wilkins, "so, I shall tell this in as few words as I can. Well you must know, that Herbert Jones's wife was sick and confined to her bed when the fire happened at her father's, and she was so frightened that she quite lost her wits: every body thought her

husband would have gone raving mad too, for a very short time after she was drowned in a pond close by the farmhouse."

"And did not his sisters visit nor do any thing for him in the midst of such calamities?" asked Rosa.

"No, by my truly," said Dame Wilkins. "They, barbarous wretches! said his troubles were all of his own seeking, and nothing but a judgment upon him because he would not be a parson, and keep the vicarage in the family. Well, for some time Herbert Jones went about like one that was moped, and took no notice of his harp, nor making of verses, but used to sit all the while by his wife's grave, fetching such deep sighs, and looking so mournful. His daughter Jessy was grown up almost a woman, and she was very handsome, and two or three farmers in the neighborhood made her offers, but she chose to remain and take care of her father, and she used to sew for a living, and was very good and in-

dustrious, and all the young people in the village loved Jessy Jones. Poor child ! I shall never forget her falling into fits the evening her father was struck blind with lightning as he sat on his wife's grave."

Rosa turned pale.

Dame Wilkins begged her to take another glass of wine, or she would never be able to hear the rest of poor Herbert Jones's story. Rosa suffered herself to be persuaded, and her hostess pursued the tale, saying :

" As I hate long stories, I will make this as short as I can. I believe I mentioned before that Jessy Jones could handle her needle very well, and was very clever and handy in making up things for the ladies ; so she was sent for to Sir Watkin Meredith's to make some new things for the family, who were going abroad, and there, Miss Rosa, there she met that wicked villain Lord Clavering."

" Lord Clavering !" repeated Rosa,

“ Yes, my dear child, that vile monster, Lord Clavering ; and there with pretences of love, and fine promises of making her his wife, he got the better of the poor girl’s virtue.”

Rosa wept.

“ Well-a-day ! well-a-day !” said the old woman, weeping too ; “ Jessie Jones was an innocent good girl as ever lived, till that vile lord turned her head with his artful speeches, full of lies and deceit : the poor thing was content to earn her bread honestly till he persuaded her she was too handsome, forsooth, to work, and that he would make a lady of her.— At last, however, his lordship grew tired of Jessie Jones, who I supposed teased him to keep his word and make an honest woman of her ; so he set off for England, and left her in the way to be a mother before she was a wife.”

“ Unhappy Jessie !” said Rosa.

“ Unhappy enough, for certain,” replied Dame Wilkins. “ Poor Jessie till this was a favorite with every body ;

but when she happened of that mishap, why the old folks shut their doors against her, and the young ones were ashamed to speak to or be seen with her, and some were so cruel as to scoff and jeer her.— At last some one told Herbert Jones that his daughter was with child. He said but little to Jessy, but set off in the middle of one stormy night, and blind as he was, walked all the way to London after Lord Clavering.”

“Blind, and walk from this to London!” said Rosa, astonished.

“Aye, by my truly, did he,” replied Dame Wilkins; “he found out Cavendish Square, and in spite of all opposition from the servants, he rushed into a grand apartment, where his lordship was entertaining a deal of company at dinner.— Herbert Jones, almost frantic with grief and shame, demanded justice for the disgrace he had brought upon an honest family, and insisted that his lordship should keep his promise and marry his daughter.”

“ Well !” said Rosa.

“ No,” replied Dame Wilkins, “ no, my dear child, it was not well ; for the unfeeling monster only laughed and spoke in a shocking way of poor Jessy ; wondered at the old man’s impudence, and ordered the servants to push him out of doors. Some of his wicked companions asked if the girl was pretty, and wondered why the devil he had not brought her with him, that some of them would have taken care of her ; others said he was a d——d fool to have a handsome daughter and to be poor. It was in vain he attempted to move their pity by telling his troubles and misfortunes ; he was only laughed at and treated with contempt ; while Lord Clavering bade him begone ; saying, the bastard might or might not be his, he could not say ; if it was a boy, why perhaps he might do something for it, provided he was not pestered about it ; but if ever he, Herbert Jones, presumed to force himself into his

house or presence again, he would have him severely punished.

“ One gentleman, who had sat silent all the while Herbert Jones was telling his story, followed the poor blind heart-broken creature into the street, and putting a purse with twenty guineas in it into his hand, told him he pitied him from the bottom of his soul, but that it was in vain for him to hope for justice or redress from a man of Lord Clavering’s character; bade him make the best of his way home to comfort his daughter, and that he should shortly hear from him again. Poor soul, he did return; but when Jessy was convinced she had nothing to expect from Lord Clavering, and heard of his brutal usage of her father, she fell into strong convulsions, and died bringing her child into the world. She was buried beside her mother; and from that time poor Herbert Jones became quite unsettled, wandering about from place to place all over the country, but

constantly returning once a year to visit the grave of his wife and daughter."

"But the child," said Rosa, "what became of the child?" "It was a boy," replied Dame Wilkins, "a beautiful boy too; and the gentleman that promised Herbert Jones that he should hear from him, sure enough was better than his word, for he came down here, and stood godfather to the child, and had him christened Edwin Derrington, after himself. This good gentleman paid for the child's nursing and schooling, till he was nine years old, and then it seems he died suddenly, or else no doubt, as everybody says, he would have done something for poor little Edwin." "What a misfortune for the child," said Rosa, "that this worthy gentleman died!" "Well-a-day, well-a-day! by my truly," rejoined Dame Wilkins; "Herbert Jones was born to be unlucky; it was a sad evil star that reigned at his birth; however, to make an end of the story, and nobody

hates long stories more than I do. He grew very fond of his grandson at last, though for a long time he could not bear to hear him named; but some of the neighbors happening to say he was the image of his grandmother, the old man had him brought to him, and feeling his face all over, he said the boy had his wife's features. The child put his little arms about his neck, and fondled him, upon which the old man took him on his knee, and stroking his curly head, kist him, and said:— 'Jessy, Jessy, you have broke my heart; but the poor child could not help your folly, nor his father's villainy.' Well, from this time he was never happy but when Edwin was with him; and he would take him of moonlight nights to the church-yard, and play and sing such mournful songs, all of his own making. The boy grew delighted with the harp, and in a very short time could play several tunes; and at last as his grandfather grew poorer, and could not afford to pay for his keep with the wo-

man that nursed him, why poor Edwin took the boy's place that used to lead him about, and for near three years they have wandered about the country together, lodging and faring hard enough : they had been away from the village near upon a year, when my Johnny's master met with them. Mr. Delamere put the old man into comfortable lodgings, gave him all sorts of nourishing things, and sent for a doctor to him : but all would not do : Herbert Jones said he was going to his wife and Jessy, and sure he spoke the truth, for by my truly, he died yesterday morning." " And his grandson," asked Rosa, " where is he ?" " Oh !" replied Dame Wilkins, " little Edwin is with Mr. Delamere, who promised his poor old grandfather to take care of him." " What an exalted character is this Mr. Delamere," said Rosa, " and what an abominable wretch Lord Clavering ; surely the remembrance of the innocent Jessy Jones must continually haunt him ; and the consciousness of having destroyed her

poison all his enjoyments : unnatural wretch, to take no notice of his child."

"As handsome a boy too as ever you clapped your eyes upon," rejoined Dame Wilkins ; "he looks like the son of a lord, so noble and so comely ; but hark, the bell tolls for poor Herbert Jones ; I hope his poor soul will rest in the grave. Well-a-day ! well-a-day—there is a family gone like chaff before a barn door. It seems only like yesterday since we were children together ; his wife and I were just like two sisters, first she died, then Jessy was cut down like a fine flower in a summer's morning, and now Herbert Jones himself ; he made verses about many that died, and called them *celagies*, I think. Well-a-day ! well-a-day—who will write Herbert Jones's *celagy*?"

Dame Wilkins was deeply affected.

"Well," continued she, "what, Miss Rosa, signifies all the wit and learning in the world ; it don't seem to me to make folks a bit more beloved, or happier, or wiser, for he was what they call a great

genius ; but for all that, he was never out of trouble ; one sorrow followed upon another all the while." " Sure there is another and a better world than this," said Rosa. " To be sure there is, my dear child," replied Dame Wilkins, wiping her eyes ; " if it was not for that comfort, how could people bear the trials and troubles of this. Herbert Jones had nothing but sorrow in this life ; now he is gone where the wicked cease from troubling."

The funeral passed by as she spoke ; it was decently attended by the villagers ; and as chief mourner, Rosa saw an elegant young man in black leading by the hand a very fine boy.

" That," said Dame Wilkins, pointing, " is Mr. Delamere ; he has got Edwin by the hand ; and there, bless his kind, heart, is my Johnny. Well, God rest the soul of Herbert Jones, and forever bless and prosper the honorable Mr. Delamere, and make him as happy as he deserves to be."

She began stiring the fire, and sweeping up the hearth.

“ They will call I am certain as they come from the funeral,” said she, “ for every day his honor, who has not the least bit of pride, comes here to chat with me, and to tell me some story about Johnny; who is a great favorite with his master.”

As Dame Wilkins expected, the Honorable Mr. Delamere called at the cottage on his way from the church-yard; he introduced himself to Rosa with the polite elegance of a finished gentleman. He informed her of his intended visit to Dolegelly Castle, and assured her that he should feel most happy if she would honor him so far as to accept his protection to her friends. Rosa expressed her thanks in the most grateful terms, while he considerately added, that if Mrs. Wilkins wished to see Birch Park again, that she should accompany Miss Percival and Edwin in the chaise; while himself and John would escort them on horseback.

Rosa looked pleased at this delicate arrangement: Dame Wilkins said:—

Aye, by her truly, if Miss Rosa had no objection, she should like the journey above all things in life, that she knew her old master, Mr. Gabriel Jenkins, would be mighty glad to see Ruth Wilkins; and for her part, she should be to the full as natural, and as happy at Birch Park as at her own cottage, for there was not a tree or a stile but what was her old acquaintance. Mr. Delamere then asked at what hour she would like to set out; and this point being arranged, Dame Wilkins went to get her things in readiness, and Mr. Delamere introduced his protégé to Rosa: Edwin was indeed a beautiful boy; his bright auburn hair clustered in rich curls upon his open forehead, and his dark hazle eyes shining in tears, seemed to bespeak favor from all they rested on; he was near twelve years of age, tall and well formed, with an air of grandeur that distinguished him above the common class. Of music

he spoke in raptures, and of his grandfather with enthusiastic affection, having committed Edwin to the care of John Wilkins, who was to go with him to take leave of the woman who had nursed him. Mr. Delamere spoke of Herbert Jones as of a man who had possessed a first-rate genius. "I have met," said he, "among his papers a poem of his writing, suggested no doubt by his own situation, which has affected and pleased me beyond any thing I have lately met with; perhaps it may not deserve the praise of a perfect composition, but certainly it is a lay of the heart, and speaks a language infinitely more interesting than the elaborate productions of learning:" It is called "Hoel's Harp;" and if you are partial to poetry, I think, Miss Percival, you will have great pleasure in its perusal."—Rosa said she was particularly fond of poetry, and should no doubt be highly gratified, having already seen some lines of his, which had infinitely pleased her. Mr. Delamere said it was

his intention to collect the poems of Mr. Jones, and print them. "The author when living," continued he, "obtained by his talents only empty praise; perhaps now his head rests on the lap of earth; his grandson may reap some emolument from the genius that has been universally acknowledged, though suffered to live in penury, and wander indigent and friendless." "Good heaven!" replied Rosa, "how many persons of talent have had the hard fate to pine all their lives in poverty, and die in absolute want: it seems as if genius was ordained to sustain more hardships, to encounter more afflictions, than fall to the lot of minds of a common stamp."

"The observation," returned Mr. Delamere, "unhappily is but too just; genius has but few friends; the rich and great who ought to support and encourage talent are too much engrossed by frivolous and unworthy pursuits to become the patrons of merit; frequently they are envious of talents, with which

they are not enriched ; they fear to have their own poverty of interlect discovered, and hate the highly gifted mind, because they cannot understand or attain its excellence : from this cause, so many persons of genius have lingered out their days in obscurity, have perished without a friend to soothe the parting pang ; however, when once the head of genius reposes on a turfy pillow, envy also expires, and those who suffered the poet to want bread, will honour his memory by giving a large price for those effusions which, when the author lived, they disregarded and despised.” “ Of the poems of Robert Jones, continued Mr. Delamere, “ I have in my possession a collection sufficient for an octavo volume, and prefaced with a few of the striking incidents of his life, I think they will attract the public notice.”

When Mr. Delamere took his leave he left Rosa charmed with his character, and delighted with his manners and con-

versation. Dame Wilkins had collected together her holiday cloaths : she spread before Rosa a rich flowered chintz of a pattern large enough for bed hangings, and told her that was the gown she had on the day her mother was christened ; “ And by my truly, Miss Rosa,” said she, “ it shall go again to Birch Park, and my quilted pompadore petticoat along with it. Aye, I remember, when I was a young woman I was vastly admired in that dress.” Rosa helped her to place her very best things in a little trunk, while she every now and then stopped to tell her that she knew every foot of ground for miles round Birch Park : “ And only to think,” said she, smoothing her apron, and smiling, “ and only to think of Ruth Williams going in such a grand way to visit her master and Miss Nanny ; but bless us,” continued Dame Wilkins, “ Miss Nanny must be getting old now, for she was many years older than my sweet Rosa.” “ Whatever you do,” re-

plied Miss Percival, "do not speak of age before my aunt: you will lose her favor for ever; she cannot bear to be thought elderly." "What vanity!" said Dame Wilkins, putting on her spectacles. "Well-a-day! well-a-day! why old age his honorable; and I don't see what Miss Nanny should want to be thought young for." Rosa knew very well her aunt's reasons and motives, but on this point she did not choose to be communicative; she therefore changed the subject. At an early hour she wished Dame Wilkins a good night, and retired to bed, to sleep, to dream of dear Birch Park; of the kind affectionate congratulations, the joyful surprise of her uncle and aunt; to indulge in delightful happiness with Hugh Montgomery; to fancy herself his wife, enjoying with him the bliss of elegant retirement, the murmur of streams, the charms of music, the moon-light walks her father had so ridiculed. "Oh!" said Rosa, as she laid her head on the pillow, "Oh, that it may be my happy"

fate to be the wife of Hugh Montgomery; to live with him in peace and innocence, far from the giddy scenes of dissipated pleasure, of fashionable vice.

CHAP. V.



—————So it falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being luck'd and lost,
Why then we wreak the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whilst it was our's.

SHAKESPEARE.

O, happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortune, and their beings blend.

THOMSON.



THE first beams of the morning found
Rosa up and prepared for the journey;
her extreme impatience to reach Birch
Park had chased sleep from her eyelids

long before the dawn of day, hours too before her usual time of rising. She thought Dame Wilkins lay very late, and when at last the good old soul came down and bustled to get breakfast, her anxiety was too great to allow her to eat; every now and then she rose from the table, opened the casement, and looked out, and inquired what o'clock it was: and thought every moment an hour till Mr. Delamere arrived. At length, seated in the chaise with Dame Wilkins and Edwin, they joyfully pursued their way, and had reached within three miles of Birch Park without stop or impediment, when on ascending a part of a road cut along the top of a remarkably steep hill, they discovered a carriage shattered to pieces, lying in a hollow at the bottom, which appeared from its situation to have been precipitated over the side. Having gained the top of the hill, their attention was arrested by seeing a crowd of people assembled round the door of a mean little

hut by the road side. Mr. Delamere rode up to ask what had happened: but as the language was all Welch, he could obtain no information respecting the accident; 'till having beckoned to John Wilkins, they found that the horses of Lord Clavering's carriage had taken fright on the hill, and had dashed the carriage with his Lordship down the side: that the coachman and the horses were killed, and his lordship had so many bones broke, and was otherwise so cut and bruised, that it was thought he had not long to live. Mr. Delamere and John left their horses to the care of the people, and pushed into the hut, where they found his lordship extended on the ground, with a leg and an arm broke, and his face so bruised and mangled, that it scarce retained a vestige of a human countenance; he was entirely surrounded by ignorant people, who crowded round with gaping curiosity. His servants rode off to Glenwyn Priory, as the nearest place to give information of the

accident and obtain assistance. Mr. Delamere instantly acquainted Rosa with his lordship's situation, who being so very near home, proposed placing him in the chaise, and walking with Dame Wilkins to Birch Park. Mr. Delamere admired the amiable disposition that could forget such recent injuries and inconveniences, and so readily wish to alleviate and administer to the sufferings of an enemy. He bestowed on her generosity the praise she deserved, but thought it would be exposing her to unnecessary fatigue, as Lord Clavering's servant had been from what he could gather absent a sufficient time to authorize the expectation of his immediate return.

Rosa however, considering that every moment's delay in his lordship's present state might be fatal, had already sprung from the chaise, and was waiting while Dame Wilkins gave some charges respecting the little black trunk that held her best flowered chintz gown to her son Johnny, when the Montgomery equipage

drove up to the door of the hut, with Hugh Montgomery and a surgeon in it : his eyes soon caught the form of his worshipped Rosa. 'Those only who have experienced the misery of a separation from the object of their tenderest wishes, who have felt the extinction of every cherished hope, they alone can justly appreciate the unutterable transport of Hugh Montgomery when he beheld Rosa Percival, while he again pressed to his beating heart, to his quivering lips, the hand he had believed lost to him for ever ; when he beheld in her blushes, in the tender glances that shot from her mild eyes ; when he heard in her soft tremulous accents the dear assurance that their unexpected meeting had communicated mutual pleasure, reciprocal delight.

A very few moments served to introduce Mr. Delamere and Hugh Montgomery to each other's character to conciliate esteem.

While the surgeon was binding up Lord Clavering's broken limbs, Mr. De-

lamere explained at large to the deeply interested Hugh Montgomery the occasion of his meeting Miss Percival on that spot, and under his protection. He also related as briefly and delicately as possible Edwin's claims upon the earl, who, utterly unconscious of his affinity, was busily employed in rolling the bandages and supporting the head of his father. During the recital resentment flashed in the eyes of Hugh Montgomery, and flamed across his glowing cheek; but when he beheld the miserable mangled wretch, indignation was lost in confusion for his sufferings.

Rosa was safe, had escaped from his machinations, and stifling every angry emotion, he afforded all the help in his power to place him in the coach as easily as possible, on pillows brought for that purpose, and assisted Mr. Delamere, the surgeon, and Edwin, with the utmost humanity to support him steadily, while the carriage moved slowly on towards Glenwyn Priory.

Rosa and Dame Wilkins pursued their way to Birch Park, where her return was no sooner known, than the servants crowded round her with joyful acclamations : her presence instantly restored health, gaiety, and happiness to her uncle Gabriel Jenkins, who no sooner held her in his arms, than he burst into tears, and swore she was as dear to him as his own soul ; he then dashed his night cap upon the ground, tore off his gown, and whistling Saxon's hornpipe, soon danced the slippers from his feet : being out of breath, he kissed Dame Wilkins, told her again and again he always liked her, but now he was downright in love with her, and that if she preferred Birch Park to her own village, he would keep her there like a lady all the days of her life ; that as for him, he had been just for all the world like a sick turkey, but the sight of Rosa's sweet face had made him well ; nothing was the matter now, he was quite and clean stout and hearty, but as for that long shanked,

yellow visaged Lord Clavering, though it never was his custom to wish ill to no living soul, yet he should not have been sorry to hear that every bone in his cursed skin was broke. Miss Jenkins was glad to see Rosa, for her brother's lamentations and confinements had made the house like a dungeon: she as certainly rejoiced to find her unmarried, though she thought the girl was bewitched to refuse being a countess; and vexation and fury raged in her heart on the discovery that she had been carried off by a ruffian of a fellow, insulted with gross language, made to undergo the fatigue of dragging her limbs through ploughed fields, been wet to her skin, and her life actually endangered, for no other purpose but the forwarding Lord Clavering's design upon a chit of a girl, and that chit her own niece, which made the outrage still more galling: these were affronts her philosophy could by no means support with any thing like patience or composure: she raved with acrimonious violence against

men in general, called them monsters of deceit and ingratitude, but against Lord Clavering in particular her anger rose to a most ungovernable pitch, and of him and his character she spoke in terms of absolute scurrility, protesting for her part that so far from being sorry for the accident he had met with, she should have rejoiced most sincerely to hear that his vile neck had been broke. Rosa had often witnessed her aunt's violent temper, but it was now wrought up to a height that was quite terrific. Dame Wilkins said the miserable sinful creature was sorely punished for his evil doings, and the scripture told folks that they must forgive if they expected to be forgiven. Rosa retired to dress, and Miss Jenkins having become something calmer, and hearing that the Honorable Mr. Delamere, a handsome young man, was expected, after viewing herself in the glass, said she must go and dress too, for she looked dreadful ill. Dame Wilkins had placed her spectacles on her nose,

and was surveying her as she made this speech, and said in reply, that by her truly considering how very fretful Miss Nanny had been from a child, she thought she looked surprisingly well at five and forty, especially as she had never got a husband. Miss Jenkins frowned, but the old woman continued : Every body says that old maids are apt to be discontented and fractious, and peevish, which makes their faces purse up and wrinkle, and by my truly, wrinkles don't add much to beauty. Lord bless me I remember when the men used to call me a good looking girl, but now, well-a-day, my face looks like the pleated chiterlin of Johnny's shirt." Miss Jenkins darted a look of fury at her, called her an old fool, and said she did not know how much matrimony had mended her looks, but certainly it had not much improved her manners. Gabriel Jenkins laughed heartily, shook Dame Wilkins kindly by the hand, who looked a little disconcerted : he good-naturedly told her not to

mind Nanny's tantrums, who hated nothing half so much as to be reminded of her age, for that having but a shortish kind of memory, she had quite and clean forgot sixteen or eighteen years of her life.

In the afternoon Mr. Hugh Montgomery introduced the honorable Horatio Delamere at Birch Park, where Gabriel Jenkins, with the honest warmth of a Cambrian, thanked him for his care and attention to his niece, protested that he wished he knew in what way to return his kindness ; and that as for that worthy fellow John Wilkins, he would be sure to reward him in such a manner as should make him joyfully remember the stone stile and Rosa Percival as long as he lived.

Rosa compassionately inquired after Lord Clavering, and was told that great fears were entertained for his life.

“ Confound the rascal ; let him die then,” said Gabriel Jenkins ; “ the world can very well spare such a scoundrel ; it

is well for him that he has met with this accident, or I would have let him see that a Welchman puts up with no insults : a pitiful hound to force away a girl that had been honest enough to tell him she did not fancy his lantern jaws. Gad, gentlemen, it was quite and clean the most dirty unhandsomest thing I ever heard of.—What the devil and all his little black imps ! force a girl to love him, whether she would or not. He deserves a halter as well as any highwayman that ever swung.”

Mr. Delamere said that he was deputed to offer Lord Clavering’s apologies to Miss Percival, and to express his sincere penitence.

“ Aye, aye, now he can do no more harm,” said Gabriel Jenkins, “ he is sorry. Gad, I honor him for that ; now his sins have him, he fancies he runs away from them.”

Miss Jenkins thought it would be indelicate to express what she felt and wished before strangers, she therefore

threw all the placidity she could command into her countenance, and contented herself with observing, that her brother had but too much cause for indignation, when it was considered how much the family had been insulted, for certainly Lord Clavering's conduct had been so very abominable that it almost precluded pity for his sufferings.

Hugh Montgomery said, that in addition to his leg and arm, nearly all his ribs were broken, and that it was feared a mortification would ensue, unless he allowed the amputation of his leg, to which operation he was at present extremely averse.

Rosa shuddered, and asked if he had yet seen Edwin.

"You will be pleased, Miss Percival," replied Mr. Delamere, "to be informed that he has not only seen but acknowledged him; the scene was affecting beyond description. An attorney at this moment is making ample provision for Edwin, and Mr. Montgomery and myself

are appointed his guardians in case of his father's decease."

"Heaven be praised," said Rosa, "the sweet boy will now move in a sphere congenial to his talents."

"His lordship," resumed Mr. Delamere, "was so much moved at the sight of Edwin, who it seems strongly resembles his mother, that he lamented he had not married her, and given this charming child a right to his hereditary honors; to the innocence of the unfortunate Jessy Jones he now does ample justice, and confesses with shame and horror the arts he used to seduce her."

Miss Jenkins was all curiosity respecting Jessy Jones, and they were under the necessity of going through her father's mournful history.

Gabriel Jenkins wiped his eyes several times during the recital, wished he had known Herbert Jones; he should not have wandered without a friend, or a home; "And as to the vicar, his father," said he, "gad, he was nothing at all in the world

but an unfeeling sort of a person, with a heart as hard as a rock; whynobody can pretend to say that he was any thing but a wicked Christian, quite and clean unfit for a parson, for while he was preaching charity and forgiveness from the pulpit, mercy upon us, he was acting as one may say by the rule of contrary, and was altogether unmerciful and unforgiving."

Miss Jenkins drew up her scraggy neck, and observed that Jessy Jones had only met the reward of her fault, and exactly what she might have expected; "For if young women," continued she, "will be weak and vain enough to listen to the deceitful flatteries of artful men, sorrow and disgrace will always be the consequence." "Hold your tongue, Nanny," replied her brother; "hold your tongue, it is not always the consequence; and that you very well know it is better," said he, nodding his head significantly, "for one body to steal a horse, than for another only to peep at him over the hedge. Some have the good luck not to

be found out in their tricks, and then they pass for quite and clean honest women in the eyes of the world. Gad, I wonder if their consciences never give them a comical sort of a twitch when they are railing against a poor stray sheep that has not been so lucky as themselves."

Miss Jenkins's face became the colour of scarlet, her seat grew uneasy, and she suddenly left the room.

Mr. Delamere approached Rosa, and said, that having made Lord Clavering's apologies to Miss Percival, he was yet further commissioned, but that he feared to give her pain; yet it was necessary on many accounts, as well as for some trifling extenuation of the earl's conduct, that she should be informed that she had been carried off with the entire concurrence of Sir Edward Percival. Gabriel Jenkins started from his chair, and swore if that was true he was the biggest scoundrel in all the world, and that he should like to break every bone in his unnatural carcase.

Rosa, pale and trembling, begged her uncle to be calm, but Gabriel's Welch blood was up, and it was with difficulty they prevented his going that instant to Rhydderdwyn, in search of Sir Edward Percival, of whom he vowed he would have satisfaction.

"Lord Clavering," continued Mr. Delamere, "considered all stratagems fair in love concerns, and perceiving that Mr. Hugh Montgomery's pretensions to Miss Percival's favor were encouraged—" Rosa blushed, and in confusion rose up, and would have left the room, but Hugh Montgomery took her hand, and gently detained her, while Mr. Delamere proceeded to state, that Sir Edward Percival had supposed that when removed from her relations, in a strange place, surrounded by difficulties and disagreeables, and above all, persuaded that Mr. Montgomery had carried her off with a dishonorable design, Miss Percival would gladly accept liberation on the terms of becoming Countess of Clavering.

“ And if she had,” said Gabriel Jenkins, “ I never would have owned her for my niece.”

“ To obtain Sir Edward Percival’s acquiescence to this hopeful scheme,” continued Mr. Delamere, “ his lordship advanced thirty thousand pounds, which had enabled Sir Edward to pay off the mortgage on the Rhydderdywn estate, and marry Miss Montgomery.”

Rosa shed tears at this discovery of her father’s unfeeling indifference to her happiness, at the undeniable conviction of his unprincipled selfishness.

Hugh Montgomery said that he suspected the marriage between his sister and Sir Edward Percival would be productive of but little felicity on either side, and foresaw they would be mutual torments to each other ; he also feared, that should Lord Clavering recover, of which indeed at present there appeared but little hope, yet still was in the chapter of possibilities, Miss Percival would again be exposed to his solicitations.

“ Rosa,” said Gabriel Jenkins, “ come here, my little girl.” Rosa left her seat, and stood beside her uncle. “ Now,” said he, “ tell the honest truth, do you love me ?” Rosa threw her arm round his neck, and affectionately kissed his cheek. “ Do I love you, yes, most sincerely, most dearly,” said she ; “ have you not been my protector, my friend, my father ?”

“ Well, well, I believe you, my girl,” replied he, pressing her to him ; “ but will you do a little trifling matter, just to please my whim, Rosa ?” said he, smiling on her. “ Yes, most certainly,” replied she, “ or I must be a most ungrateful creature, after all you have done for me.”

“ Come then,” resumed he, “ throw aside all nonsensicalness and shyness, and shew at once fairly and honestly that you are quite and clean above all sort of hypocriteship and disguise.”

Mr. Delamere’s eyes were bent on the varying cheeks of Rosa, while Hugh

Montgomery, breathless and agitated, wondered how this speech would end.

“ If you love Mr. Hugh Montgomery,” continued Gabriel Jenkins, “ which I have long had a notion of, give your hand to him now frankly and generously, and by consenting to marry him, make me the happiest old man in North Wales, aye, gad, Rosa, in the whole world ; but take notice, not unless you do love him, and like him above all other men, for I would not have you believe that I am such a monster as to wish you to tie yourself to any body in the world, unless you quite and clean made the man your own choice ; for gad, all the riches in life is nothing at last but dirt, as a body may call it, without happiness, and there can be nothing at all of that sort where folks marry just for the lucre of gain.”

Mr. Delamere felt his heart attached to Gabriel Jenkins, he honoured his sentiments, and waited with almost as much

impatience as Hugh Montgomery for Miss Percival's reply ; but taken by surprise, overcome by confusion, her head sunk on the shoulder of her uncle, while his arm encircled her waist. Hugh Montgomery took her passive hand, and gently pressing it, softly whispered Rosa, " Beloved Rosa, speak ; this eventful moment decides my fate, for happiness or misery must be mine, as you accept or reject my vows."

Rosa raised her face, covered with the bashful blushes of modesty, from the shoulder of her uncle, and in a voice scarcely articulate said, " Be happy, if Rosa Percival can make you so."

Hugh Montgomery caught her in his arms, " Thus then," said he, " I receive my lovely bride, my adored Rosa."

Mr. Delamere congratulated them, and Gabriel Jenkins snatching off his wig, threw it up to the ceiling, kissed his niece, shook the gentlemen by the hand, whistled Saxoni's hornpipe, capered about the room till he was quite out of

breath, then seating himself, he told Hugh Montgomery he was the only man in the principality he thought worthy of his niece, and that it quite and clean rejoiced the very cockles of his heart to think that his choice had been her's—that he would give her twenty thousand pounds for a marriage portion, and all he possessed at his death, provided they did not give their first boy any fine names, but christened him plain Gabriel, after him.

As Rosa wanted some years of being of age, and they also feared that Sir Edward Percival would oppose his authority to prevent the marriage, it was concluded that the following Tuesday herself, her uncle, and Miss Jenkins, if she chose to be of the party, should be met by Mr. Hugh Montgomery on the north road, when they were to proceed as expeditiously as possible to the first town in Scotland, there be made one, and after their return to have their marriage again publicly solemnized in the village church.

With this arrangement Gabriel Jenkins

was quite pleased. To out-do Sir Edward Percival in a scheme delighted him beyond measure. He was charmed with the idea of disappointing any future project he might form of uniting his daughter to one of his right honorable acquaintance. He expressed his utter abhorrence in the plainest language of men of fashion, saying that one of the crew was quite and clean too many in a honest family; and persisted that high life was only another term for all sorts of debauchery and wickedness.

Miss Jenkins, when made acquainted with the intended marriage, felt very much against it; but Gabriel was determined; therefore, though she was far from satisfied that such a mere child as Rosa Percival should get a husband while she continued single, a circumstance that considerably ruffled her heavenly meekness; yet when she reflected that the wife of Hugh Montgomery could not possibly be the Countess of Clavering (should the earl recover), and also most

cordially hating Sir Edward Percival, whose wishes and intentions she rejoiced to circumvent, she concealed as well as she could the chagrin of seeing her young and lovely niece preferred to herself, and consented to figure in her suit as bride-maid, though Rosa's matrimonial expedition was not acceded to on her part without many expressions of surprise that her brother, Gabriel Jenkins, should wish to hurry such an inexperienced child as Rosa into marriage, at an age when she could not be supposed to understand the nature of the situation she was going to embrace, when she could not be sufficiently mistress of her own mind to be certain of what she did or did not like.

Gabriel Jenkins thought Nanny's speech would never be at an end; but when finished, he told her he had set his heart upon the match, and she might as well hold her tongue; that she had been ill-tempered enough about not having a husband, and, gad, he believed would be quite and clean ready to jump at any

man that would offer ; but he was determined Rosa should not be an old maid ; she was as good-tempered a little soul as ever drew the breath of life now ; but if she lived single to her age, why no doubt she would be equally cross and ill-natured.—“ So, Nanny,” continued he, “ be you content to pass for a virgin, and please yourself if you can with your own vagaries, and let Rosa please herself and me by taking a husband.”

Miss Montgomery had languished for the title of Lady Percival, and so great had been her impatience to obtain it, that she had married the divine man without having even a part of her own fortune settled upon herself. She was in love—he was all adoring tenderness—and herself and her mother thought all might be trusted to his generosity who seemed only anxious to possess her—who had never once mentioned money. But no sooner had he become possessed of her fortune than his behavior changed from the atten-

tive lover to the cold polite husband.— Before the first week had elapsed she found out that Sir Edward was many years older than herself, and that Lady Percival was fated to endure contradictions that Miss Montgomery had never even dreamed of.

It had been settled previous to their marriage that they were to spend the ensuing winter in London, but the various alterations and improvements it was necessary Rhydderdwyn mansion house should undergo demanded the actual presence of Sir Edward, and he determined to remain in Wales. It was in vain her ladyship wept, scolded, and condescended to entreat; her lord and master continued inflexible, and obstinately determined to keep her true to her vow of obedience.

Her ladyship complained to her mother, who undertook to talk to Sir Edward.— He listened with perfect indifference, while she expressed her astonishment that he should be so *perdigiously* altered in his

behavior in so very short a time. “*I partest*,” continued Mrs. Montgomery, “I think it amazing rude indeed, Sir Edward, that you should *partend* to contradict Lucretia’s wishes in this manner. I thought you was so very fond of her that you would have let her have her own way in every thing.” “Not, madam,” replied Sir Edward, “when her way would be to expose herself and me. Your daughter will do very well as Lady Percival in North Wales; but in Saint James’s Square—*pardonnez moi*,” bowing with provoking assurance. “Was ever the like heard?” said Mrs. Montgomery. “What! Sir Edward, has my daughter brought you a *fortin* of almost an hundred thousand pounds in money and valuables to be spoken of in this *perdigiously* odd way? But she shall not be used in this shocking manner—she shall go to *Lunnun* if she likes.” “And you,” rejoined Sir Edward, “may go with her if you like; but you will have the superlative goodness to excuse my attendance,

and to provide lodgings for yourselves, as my house in Saint James's Square is let."

Mrs. Montgomery was speechless with rage.—The town-house let, in which she had planned to receive so much gay company, and exhibit her own and her daughter's finery, was too much to bear—she absolutely cried with vexation. Sir Edward trimmed his nails, examined a picture through his eye glass, and hummed a tune without taking the least notice of her.

At this juncture Lady Percival walked in, and seeing her mother in tears, asked what was the matter. Mrs. Montgomery said she was *perdigiously* sorry that she was obliged to shock her with saying that Sir Edward was a most monstrous deceitful man. "Why, my dear Lucretia, only to think that after having promised to take us to *Lunnun*, and to present you to their majesties, that he says he won't go to town, and that his house in St. James's Square is let. Was there ever

such barbarous usage?—and to a wife that has brought him such a *fortin*, not to say a word about her beauty.” “As to her beauty, madam,” said Sir Edward, “you may take it back to Glenwyn Priory if you please. I am a reasonable man, and her fortune alone, without any other addition, will content me.” “Why sure I don’t hear right,” said Mrs. Montgomery; “why you are not such a *perdigious* brute as to wish to part with your wife?” “Any thing, madam, for a quiet life,” said Sir Edward: “her ladyship wanted a title, I wanted cash; we are both supplied with the article needful; so far all is right. She concealed her bad temper and put on her most amiable looks to get a husband, I flattered and promised in order to secure a wife: our ends obtained, the curtain drops, and the farce concludes—deception is no longer necessary. I shall not present Lady Percival at court, and for this reason—the late Lady Percival, my mother, was not only extremely beautiful but was also a finish-

ed gentlewoman: the present Lady Percival I fear would lose by the comparison."

Mrs. Montgomery sat for a moment astonished, while her ladyship walked up and down the room too much enraged to speak; at length turning to Sir Edward: "So then, all your raptures, all your praises of my person, and my accomplishments were deception?" "Nothing more I assure you, child," replied he: "as to your person, it is hardly tolerable, there is not a single line of grace or beauty in it; your eyes are too round, your nose is too short, your mouth is too wide, and your teeth too large." "Mighty well, sir, mighty well," said her ladyship, "pray go on." "Well, certainly to oblige you," rejoined Sir Edward, "or else egad I hate to say shocking things. Your neck is too thick, your shoulders too high, your waist too square, and your hands and feet," continued he shrugging his shoulders, "every thing in the world but handsome;

to be sure you have what our polite neighbors the French call the devil's beauty, youth, and that is the only recommendation you can possibly boast."

"Yes, sir," screamed her ladyship, "I can boast another, money, sir, money, and I now perceive, though too late, that men are such contemptible, selfish, mean wretches, that they will marry any thing, yes, even their aversion, provided they can enrich themselves by it."

"Very true, very sensibly observed," replied Sir Edward; "money is really so extremely essential to a man's ease, that he will make some sacrifices to obtain it. However, having been obliged to tell a few white lies to secure your ladyship's fortune, I shall endeavour to prevent its dissipation, having, I assure you, suffered much privation and inconvenience for want of cash. My affairs at present are a good deal embarrassed, and I have prudently resolved to lead an economical life, till I can again figure in the world in the style I have done;

in the mean time your ladyship has the choice either to content yourself with shewing off at the Carnarvon assembly once a month, and displaying your consequence among such of the natives as will visit you at Rhydderdywn Mansion House, or to fret yourself into a consumption as quickly as you can."

"Vastly obliging and polite, and generous too on your part," said her ladyship, "to allow me such liberal alternatives."

"Oh, child," resumed Sir Edward picking his teeth, and lolling against the wall, "I assure you it is not in my nature to be otherwise than polite: fondness between married people has been exploded long ago, nothing in nature can be so tiresome and disgusting as matrimonial love scenes: but though any woman, and every woman, is in general more attractive than a wife, yet nevertheless she is entitled to politeness." "Well I never heard the like before," said Mrs. Montgomery: "I should think it *perdigiously* odd indeed, and not polite neither,

if Mr. Montgomery was to talk in this way to me." "Very likely, madam," replied Sir Edward. "Mr. Montgomery I think I have heard was attracted by your beauty, and married you for love, it is therefore by no means a case in point."

"You polite!" said her ladyship, "you!"

"Don't call names, child, it is very unladylike." "Oh," resumed she, "that

I had been sick in my bed before I had consented to be Lady Percival, before I had united myself to such a brute."

"Very true, Lucretia," said her mother, "and bestowed your *fortin* on such an unthankful—"

"There you are mistaken," said Sir Edward; "I am extremely grateful on that score, I assure you; but as I always love to see the female countenance beaming smiles, and to hear the lips breathing gentleness and good humor, I shall wish you a good morning, ladies, and hope to meet you on my return more reconciled."

"Reconciled!" echoed her ladyship, "no, never; I shall never be reconciled

to such a hypocrite." "It must be my endeavor, then," resumed Sir Edward, "to reconcile you to your duty, for though in general I detest old systems and customs as much as I do old fashions, yet in one or two particulars they are worthy observance, namely, obedience in a wife."

"Obedience ! lord !" said Mrs. Montgomery ; "I never heard a man boast of his politeness, and yet be so *perdigiously* rude as to mention obedience. Why Mr. Montgomery never said a word of the sort to me in all his life." "And if he had, madam," said Lady Percival ; "I suppose you would not have been such a fool as to have attended to it. I tell you, Sir Edward——" "Good morning, Lady Percival," said he bowing. His groom was waiting at the door with his horse ; he vaulted into the saddle and rode off. "I wonder what I saw in the ugly wretch," said her ladyship, "to induce me to marry him ; but I will let him see he shall do as I please : I will pas

the winter in London: a pretty thing indeed to bring a man such a fortune, and be denied the pleasure of spending part of it." "Very true, Lucretia," replied her mother; "but he seems so determined." "Yes, madam, and I am determined too; what did I marry a man so much older than myself for," said her ladyship; "only because I supposed I could more easily manage him: how that mawkish thing Mrs. Mortimer will exult to hear that I am obliged to submit to a husband, and to give up all my own desires to his. No, no—he shall neither have his way, nor throw me into a consumption; I will let him see that I will do as I please, and go where I please, and spend what money I please. His impudence to pull my person to pieces! me that brought him such a fortune! to have the impertinence to say I shall spend the winter in this dismal hole, after promising I should go to court, and give routs, and balls, and masquerades, myself!"

Having raved herself out of breath, she threw herself into a chair, while her mother said :—

“ Oh, that you had but listened to Hugh, he had sense enough to see through this man ; he would have persuaded you to secure your fortune on yourself, he advised you not to marry. Oh, it was most *perdigiously* wrong not to listen to Hugh.” “ I am astonished to hear you,” replied Lady Percival ; “ you advised me to marry Sir Edward Percival, and now blame me for not attending to Hugh. I suppose in a short time you will be for recommending me to be obedient to my lord and master, and sit down contentedly and thank him humbly for the humdrum life he is pleased to allot me.” “ I protest, Lucretia,” resumed Mrs. Montgomery, “ I am so amazingly astonished at what I see and hear, that I am most *perdigiously* puzzled to know what sort of advice to give. The man before marriage seemed such an angel, that nobody could never have

thought of his turning out such a devil in scarlet : why he is as bad as the man in the play, that calls his wife his ox, and his ass, and his kitchen stuff. However, as he is such a strange out of the way temper, you had better try to coax him. Every body as knows any thing will tell you there is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear ; so if you can't make nothing of him by shewing a spirit, why you must try what you can do by being gentle and good humored."

The conscience of Lord Clavering told him that he was not in a state to die; and as the surgeons who attended him held out the flattering hope of recovery if mortification was prevented, he suffered the amputation of his leg, and, contrary to the expectation of all about him, in a short time began to gather strength. He had earnestly prayed to live, being content to bear the ills he had, rather than fly to those he knew not of; for to the loss of his leg were added dreadful seams across his cheeks and forehead, that made his face

horrible to look on. Thus entirely spoilt for love making, his lordship began seriously to reflect on his ill spent life, and determined on devoting the remaining part of his days to the education of Edwin, in whose affection and duty he found more real happiness than he had ever experienced in his most brilliant moments of youthful enjoyment, the only alloy to which was the reflection that though blest with every personal grace, and intellectual endowment, his vices had deprived this amiable, this deserving son, of the honors of his ancestors, and that his title must descend to a distant branch of the family, for whom he felt not even esteem. While the youth whose mind and manners would have reflected dignity on the most elevated rank was condemned to blush for the crime of others, to bear the stigma of illegitimacy, Sir Edward Percival having accomplished his purpose in securing the fortune of Miss Montgomery, felt but little concern respecting his daughter's establishment in life ; he hoped when he

heard of Lord Clavering's dreadful accident that he would die, remembering that death cancelled all obligations ; and he was not a little vexed to find that his lordship was recovering, but in a state so mutilated and disfigured, as to render it impossible to hope that Rosa would ever be brought to accept him. While her father was thus occupied by disagreeable reflections, Rosa became the happy wife of the adoring Hugh Montgomery. Sir Edward Percival had been paying his lordship a visit, when on his return to Rhydderdwyn he met two carriages, whose horses and drivers were ornamented with bridal favors : he had scarcely time to wonder who or what they should be, when Gabriel Jenkins popping his head out of the window, saluted him with :—

“ Gad ! Sir Edward, I wish you joy.”

“ I thank you, sir,” replied Sir Edward ;
 “ though you are rather late in your congratulations.” “ Late !” said Gabriel Jenkins ; “ early you mean ; you are quite

and clean mistaken if you suppose I was giving you joy on your own marriage; nothing in the world was farther from my thoughts, I promise you, because I hate to make game of a serious concern. No, no—I was giving you joy of your son-in-law.” “ My son-in-law !” repeated Sir Edward, gazing after the carriage, which at that moment passed him.

“ Aye,” continued Gabriel Jenkins, “ Mr. Hugh Montgomery, who is now the husband of Rosa. Gad ! what a long face you make, Sir Edward ; I told you she did not like Lord Yellow Phiz, and that we would have no more great people in the family. You see some folks are quite and clean as clever at schemes and plots as other folks : what have you nothing in the world to say on this business, Sir Edward ?” “ I have only to say she has acted like a fool,” replied Sir Edward, “ to content herself with marrying a private gentleman, when she might have been a countess ; but it is all owing to her education.” “ No reflec-

tions upon that," said Miss Jenkins, thrusting her head forward; "if she had waited till you bestowed an education upon her, I wonder what accomplishments he would have excelled in."

"Not in knitting, knotting, spinning, brewing, or distilling, I suppose," replied Sir Edward; "but as the girl prefers Welch mountains, and the native savages to more brilliant scenes, and more enlightened society, why her attainments and education may render her the lady bountiful of these parts. I confess she has rather disappointed me." "True," said Gabriel Jenkins, "I suppose she has, for now Lord Lantern Jaws must have his thirty thousand pounds again. It was quite and clean for all the world like buying a pig in a poke, his lordship advancing that large sum upon such a wild sort of a speculation; but fools and their money are soon parted. Hark, the bells are ringing: gad, I never was half so happy in my life. Drive on, coach-

man, I long to get home that I may have a dance."

Sir Edward Percival went home also, not a little puzzled to know in what way he was to raise thirty thousand pounds, which he supposed Lord Clavering would expect to be reimbursed as soon as he heard of Rosa's marriage. Edwin had expressed a wish to visit Mrs. Hugh Montgomery, to whom he felt particularly attached; and as Lord Clavering's conscience and better feelings told him he owed her some reparation, he enclosed Sir Edward's bond for the thirty thousand pounds in a letter, dictated by real contrition, in which he begged her acceptance of that sum, as a peace-offering, assuring her that it by no means injured his fortune, and that he should consider her refusal of it as a proof that she had not pardoned him, but still retained resentment in her heart. To the wealthy Montgomeries thirty thousand pounds was by no means an object of considera-

tion. Rosa felt uneasy at the embarrassments of her father, notwithstanding his conduct to her had displayed an utter indifference to all that concerned her further than as she was in any way conducive to his interest. Hugh Montgomery therefore advised her returning the bond to her father, as an obligation to Lord Clavering was repugnant to his pride and feelings: he waited on his lordship to express her gratitude for his intended generosity, but to insist on adding the thirty thousand pounds to Edwin's fortune. Rosa threw herself into the arms of her husband; she knew he did not love or respect her father, and she doubly felt the value of an arrangement prompted solely by affection for herself. When Sir Edward Percival received his bond, and read the respectful and tender envelope, which did not breathe a syllable of resentment, or a line of reproach, he said it was a handsome sum for the peer to pay for a frolic; and how the devil when he looked at his rueful visage,

scarred worse than the fore finger of a seamstress, and contemplated his cork leg, he had brought himself to pay thirty thousand pounds for such extraordinary benefits he could not understand—“However,” continued he, deliberately tearing the bond, and throwing it piece by piece into the fire, “what concern is it of mine; I gain by the business, let who will lose; the girl has disposed of herself tolerably well, and has behaved on this occasion very properly; and Montgomery too, if the fellow had only been a peer, and was divested of a few of his old fashioned notions, and prejudices, why he would certainly be more endurable.” He then rang the bell, and told the servant to inform his lady that he wished to speak with her. Lady Percival was then informed that it was his wish that she should accompany him to Birch Park: her ladyship refused, observing that she had a right to expect the compliment from them of a first visit. Sir Edward ordered the carriage, arranged

his hair and cravat, then examining her ladyship through his eye glass, said :—

“ Upon my soul, Lady Percival, your morning dress has an air of style ; you are certainly devilishly improved, child, since you have been honored with my alliance. Hold, hold—that is not a graceful toss of the head ; it was too quick, and had more of the knowing jirk of a chambermaid in it than the scorn of a woman of fashion : besides, that drawing down of the corners of the mouth does not convey half contempt enough ; you should elevate your eye-brows, and having darted from your eyes a glance full of derisive meaning, suddenly let the eye-lids fall, and turn with a stately step to some other object. However, under my instruction I think you will do, that is if you pay proper attention, for at present you have an infinitude of awkwardness to get rid of ; a variety of vulgarities to correct. Study expression,” continued he, turning to a mirror ; “ practise attitude, for on these depend all the

attraction of woman. A plain face may be mended by pearl powder and Circassian bloom—but expression and attitude give to the person all the graces of the Grecian.”

Sir Edward perceived he was talking to himself, as her ladyship had retired. “Well,” said he, laughing, “if Lady Percival had been educated in the first circles, she could not have displayed a more perfect knowledge of fashionable rudeness. Egad, if she continues to improve as rapidly as she has begun, she will shortly be able to vie with any of the high bred dames of quality with whom I have the honor to be acquainted.”

Sir Edward was received at Birch Park with more respect and affection than he expected. From Gabriel Jenkins indeed he got some severe rubs, but these he parried in his usual lively careless way; protested that he had lived a very gay life, and dissipated his fortune among those who wisely lived upon the folly of others—but now he was resolved to re-

form, to nurse his estates, and grow rich. "Aye," said Gabriel Jenkins, "out of the frying pan into the fire. Gad, after having spent your money like an ass, you will begin to hoard it like a mule ; the one is quite and clean as bad as the other ; I should not wonder, as you were always upon the extremes, if you was to turn miser in your old age ; and even grudged yourself the morsel you put into your maw, and the rags that covered your carcase."

Sir Edward escaped the severity of Miss Jenkins : she had began to consider that even the quiet deliberating Williams was, in the present scarcity of men, better than having no dangler at all, and in the hope of meeting him, she had taken a walk towards Woodland Cottage, resolving to make one more effort to have the cherry-cheeked dairy maid dismissed, whose influence over his heart she feared, if not put a stop to, would soon exceed her's. Mr. Williams saw and invited her into the house, nay, he accompanied

her home, and staid dinner, for he had a sincere friendship for Gabriel Jenkins, and a real affection for Rosa, in whose happiness he warmly participated.

But after having turned the matter over in his mind, and given it due consideration, he resolved to remain a widower the rest of his life, because when a man had a pretty maid, whom he contrived to make useful, if he grew tired of her, or she grew neglectful, or took greater liberties than he liked, he could pay her her wages and discharge her ; but a wife was a log about a man's neck that he could by no means get rid of, and the very best were not at all times agreeable. He therefore remained quite insensible to all Miss Jenkins's advances, though she smiled, and helped him to all the nice bits at table : he knew his own love of quiet, and her turbulent temper ; and as he had money enough for all his purposes, he determined to have his pot of hot coffee and his nice buttered rolls in peace, and to smoke his pipe and drink

his glass of ale, without being made disagreeable and uncomfortable by the ill humours of a wife.

Miss Jenkins finding he would not return to his allegiance, grew more inveterate than ever against the dairy maid, professed herself absolutely scandalized at the shameful way in which Mr. Williams lived, thanked her stars that she had found him out, not that it had ever been her intention to marry him, though it was well known to every body that he had proposed it to her ; but no, she hated men, the deceitful, perfidious ungrateful wretches, and had made a vow which she never would be tempted to break of leading a life of celibacy.

CHAP. VI.

OF all our passions love is the least subject to control ; strong and impetuous, born of sentiment, it establishes an empire in our hearts, even before we perceive it. Caution may dispute with, and guard against other passions, but love is a rapid fire which seizes and inflames us in a moment ; it neither weighs nor reflects, but creating a world for itself, shuts out every idea, every object but the one adored.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,

And that I might not sing of love ?
 How could I to the dearest theme,
 That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
 So false, so foul a recreant prove !
 How could I name love's very name,
 Nor wake my harp to notes of flame:

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

In being united to Adeline Llewellyn, her so idolized, so adored, the young and sanguine Henry Mortimer fondly supposed he had gained the summit of sublunary felicity ; nor had any thing happened to obscure the bright prospect that imagination, aided by hope, had colored with the gayest tints, till the good Sir Owen died, for his days, unclouded by care or disappointment, had rolled on in a blissful succession of prosperity and content, and even the sorrow introduced by that event might have yielded its poignancy to time and resignation, had not the too sensitive mind of Mrs. Mortimer sunk into an oppressive melancholy, which not all the tender assiduities of her husband could remove: when with weeping re-

membrance she recalled her buried father's look, his smile, his affection, she seemed as if all her earthly good had forsaken her ; she felt a mournful presage that the halcyon years of her childhood, which had all been diverted by fond parental solicitude and indulgence, of every thorn that could disturb her enjoyments, or create uneasiness, were most assuredly succeeded by hurricanes, that would eventually wreck her peace, and desolate the frail remains of happiness his death had left her.

Mr. Mortimer, whose passion for Adeline seemed to augment with every added hour, anticipated the arrival of Horatio Delamere, as the epocha that would again restore her to the domestic circle, to cheerfulness and animation ; he knew that his friend “ was formed by nature's partial hand,” was blessed with every grace “ that wins the friend, or that enchants the fair.” He was sensible that Mr. Delamere was endowed with talents of the richest stamp ; he knew also that

he used to possess an imagination lively, and playful as brilliant; and he hoped, from the spirited contests between him and Miss Tudor, who spent the chief of her time at Dolegelly Castle, that Mrs. Mortimer would find such amusement as would insensibly beguile her mind from scenes of sorrow, detach it from dwelling on the grave of her father, and bring it back to that delightful cheerfulness which had once shone in streams of radiance from her bright eyes, and played in bewitching dimples round her lovely mouth. At present her child was the only object that appeared to interest the feelings of Mrs. Mortimer, or rouse her to animation; on her lovely boy she gazed with sensations of melancholy rapture; over him she shed the delicious tears of regret and affection, for he resembled her sainted father; and while straining the little rosy smiling cherub to her bosom, she would mentally pray that he might also resemble him in goodness and virtue; that like him he might behold the errors

of his fellow creatures with mercy and charity ; like him be excellent in understanding, and generous in disposition.

When the Hon. Mr. Delamere, who had been some days expected, arrived at Dolegelly Castle, he was ushered at once, without any previous announcing, into a saloon, where on a sofa sat Mrs. Mortimer, with her beautiful boy standing up behind her, endeavouring to place an artificial white rose among the shining ringlets which his playful exertions had drawn in profusion over her neck and forehead ; Eliza Tudor was busily employed in netting a purse for Captain Seymour ; and Henry Mortimer, leaning against a window, was reading in ecstasies the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Such were the interesting group that presented themselves to Mr. Delamere as he entered. When introduced by her husband to Mrs. Mortimer, her blushing confusion considerably heightened her beauty : to him she appeared beyond comparison the most lovely, the most at-

tractive woman he had ever beheld ; even the fair and interesting Sicilian, the Marchesa della Rosalva, whose beauty yet sometimes obtruded on his dreams, and hovered in his imagination, was now exceeded ; the symmetry of her graceful form, the soft-melting enchantment of her voice, yielded to the superior loveliness of Mrs. Mortimer. He viewed her with delighted wonder, while the fascinating assemblage of charms, spread over her whole person, filled his bosom with sensations such as he had before experienced when his senses were enslaved by Celestina ; sensations which he now determined to suppress, because dishonorable to encourage.

With the sprightliness of Miss Tudor Mr. Delamere was diverted ; he honored the goodness of her disposition, while he smiled at her mischievous frolics ; her lively sallies called forth the innocent retorted jest, the elegant repartee ; but Eliza Tudor had nothing either in her person or manner to touch his heart, or

interest his feelings, while if even Adeline's voice, on the most unimportant subject, met his ear, its entrancing melody ran in thrilling currents through his frame, and shook with impassioned tremblings its minutest fibres ; the glance of her eye shot a flame that penetrated the inmost recesses of his heart, and in spite of his utmost efforts to subdue the passion, in spite of the united arguments suggested by reason and honor, he found that if he had before loved Celestina, he now adored Mrs. Mortimer ; he shuddered at the impetuosity of his feelings, the wildness of his wishes, while he remembered she was the idolized wife of Henry Mortimer, the companion, the dearly loved friend of his childhood, the worshipped of him, for whose sake he would have thought no effort too much, to serve whom he would have sacrificed even his existence.

At the first sight of Horatio Delamere Adeline started as from a dream : she awoke to a new existence, as his dark

expressive eye flashed on her soul: at the fatal conviction that the calm happiness, the unruffled tranquillity of her life was dissolved, like the baseless fabric of a vision, to leave not a wreck behind, she viewed his elegant person, the expression of his fine intelligent countenance, with emotions till then unknown and unfelt. When they retired for the night, as Henry spoke of his friend with all the enthusiasm of regard, Adeline felt her face burn with blushes: the name of Horatio Delamere seemed formed of necromantic characters; it awakened a new pulse in her soul: and when her husband fondly demanded her opinion of the companion of his youth, she dreaded to give utterance to the warm praise that hovered on her lips, lest her husband should conceive it too glowing, lest it should rouse suspicion in his bosom. Suspicion! the idea made her blush, suspicion of what? Mrs. Mortimer, terrified and abashed, shrank from the task of investigating her own feelings; she feared to inquire the

cause of the tumultuous throbbings of her heart, of the new sensations that hurried in vivid flashes across her cheek, that one moment chilled the current of her blood, and the next seemed to scorch her frame with fever. Observing the coldness of her encomiums, Henry Mortimer said he felt disappointed in her not expressing for Horatio Delamere the same warmth of friendship that he did: "But when, my love," continued he, "you are more acquainted with him, your esteem, your admiration will increase; for to a mind highly cultivated, adorned with the richest, most valuable stores of ancient as well as modern literature, he unites the noblest, bravest, most liberal mind, and a disposition replete with generosity, tenderness, and humanity. I have studied him for years, and I have ever found him such as warrants my wearing him in my heart's core, even in my heart of hearts."

Adeline could with delight have echoed the praises of Horatio Delamere, but for

the first time in her life she threw the veil of hypocrisy over her real thoughts and opinions, and merely answered, that it was probable she might in future think as highly of Mr. Delamere as her husband did. At present he was a stranger, though she confessed she thought his person extremely elegant, his manners prepossessing, and his conversation entertaining and instructive. "I rejoice that he is arrived," continued Mr. Mortimer: "your harp, my beloved, has long been silent and neglected. Horatio Delamere is a master of music; I trust that his taste will allure you to what was once a favorite study. I flatter myself that I shall again have the felicity to see you return to your accustomed amusements, and that the various talents of my friend will recall my Adeline from the unavailing melancholy which she has suffered so long to envelope her, will restore to me the sweet smiles that used to enrapture my heart, and whose deprivation I have so unceasingly lamented."

Adeline endeavored to stifle a sigh, but it escaped not the attentive Henry, who fondly pressing her to his bosom, said, "To lament with such bitter and continued grief a blessing heaven has been pleased to deprive us of, is, dearest Adeline, to appear insensible to those we possess."—"No," replied she, "no, dearest Henry, believe me not so ungrateful to heaven, so insensible to thy worth, to thy affection, so deficient in tenderness to our darling child." "Adored of my soul," said Henry, "I meant not to reproach you; let me but see you restored to cheerfulness, let me again hear your voice warbling its enchanting strains, let me again behold your lovely mouth dimpled with smiles, and I shall be happy, supremely happy."

Mrs. Mortimer was soon conscious that the arrival of Mr. Delamere had dissipated much of the gloom that had hung upon her spirits. It was true she yet lamented her father, but her grief had lost much of its poignancy; it had

assumed a softer character. Her thoughts had a new object to rest on, too attractive, too fascinating for her peace. In order to escape the spell whose witcheries were winding round her heart, she again sought the relief of music—again her fingers glided over the keys of the piano-forté, and her hand swept the strings of her harp. But here was, alas! a fresh enchantment. The taste and skill of Horatio Delamere were exquisite, and in duets and glees his voice accompanied her's, while his whole impassioned soul breathing in the notes conveyed to her's in melting cadences and entrancing swells a language delightfully, though dangerously, expressive of tender feeling.—For a short time Adeline believed herself completely happy. To see, to walk with, to converse with Mr. Delamere seemed all that was necessary to constitute felicity, and the doating Henry Mortimer again saw her eyes beam with animation, again transported beheld the smiles of pleasure dimple her cheek.

But it was not possible for a mind like Adeline's to remain long in the delusive maze of passion : at once she awoke to reflection and anguish, to deplore the guilt of having for a moment thought of Mr. Delamere with other sentiments than those of friendship : for now, alas ! love, vehement and uncontrollable, had taken possession of her bosom. Her nights no longer acknowledged the balmy influence of sweet and refreshing sleep ; the image of Horatio Delamere pursued her even in dreams, and the seductive harmony of his voice vibrated on her disordered fancy in the deep silence of the night.

Frequently Mr. Mortimer would in jest tell Eliza Tudor that her heart was no longer true to the Scottish lad ; that it had strayed from Captain Seymour, who was now almost forgotten, and that the Honorable Horatio Delamere had superseded him in her affection : to which she would laughingly answer—" You are egregiously mistaken ; I should equally as soon think of falling in love with Lambda Librae, or any other bright star

in the heavens. I am not so vain as to aspire to such perfection. I would not give him for all the world, unless I might (as Beatrice says in *Much Ado about Nothing*) have another for working days.—He would be too costly to wear every day. Mr. Delamere is far too transcendent for me. No, no, Archibald Seymour and Eliza Tudor are better suited. With minds and abilities nearly upon a par, they may pursue the matrimonial path with a tolerable chance for happiness, because being of congenial minds, my nonsensical prattle and monkey tricks would have charms for him, who can cut as many capers and be to the full as frolicsome as myself; but with such a husband as Mr. Delamere—mercy on my little mad head! why I should always be in fear of saying or doing something to outrage sense or propriety—I should be thrown at an awful distance, only appearing like a little attendant satellite receiving partial splendor from the radiance such a comet would elicit.”

Sir Griffith Tudor, whose resentment against Captain Seymour had not yet subsided, would have been happy to see the Honorable Mr. Delamere distinguish his daughter, who he often swore was one of the finest fellows he had ever seen, and infinitely superior in every respect to that hot-headed fellow, Seymour, who had been such a d——d ass to prefer the fatigues of a military life and all the hardships of a camp to ease, content, and a fine girl with a handsome fortune. He would then say Seymour had a devilish strange taste, for he preferred the sulphurous smell of gunpowder to the more savory one of roast beef.

An intimacy had been cultivated with much satisfaction on both sides between Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Montgomery and the family at Dolegelly Castle. Mr. Delamere had discovered so much in the mind and conduct of Mr. Hugh Montgomery to esteem and admire, that next to Henry Mortimer he considered him the most perfect character he had met among all

the men of different nations with whom either chance or inclination had associated him. For Rosa he felt a kind regard, which both Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery were assiduous to increase and retain, feeling proud of possessing the esteem of a man whose virtues they conceived entitled him to their respect, and whose superior talents did credit and honor to their warmest eulogium. The delicate timid reserve and gentleness of Rosa was a beautiful contrast to the unwearied vivacity of Eliza Tudor ; while Sir Griffith's eccentric sallies and Lady Tudor's affected complaints, with Miss Jenkins's phillippics against the men, and her brother Gabriel's honest though ludicrous remarks upon fashionable people and fashionable manners, afforded a diversified scene and variety of argument, which at the same time that it was highly amusive was not devoid of instruction ; for certainly the follies and imperfections of others hold up a mirror to the thinking mind, which while it exposes the defor-

mity of vice, produces compassion for the frailties of human nature.

It was at one of these parties that Mr. Delamere mentioned Lord Clavering's desire to engage a tutor for his son; one who was learned without pedantry, and united the graces and elegancies of a gentleman with the more brilliant acquirements of the scholar. Mr. Delamere observed, that Lord Clavering wished to have Edwin's education completed under his own eye, as he particularly disliked the idea of sending him to a public school, where in proportion to the knowledge boys in general gained, they contracted habits and imbibed vices, which only direful necessity, and imperious circumstance, could correct or extirpate. The mention of Edwin, who was a general favorite, recalled the remembrance of his grandfather, and Mr. Delamere was reluctantly obliged to listen to his own praises, as Rosa related his humane and feeling conduct to the poor blind harper, whose last moments he

had soothed with the voice of compassion, and whose last pangs he had softened with tenderness and generosity. Mr. Delamere was embarrassed at his own praise, which he told his friends he did not deserve ; what he had done for Herbert Jones was only an act of common humanity, and not worthy to be rated so highly ; he then related the old man's history : they said 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful, and gave him for his pains a world of sighs. Mr. Delamere had retained the harp of Herbert Jones in his possession, intending to present it to Edwin, whose grief as yet was not sufficiently subdued to bear the sight of an instrument so loved and valued by his grandfather. At the request of the company the harp was introduced. Mrs. Mortimer played several tender and affecting ballads on her own instrument, but in passing her fingers lightly over that of Herbert Jones the tears started into her eyes : his mournful story, the fate of the unfortunate Jessy, rushed on her

fancy, and in visible emotion she resigned the harp to Mr. Delamere, who played with much skill many popular English as well as Italian airs, for which he received the applause of his delighted auditors. "It is presumption in me," said Mr. Delamere, "to wake the strings that Herbert Jones swept with so bold and masterly an hand.—Only a few hours before he died, he played that sweet and affecting Welch air, "Ar hyd y nos," with such taste, feeling, and expression, as told me plainly that the fingers then trembling with age, nay actually at the moment in the chill grasp of death, had once charmed the soul with strains of richest melody, had once called from the quivering strings *notes of flame*. Herbert Jones's harp, like that of Ossian, cannot indeed hang in the hall of his fathers, but no doubt the affectionate heart of Edwin will thank me for preserving the precious relic, and years hence, when the melancholy fate of his mother, when the misfortunes of his grandfather, cross

his memory, he who is an enthusiast in music, will wake the sleeping strings to many a pensive strain, congenial to his own feelings, and breathing tender requiems for those over whom the dark grass waves." Rosa reminded Mr. Delamere of the poem he had promised to lend her, written by Herbert Jones. "His talents," replied Horatio, "are not confined to music; he was enamoured of poetry, and to the last continued to evince his devotion by composing verses which if they add nothing to his fame, will always be testimonials of a liberal mind, and a feeling heart. We are all I believe admirers of the muses, and with your permission I will read as well as I am able what I think you will consider, if not the brilliant coruscations of superior genius, the effusions of a good and tender disposition." Lady Tudor ordered her carriage, protesting her nerves were not equal to hearing any thing more concerning the ill-fated Herbert Jones. Sir Griffith departed with his lady, say-

ing, that if he had wrote hunting songs, why he could have listened to tally-ho and tantivy with pleasure, but he had no taste for pathetics. The company being re-seated, at their request Mr. Delamere produced the manuscript, and read it to his attentive auditors.

HOEL'S HARP.

O'ER the chill moon the clouds had roll'd,
The path was wild, the wind blew cold,
In many a hollow gust it past,
While round the scatter'd leaves were cast :

No star was seen, no sound was heard,
Save of the distant ocean's roar,
Or harsh note of the screaming bird,
That loves to wing the rocky shore ;

Or rushing blast whose mournful tone
O'er death and shipwrecks seem'd to moan ;
While dark and cloudy was the hour,
And thickly fell the drizzling show'r.

A wandering harper, old and poor,
And sightless too, came slowly on ;
A stripling led him o'er the shore,
Whose eye was sank, whose cheek was wan.

The old man seem'd to woe resign'd,
 His grey locks scattering in the wind,
 As deep he sigh'd with troubled thought,
 As sad his steps the village sought.

Plaintive he said, "Heaven help the blind,
 Compel'd to seek precarious bread,
 Who knows not where a hut to find
 To shelter his unfriended head."

His harp, of other days the pride,
 Was feebly borne against his side,
 A load too weighty to sustain,
 Now dragg'd along with toil and pain.

Full oft the stripling's arms were rais'd ;
 Earnest he begg'd the harp to bear ;
 Oft too its airy form he prais'd,
 Yet ne'er obtain'd his urgent pray'r.

"No, no," the old man would reply,
 "Why should'st thou wish the load to try ?
 Thy voice no strength of nerve doth speak,
 Thy arm feels like a woman's, weak.

"This harp in many a noble hall
 Has spread delight and mirth around ;
 And many a castle's moated wall
 Has echoed its melodious sound.

"And oft the chieftain's greedy ear
 Has drank its martial sounding lays,
 And many a high-born maiden's tear
 Bestow'd on me delicious praise.

“ But age has damp’d my bosom’s fire,
 Genius and strength at once expire ;
 My hand now feebly sweeps the string,
 From which no strains of rapture spring:

“ Yet still to memory ’twill impart,
 When ’midst its chords my fingers move,
 Events recorded on my heart
 When I was young and sang of love.

“ Oh ! days of bliss for ever fled,
 Near eighty winters snow my head,
 Nor morn nor evening bless my sight,
 I wander now in rayless night.

“ My eyes no more with raptur’d gaze
 Behold creation’s lovely form,
 Mark with delight the noontide blaze,
 Or midnight’s desolating storm.

“ Yet time has been my voice could charm ;
 Once vig’rous was my flexile arm ;
 And I with grace my hand could fling,
 Waking to melting sounds the string.

“ And in the days of youth, now fled,
 The power of beauty too I felt,
 Though now my wonted fires are fled,
 My soul has known with love to melt.

“ My proudest song was beauty’s praise,
 Still pour’d at Love’s almighty shrine ;
 But gone, for ever gone the days
 When this warm heart, O Love, was thine.

“ Return again in dreams of joy,
 Hours of my youth, around me roll ;
 Oh ! once again in bliss employ
 The chill'd sensations of my soul.

“ Revive again this faded frame,
 Give to my breast thy fiercest flame ;
 Lend to my long and dreary night
 One glowing vision of delight.

“ In vain I ask ; yet Love's dear theme,
 From which my strains shall ne'er depart,
 Gilds with a soft and tender gleam
 The fibres of my wither'd heart.

“ And while my touch can wake a note,
 Love ever o'er my harp shall float.
 Still thrilling from my wasted veins
 Shall trembling start the cherish'd strains.

“ Decrepit now, and dark, and weak,
 Winter's rough tempests round me rave ;
 A few short days, and I shall seek
 The quiet refuge of the grave.

“ Boy, why that sob ?—Youth still is thine,
 Hope bids thy future prospects shine ;
 Fortune on thee may blessings pour,
 When Hoel's harp resounds no more.”

And now they stop, intent to find
 Some cottage taper glimmering near,
 Or hope, in pauses of the wind,
 The village watch-dog's bark to hear.

Now driv'n across the morbid sky,
 The fleeting clouds divided fly ;
 The misty moon with sickly gleam
 Sheds o'er their path a wat'ry beam:

And now, faint streaming o'er a rill,
 A distant light the stripling spies ;
 Soon, safely shelter'd by a hill,
 A cottage met his anxious eyes.

And soon within the wish'd retreat
 The weary harper found a seat ;
 And soon was spread the homely board
 With best the cottage could afford.

And hearty welcome banish'd care
 As brisk the foaming cwrw past ;
 The aged harper prais'd his fare,
 And all his griefs behind him cast.

But sad and silent sat the boy,
 Unheeding all their social joy ;
 The starting tear bedew'd his eye,
 And his breast heav'd with many a sigh.

“ Reach me my harp,” old Hoel said,
 “ The cwrw warms my aged veins ;
 Not yet my kindling soul is dead,
 Not yet expire its jocund strains.”

His cheek assumes a crimson glow,
 As sweet his tuneful numbers flow ;
 Bright as he swept the sounding wire,
 His features beam'd with youthful fire.

PRAISE OF CWRW.

O'er many a desert wild and bare,
 The drooping son of want and care,
 If faint the way-worn pilgrim stray
 From dewy morn to closing day ;
 Oh ! when his cheek with toil is pale,
 When his exhausted spirits fail,
 Bring, bring the nut-brown beverage near,
 With cwrw then his sunk heart cheer.

If lost in woe the lover sighs,
 If sleep forsake his weary eyes,
 If hopeless still his pulses beat,
 If his breast burn with feverish heat ;
 Oh ! bid him drink, and growing wise,
 Love's pointless arrows he'll despise :
 Bring, bring the foaming beverage near,
 With cwrw the forlorn one cheer.

The soldier who from battle bore
 The foe's dread standard steep'd in gore,
 Whose body, seam'd with many a scar,
 Declares how he sustain'd the war ;
 When sad he thinks of kindred slain,
 Whose limbs have strew'd the hostile plain,
 To him the nut-brown beverage bear,
 With cwrw his sank spirit cheer.

Bright cwrw from thy stream of old,
 Cambria's sons grew stout and bold ;
 And even I, whose fuentios fail,
 Whose hand is weak, whose cheek is pale,
 Thou giv'st this feeble frame of mine
 A lingering spark of fire divine :
 Place, place the sparkling beverage near ;
 With cwrw still my spirits cheer.

He ceas'd ; enamor'd of the sound :
 They praise his song, applaud his skill ;
 And still the rustics shouting round
 The foaming cwrw brimming fill.

The boy alone retir'd and sad,
 Express'd no mirth while all were glad ;
 Regardless of the tuneful strain,
 He heard alone the pelting rain ;
 And listen'd to the stormy blast,
 And thought of home and pleasures past,
 While many a lost joy through his mind,
 Shot swifter than the eddy wind.

And now a horn was shrilly blown,
 The cottage door wide open thrown,
 Two strangers came of courtly form,
 To ask a shelter from the storm.

The first a young and graceful knight,
 With cheeks like summer roses red,
 Whose locks of richest chesnut bright,
 Cluster'd in curls around his head.

Tall and erect his stately mien,
 Studded with gems his vest of green ;
 But brighter than the diamond's blaze,
 His hazle eyes translucent rays.

The other knight a soldier seem'd,
 All bright his shining falchion gleam'd ;
 And as he firmly march'd along,
 His port claim'd homage from the throng.

The blazing hearth, the cwrw's power,
 Gave to the strangers welcome rest ;
 For they had long endur'd the shower,
 Been by the midnight storm oppress'd.

And soon the harp engag'd each eye :
 The young knight's fingers o'er it fly ;
 But not a tone could he command
 To equal Howel's matchless hand.

“ Give me the harp,” the master cried,
 “ For me it speaks, by me 'twas strung ;”
 His bosom swell'd with conscious pride,
 As o'er its quiv'ring strings he hung.

And soon with inspiration fill'd,
 As bolder thoughts his bosom thrill'd,
 The swelling note from soft and low,
 Burst forth in proud and lofty flow.

THE SOLDIER.

When angry gleams the sanguine star,
And fiercely burns the rage of war ;
When loud and shrill the trumpets sound,
Prepar'd the valiant soldier's found.
His straining nerves feel tenfold might,
As rushing on he joins the fight ;
Now engag'd in hottest battle,
Hark the thundering cannons rattle.
Trumpets, drums, together sounding,
Clang and din of arms resounding.

And thus he thinks—dear friends at home,
As o'er the bloody field I roam,
Put up a prayer, if doom'd to death,
With glory I may yield my breath.
If thus I fall, oh happy state,
May valorous friends avenge my fate ;
And higher bliss upon my bier,
My grateful country drop a tear.
No fear his dauntless bosom knows,
But for the battle throbs and glows ;
Routed foes disorder'd flying,
Trampling o'er the dead and dying ;
All his soul with ardor burning,
Ev'ry thought of danger spurning.
The soldier then with martial pride,
Hews down ranks from side to side ;
Groans and shouts, and shrieks arise,
Conquest ! conquest ! rends the skies.

Valor's rays around him streaming,
 Glory o'er him brightly beaming,
 Laurel wreaths his brows entwining,
 Spoils and trophies round him shining.
 Then he rears the standard high,
 Weeping o'er his victory ;
 Bids Fame her clarion sound,
 To the listening world proclaim,
 Throughout all its ample bound,
 Britain's great unrivall'd name ;
 Then let humanity celestial glow,
 Shewing soft mercy to the vanquish'd foe.

The ardent soldier caught his hand,
 And warmly prais'd his matchless power ;
 Oh, thou that thus can'st sound command,
 Why dost thou wander friendless, poor ?
 Can Genius no where find a home,
 That sightless, old, thou'rt doom'd to roam ;
 Blest should I be thy strains to hear,
 If I thy wasting lamp could cheer ;
 But robb'd of all, save noble birth,
 The hostile sword must carve my bread,
 Midst noisy camps on damp cold earth,
 Compell'd to seek a flinty bed.

Well hast thou sung, the other said,
 And given to glory ample praise ;
 Come now, by softer passions sway'd,
 To love awake thy tuneful lays.

Bid from thy harp love's humid sighs
 In sweet pathetic notes complain ;
 Yes, bid some mournful ditty rise,
 That tells of love's disatrous reign.

Oh, once my harp in tender strains
 Could sing of love's ecstatic pains ;
 But lost, said Hoel, is the hour,
 When my heart's throbs confess'd his power.
 But yet the theme delights my soul ;
 Once more the worshipp'd tones I'll try ;
 Still o'er my harp the sounds shall roll,
 That swell with love's delicious sigh.

THE ROSE OF COEDHELEN.

THE flow'r of the summer late blooming and gay,
 Now scatter'd and whirl'd in the wandering gale,
 It blushes no more, like the dawning of day ;
 The rose of Coedhelen is wither'd pale.

Divided alas ! from the fostering stem,
 Where it flourish'd the pride of the vale,
 Its lustre is faded, sweet odorous gem,
 The rose of Coedhelen is wither'd and pale.

No dew drop of eve shall ere bid it resume !
 The fresh breathing perfume it us'd to exhale ;
 The canker worm preys on its beautiful bloom ;
 The rose of Coedhelen is wither'd and pale.

'Twas love stole the bloom from Gwynida's cheek,
 The enchantments of passion prevail;
 Betray'd and forsaken, the narrow grove seek,
 Where the rose of Coedhelen lies wither'd and pale.

The song had ceas'd, but yet a note
 Would lingering still harmonious float;
 Sweet plaintive low it seem'd to sigh,
 And then in soft vibrations die.

To ev'ry breast the strain was dear,
 'Twas form'd the sternest heart to melt;
 From ev'ry eye the starting tear,
 Declar'd the song was deeply felt.

And ghastly grew the stripling's face;
 Tottering he rose to quit the place;
 A murmur'd groan a passage found;
 Fainting, he sunk upon the ground.

"Raise up the boy, and give him air,"
 The young knight said, and aid bestow'd;
 His hat was lost, and down his hair
 In mazy ringlets loosely flow'd.

And pale the young knight's cheeks became,
 His eyes with wildest passion flame,
 As nearer to the boy he drew,
 As features once belov'd he knew.

And now the snowy breast display'd,
 The female wanderer betray'd;
 As to his face she rais'd her eyes,
 As Tudor's name escap'd in sighs.

For this alone did I implore,
 I only pray'd to see thy face,
 My bosom's pangs will soon be o'er,
 I shall not long survive disgrace.

My days of happiness are past,
 I'm scatter'd in misfortunes blast ;
 Wandering I seek some distant shore,
 Coedhelen views its rose no more.

Yet Tudor by the love you vow'd,
 When swift the hours of transport flew ;
 When I, of vaunted beauty proud,
 Too fondly gave those charms to you.

Ah, when the heart shall cease to beat,
 Convey me to my native seat ;
 My parents then may cease to blame,
 May weep my fate, forget my shame.

Though now bereft of all my charms,
 Victim of love I sink to death ;
 Yet, Tudor, fold me in thine arms,
 And catch Gwynida's parting breath.

Dying for him I love too well,
 To silly maids my fate make known ;
 But at the weeping marble tell,
 This breaking heart was thine alone.

Live, live Gwynida, live for bliss,
 Thy Tudor swears, by this chaste kiss,
 To-morrow's sun if he has life,
 Shall hail Coedhelen's rose a wife.

Llanbeblig's towers and ancient walls
 Shall hear the harper's jocund song,
 And thou within its sumptuous halls
 Shall strive his moments to prolong.

And when at last he yields to death,
 Swept by the south winds gentle breath,
 His harp though lost to "notes of flame,"
 Shall whisper Hoel's matchless fame.

Rouse, Hoel! rouse the sleeping string,
 Of Love and Beauty's triumphs ring;
 Awake the notes thou know'st so well,
 The thrilling cadence melting swell.

Yes, yes, my harp, thy master's hand,
 Thy proudest notes shall now command;
 Love breathes upon the dulcet strings,
 And o'er my soul his fervor flings.

And hope to Hoel's mental sight,
 Dispels misfortunes chilly gloom;
 Effusing rays of heavenly light,
 To gild his passage to the tomb.

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

Love, to thee the song I raise,
 God of the unerring dart
 Thou shalt have my proudest lays,
 Sovereign of the human heart.

Ambition, Glory, Avarice, see,
 Submissive bend the prostrate knee ;
 Adoring at thy burning shrine,
 All declare thy power divine.

Wing'd with many a tender sigh,
 That from breast of ivory stole ;
 Tipp'd with flame from Beauty's eye,
 Love, thy arrows pierce the soul.

Yet to fond idea dear,
 Rich in Love's voluptuous tear ;
 Sweet is Love's ecstatic sigh,
 Breath'd in " blissful agony."

Love to thee shall virgins bring,
 Trembling at thy awful power,
 Offerings of the early spring,
 Wreaths of ev'ry odorous flower.

Timid glances, fragrant sighs,
 As incense at thy altar rise ;
 Still their steps will linger there,
 Breathing warm the votive prayer.

God of the resistless bow,
 Cities, deserts own thy sway,
 All thy rapturous blessings know,
 All thy potent will obey.

Now when life is near expiring,
 Thoughts of former joys inspiring ;
 Love, as thy Almighty name,
 Glows my breast with sacred flame.
 Brightly gleaming on my soul,
 Visions of the future roll ;

Love, for thee I wake the string,
 Love, thy triumphs proudly sing.

Dimpled smiles, and young desires,
 Ardent wishes, all are thine ;
 Hopes and joys, and blissful fires,
 Round thy votaries' hearts entwine.

Tudor, take the lovely treasure,
 'Thy delights thou can'st not measure ;
 Coedhelen's rose again shall bloom,
 Again exhale its rich perfume.

And many a blossom from the tree
 Shall round thy manly trunk arise ;
 Love this blessing gives to thee,
 Coedhelen's rose is Tudor's prize.

Thus Hoel's harp in days of yore,
 Could thrilling tones of rapture pour ;
 His genius then, with matchless skill,
 Could melt the soul, could rule the will ;
 Could by the charm of tuneful lays,
 Compassion, honor, justice raise.

Music and love, oh sounds divine !
 Still sweetly floating murmur near ;
 When fate demands this heart of mine,
 To my last moments bless mine ear.

When ev'ry other record flies,
 Let me with harmony impress'd,
 While love awakes my latest sighs,
 " Fading in music" sink to rest.

CHAP. VII.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch a drop of it.

SHAKESPEARE:

What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair,
High fancy forms and lavish hearts can wish.

THOMSON.

SOME months had now elapsed, and Horatio Delamere, tortured with a concealed and utterly hopeless passion, began seriously to think of tearing himself from the fascinations of Adeline, of flying from the indulgence of the destructive pleasure her society afforded ; a

pleasure that he every moment found more dangerous to his honor, which, no longer able to combat against the passion that consumed his peace, now unresistingly consigned him to the impetuous and overwhelming power of love. Hitherto he had guarded with watchful vigilance his looks, his words, and actions, while in the presence of Mrs. Mortimer ; but the restraint was terrible, and he every hour dreaded lest some unforeseen circumstance should shock his friend with the discovery of his fatal secret. Every night he determined on leaving Dolegeilly Castle the following day, but morning still found him irresolute, and unable to resign the bliss of gazing on her; though if he saw her husband touch her hand, or receive from her attention, he suffered all the excruciating pangs, all the hell of jealousy; in vain would reason tell him that Henry Mortimer was worthy of Adeline, beautiful, amiable, and accomplished as she was; that he was her husband, entitled to her tenderness by the

most sacred of rights, and that he, loving the wife of his friend, was actually sinning against every precept, moral and divine. After passing a sleepless and agitated night, best part of which he had wandered along the sea shore, listening to the melancholy dashing of the waves, Horatio Delamere, at an early hour of the morning, strolled into a wood, through which serpentine walks had been cut to a gothic temple ; a spot which had been particularly admired by Sir Owen Llewellyn, who in an elegant arched recess had placed a fine toned organ ; its walls were tastefully decorated with romantic drawings of the surrounding scenery, by the correct and elegant pencil of Mrs. Mortimer, who to this secluded spot was in the habit of bringing her work or a book, and passing a portion of the morning either in reading, or apostrophising the spirits of her ever lamented parents, while her child, the little Owen, gambolled with sportive innocence along the winding walks, gaily chased the flut-

tering butterflies, or gathered the flowers that grew in profusion round the temple. Horatio Delamere had wandered, so lost in uneasy reflection, that he had gained the portico of the temple, without even an intention to visit it. It was now the latter end of autumn; the trees had lost their emerald liveries, part of their boughs waved in naked melancholy grandeur; while others partially, yet "richly dight" in various shades of brown, olive, and yellow, still glittered with the beams of the sun, as it feebly darted through a thick mist: their leaves lay in scattered heaps before him, or were whirled in distant eddies by the hollow gale, that whistled through the bending branches.

"Just so," said he, with a heavy sigh, "just so my happiness is blighted; just so the gay promise of my youth is scattered, the winter of despair freezes the hopes of joy: spring shall return to these woods, they shall bloom again with renovated beauty, but my peace shall revive

no more." He took out his pencil and wrote on a marble tablet:—

"Autumn's rich tints, torn by the sickly gale;
Bids on remembrance joys departed roll,
When hope around me wav'd her glowing veil,
When her gay visions floated on my soul."

"Now dark misfortunes damps each youthful fire,
And love, and hope, and friendship all expire."

He now entered the temple, and drawing from his bosom the white rose, which on the night of his arrival the playful Owen had been trying to place in his mother's hair, and which she in compliance with his request had alternately kissed, as he offered that and his own rosy mouth to her lips.

"Here," said he, fervently kissing the flower, "here, safe from prying observation, I may give ease to my burning heart, I may breathe her idolized name, I may whisper—Adeline, I adore you. Happy rose," again kissing it, "thou hast felt her beauteous lips; her balmy breath has touched thee; thus embalmed I will

treasure thee for ever : happy emblem of her unspotted innocence, rest in my bosom the only witness of the stifled sighs that murmur Adeline, I adore you."

The astonishment and confusion of Mrs. Mortimer, who at that moment entered the temple, is not to be described, when she beheld in the hand of Horatio Delamere the identical white rose which she remembered to have given the little Owen some months before to play with, and which she had kissed to please the smiling prattler. Mr. Delamere hastily concealed the rose in his bosom, and in evident embarrassment stammered out the compliments of the morning. Mrs. Mortimer's confusion more than equaled his; she would have beckoned the nurse and Owen, but they were no longer in sight : trembling and agitated, she sat down : for a few moments they were both silent, at last Adeline, almost unconscious of what she was requesting, proposed that he should sing, and accompany his voice upon the organ. Never less in-

clined for music, he seated himself before the instrument, while she rejoiced that she had found an expedient to divert his attention from her; to relieve her from the investigation of his penetrating eyes. Unfortunately a music book was open at the song—“We must not love.” He began to play, while Adeline, all ear, listened to the song:—

Why, tyrant love, the hearts enslave
 Stern fate forbids to meet,
 Why wilder than the ocean's wave,
 Bid hapless wishes fleet?
 Oh, why bid fancy idle rove,
 Where reason says we must not love?

To other bosoms, tyrant, bear
 Thy deeply wounding dart,
 For what, alas! but sad despair,
 Can fill the trembling heart,
 When doom'd thy fatal power to prove,
 And reason says we must not love.

The notes were in perfect unison with their feelings, soft and tremulous; the words were expressive of their situation.

A deep sigh in defiance of her efforts to suppress it burst from the bosom of Adeline, as the last cadence died on the organ : it was a sigh full of agonized feeling ; it reached the ear of Horatio ; it sunk impressively on his soul ; his fingers became motionless on the key of the instrument ; the blood retreated from his heart ; his face assumed the ashy paleness of death ; his eyes closed, and overcome by the perturbation of his senses, he sank back without motion ; his head fell on the knees of Adeline, who loudly shrieked for help ; no one, however, came to her assistance ; at length recollecting their distance from the castle, she applied her smelling bottle to his nose, while her tears plentifully bedewed his face. After a few moments of insensibility, the color began to mantle on his pale cheek, his languid eyes unclosed ; he threw himself at her feet, and snatching her hand, with a frenzied look exclaimed :—

“ Why did you not let me die ? Too lovely woman, you have destroyed my

peace ! you have embittered my days ! you have devoted my youth to hopeless wishes, to unavailing regrets." " Alas !" said Adeline, " have I done this : wretch that I am ! but if peace is fled from your bosom, oh, Delamere, it inhabits not with the miserable Adeline ; if your youth is devoted to wretchedness, mine too is blighted, and only in the grave can I hope to regain happiness."

Surprise had impelled this incautious speech, and with recollection came the consciousness of impropriety : she started from her seat, her face dyed with a blush of the deepest crimson, and hastily quitting the place, when Delamere gently detaining her, begged her to listen to him one instant.

" I must not, dare not hear you," said the trembling Adeline ; " I have already too long, too fatally listened ; duty, virtue, every good, every honorable sentiment forbids me—Do not, I beseech you, do not detain me ; every moment that I remain is an offence to delicacy, and an

injury to Mr. Mortimer." "Forgive me, loveliest of women," replied Delamere, "and be persuaded that the suffering wretch before you would not for the wide world's wealth offend your purity, nor harbour a thought injurious to the honor of Henry Mortimer. Yet, sure it is not, cannot be criminal to love the fairest of her sex. Oh, frown not, Adeline, loveliest of women, while I confess that I adore you; but it is with an affection pure and holy as angels feel. Yes, I solemnly swear, thus tortured, thus hopeless as I am, I have not a wish injurious to Henry Mortimer; he is my honored, valued friend, worthy even of thee. No, Adeline, worshipped, adored Adeline, I do not ask you, do not wish you to return my passion."

Mrs. Mortimer sunk into a chair and wept bitterly.

"Oh! why," resumed he, "why did not destiny keep us for ever unknown to each other; why did we ever meet, since we have met only to be miserable!"

“ Oh ! why, indeed,” sighed Adeline. “ Forget me,” continued he, pressing her cold and trembling hand between both his, “ forget the earth contains so miserable a wretch as Horatio Delamere. I will quit this place immediately ; in absence I will expiate my unpremeditated, my involuntary guilt ; I will go abroad again : on foreign shores I will sigh the name of Adeline. I will pray for her felicity, though my own is lost for ever.” “ No,” replied Adeline, “ say not so, say not for ever. Time, absence will restore you to peace ; some other object of happier destiny shall obliterate me from your remembrance, shall receive your vows, shall constitute your happiness.” “ Never,” said he, emphatically ; “ my fate is now decided : once, Adeline, once before in the inexperienced effervescence of youth, I fancied that I loved : but oh ! how different were my feelings, how unlike my present passion ; thou art my fate ; thy image is interwoven with my existence, and the last convulsive throb

of my heart will be for Adeline; whether I freeze in arctic glooms, or scorch beneath the tropics, thy idea will fill my mind. Adeline, worshipped Adeline! I quit England for ever : it is a sacrifice, however painful, that honor demands. I owe it to myself, my friend, and you.” He prest his lips upon her hand, and rushed from the temple.

Mrs. Mortimer stood for some time without motion or recollection; the impassioned declaration of love that she had just heard from Delamere, the consciousness of her own unhappy passion, all operated so powerfully on her spirits, that she remained many minutes in a state of stupefaction. At length her situation burst upon her mind ; her temples throbbed with violence : as pressing her cold hand on her forehead, she exclaimed, “ Merciful Heaven ! to what have I been listening ? Am I a wife, a mother : oh ! recollection of anguish—my husband, my child ! am I fated to give sorrow to your hearts, to tinge your cheeks with

the burning blush of shame." Sinking on her knees, her hands clasped, and her fine eyes streaming with tears, raised to Heaven, she prayed in an agony of passion: "Spirits of my sainted parents, hover round me; tear this fatal infatuation from my bosom; fortify my weak, my erring heart, with that undeviating virtue that so conspicuously adorned your own pure lives; teach me the duty I owe my husband and my child." Becoming more composed she rose from her knees, dried her eyes, and seeing the nurse with the child at a short distance, she joined them: the little Owen clinging round her neck said he had made her a nosegay: "But all the nice flowers," continued he, "are withered; nurse says the roses are all dead, mother." Adeline blushed, as she remembered the white rose she had discovered in the hand of Horatio Delamere. Suppressing a sigh: "The roses," replied she, tenderly kissing Owen, "the roses, my cherub, will bloom again; summer will return, and

your favorite flowers will again flourish in fragrance and beauty." As she spoke, a tear to the remembrance of her peace for ever faded, for ever dead, started in her eye. Owen gambolled before her, as sad and musing she pursued her way to the castle, where perceiving Mr. Mortimer busily writing in the library, she consigned the child to the care of the nurse, and passed on to her dressing-room. Sir Griffith Tudor being seized with the gout had sent for Eliza home, a summons not altogether agreeable to her, who declared, that nothing could possibly be more downright spiteful than her father being seized with a fit of the gout just then; "For," continued she, "in a very few days I expect Captain Seymour, and there shall I be confined to Sir Griffith's apartment, employed in warming flannels, shaking up pillows, and trying to soothe his ill-temper, while it will require all the philosophy I can boast, and Heaven be praised for all its gifts, that is but little, to keep my

own from flaming out into rage and impatience, when I know the poor Archibald will be, blowing his fingers, and kicking his heels in the cold, and waiting with equal temper and patience to catch a sight of me; but bless me, now I think of it, if he should persuade me to be so undutiful as to run away, and I should be naughty enough to attend to his persuasions, why to be sure Sir Griffith is not in a condition to run after us. Well, well, I find I am much more clever than I suspected, and a moralizer too, for I find I can extract good out of evil." The gout had seized Sir Griffith in both his feet, the pain of which was not a little augmented by the irritating recollection that his daughter would in a very few days be twenty years of age, at which period she came into possession of a fortune, left to her by a deceased aunt, which would enable her to marry Captain Seymour, without the fear of embarrassing his circumstances; and this reflection it was that had induced him to

send for Eliza in such haste from Dolegelly Castle, as he conceived, that having her under his own eye, he should undoubtedly be able, though tied by the legs, to counteract any scheme she might form of eloping; and by marriage free herself from the restrictions of parental authority. In this mode of reasoning Sir Griffith evidently proved that he only argued as he wished: he deceived himself, for so much did all the servants at Tudor Hall love and respect Captain Seymour, that it was their unanimous opinion that he had been shamefully used, and scandalously ill-treated by Sir Griffith; and so much did they pity Miss Tudor, and admire the spirit she had shewn, that not one of them would have betrayed the lovers, had they been admitted to their confidence.

The Earl of Clavering, now tolerably recovered, prepared for quitting Glenwyn Priory, and returning to London; and so sincere a penitent was he become, and so different a turn had his hitherto

profligate mind taken, that he rather rejoiced at than lamented the accident that had so deformed his face, and made him a cripple. In the fearful and tremendous minutes when trembling on the verge of eternity he had become thoroughly sensible of the enormities of his former life, and with true humility, with unfeigned gratitude, returned Heaven thanks for having preserved his being, for having allowed him time to make by his future good actions some trifling atonement for his past misdeeds, for waste of years spent in levity, extravagance, and licentiousness. After having made every proper acknowledgment and apology to all by whom he had been obliged, or whom he had offended, he left North Wales, seriously admonishing the gay Sir Edward Percival to profit by his disaster, to be grateful to Providence for the fortune he had so unexpectedly attained, and by a far different course to that he had invariably pursued, evince that the understanding with which he was gift-

ed was not thrown away. Sir Edward yawned, shrugged his shoulders, and looking at his watch, said the enemy had gained an hour upon him, for 'pon his soul he did not think it was so late; he thanked his stars for the release from such tiresome prosing. As the earl, supported by the attentive and affectionate Edwin, ascended his carriage, and as it turned down the avenue of Glenwyn Priory, he surveyed his own figure; and obsequiously bowing before a mirror, laughingly said:—"To kind Madam Nature for all her gifts I am truly grateful, and am her obliged humble servant. Upon my soul, madam," turning to Mrs. Montgomery, "I have not the smallest doubt but my *ci-devant* friend, the Right Honorable Earl of Clavering, will very shortly turn methodist, - and appropriate a portion of his vast wealth to the pious purpose of building conventicles, in which he will sanctimoniously hold forth against the sinfulness of the times. Egad, when a man by accident or infir-

mity, is incapacitated for enjoying the pleasures of this life, why he may as well make a virtue of necessity and have the credit of reformation." Lady Percival said she was glad the old fright was gone ; for it was really disgusting to view his face all over with seams : and it quite tired her to see his limping about with his cork leg. " I am *perdigiously* amazed," said Mrs. Montgomery, " after all the trouble he has given us, Lucretia, that he had not the politeness to invite us to *Lunnon*, particularly as he knew how much you wish to spend the winter there, and that Sir Edward had let his own house." " His lordship, madam, perhaps thought as you are a stranger in England, you might be at a loss for a beau to escort you to public places."

" Why dear me," continued Mrs. Montgomery, " could not he have gone about with us himself?" " His lordship," replied Sir Edward, " would probably feel reluctant to appear in public

now his appearance is so considerably altered for the worse. Poor Clavering's person never boasted much to recommend it, but now, upon my soul, I don't understand how he survives under such misfortunes. Consider, madam, the rueful scarifications of his countenance, never very handsome, now hideous; why the poor devil looks as if he had been engaged in a war with the Saracens, not to say a word about his unhappy cork leg, which certainly adds nothing either to the dignity or elegance of his gait."

"Nonsense about his person, and his face, and his gait," replied Mrs. Montgomery, "all that signifies nothing at all, Sir Edward; pray is not he a lord? and the accident he has met with takes nothing at all from the dignity of his title; though your daughter thought proper to choose my son, who, to speak the truth of him, is a *perdigiously* fine handsome young man, and said to be very like me, yet I warrant there are plenty of young women without no *fortins* who would not

mind his Saracen's head nor his cork leg, so they might be made a countess." "Very possibly," said Sir Edward, carelessly. "All I have to say," continued Mrs. Montgomery, "is, that I think it was *perdigiously* uncivil, aye and ungrateful too in him, not to pay me and Lady Percival the compliment of asking us to go to *Lunnon* and spend a few months at his house, after putting us to so much trouble on his account, and making Glenwyn Priory just like an hospital for sick and wounded."

"He thought," said the nabob, who sat silent for a long time, "that you could not leave Wales now Hugh's wife is so near bringing an addition to the family; he thought you would be too much occupied in the pleasure of nursing your grandson, to think of the gaieties of London." "He was *perdigiously* mistaken then," said Mrs. Montgomery, bridling; "me nurse indeed! no, no, Hugh must get nurses for his children that have more experience than

I have ; besides, indeed, I think it amazingly odd to be made a grandmother at my age ; I declare it is a most *perditionally* wrong thing of Hugh to have made a grandmother of me already."

Sir Edward Percival picked his teeth, looked through his eye-glass, and seemed as if he had no sort of wish to attend to the conversation passing between the nabob and his lady ; but Mrs. Montgomery, displeased herself, determined that he should come in for his share of the vexation, maliciously asked him how he should like to be called grandpapa.

"The very idea," said Sir Edward, "is completely horrifying. Plague on it, this comes of boyish attachments—this is the consequence of marrying young ; however, madam, we have yet a chance," continued he, "the brat may die ; at all events I shall instruct Mrs. Hugh Montgomery never to let her children address me by any other title than that of Sir Edward Percival." "And what end will that answer," said

her ladyship, "for every body of course will know that they are your grandchildren; and for my own part, Sir Edward, I can't see why you should be averse to the venerable distinction of grandsire, when every living soul that takes the trouble to examine your face may see, without the help of glasses, that you are very far from a young man." "Not near so far from youth as your ladyship is from good manners," retorted he. "Lord, Lucretia," said her mother, "I am sure Sir Edward is a most *perdigiously* fine looking man for his time of life."

Sir Edward bit his lip.

"And if it was not for the crow's feet at the corner of his eyes——" "Crow's feet!" said Sir Edward. "Yes," continued Mrs. Montgomery, "the crow's feet, or in plain English, since you won't seem to understand, the wrinkles I mean, Sir Edward." "Wrinkles!" echoed he, in a tone of surprise and vexation; "wrinkles!—really you astonish me; I

did not know, madam—I never perceived I had wrinkles in my face.” “None so blind as them that don’t wish to see,” said Mrs. Montgomery. “O dear, madam,” replied Lady Percival, “he has to the full as much vanity as the youngest of his sex, and I dare say perceives no defects in his own charming person; but when it is remembered, Sir Edward Percival, that you are more than old enough to be my father, that furrows in your forehead, as well as those wrinkles my mother spoke of at the corner of your eyes, may very easily be accounted for. Time is too sincere a remembrancer to be studious of politeness, and generally scores age very accurately on the countenance.” “An attempt to blend the witty and severe,” said Sir Edward, trying to laugh, though far from pleased with the conversation, as he had always flattered himself with the belief that the youthfulness of his looks hid at least fifteen years of his real age; but Lady Percival, who was well ac-

quainted with his foible, chose to pursue the subject, by saying:—"Every body was astonished at me, with such a fortune marrying a man so many years older than myself, I that might have picked and chose where I pleased, and really I wonder myself how it come about."

The nabob detested disputes; he saw spite in his daughter's countenance, and a frown gathering on Sir Edward's, so leaving them to amuse themselves in their own way, he quitted the room, while Mrs. Montgomery, whose disappointment of a journey to London lay rankling at her heart, endeavored to blow the coals, by observing:—

"Why, dear me, Lady Percival, you married Sir Edward you know because you was in love with him." "Pardon me, madam," rejoined Sir Edward, "it was because she was smitten with my title, but having become familiar to her ear, it may probably have lost more than half its charms." "No, on my honor, you are mistaken there: I still doat on

the title," said her ladyship, "and if you had been as tender and affectionate after marriage as you promised, and as I expected, why possibly I might still have been in love with you, Sir Edward, notwithstanding the difference of age ; but I find courtship is honey, and matrimony vinegar and gall." "How often, Lady Percival, am I to remind you of the extreme vulgarity of matrimonial fondness," replied Sir Edward : "a poor miserable mechanic, who labors hard all day to maintain a wife and squalling brats, may return at night, and for want of more refined ideas, or the means of procuring higher gratification, indulge in the plebeian pleasure of caressing them, because fate has placed him in a sphere where other enjoyments are unattainable ; but a man of fashion, heaven and earth ! he is a creature of another nature, as distinct from this in his disposition and wishes, as he is in appearance ; he carefully avoids the disgrace of being said to love his wife." "And is at no pains

to conceal he has low intrigues elsewhere," said Lady Percival, taking him up abruptly; "witness your frequent visits to the woodman's daughter, at the end of Dwyunny's lane, Sir Edward." "Jealous! absolutely jealous, by all that is fascinating," replied Sir Edward, laughing. "Do not deceive yourself with that flattering idea, I beseech you," retorted her ladyship, "believe me I feel a fashionable indifference as well to your person as your amours; I only supposed that a man of your vaunted taste, who affects to be such a connoisseur in beauty, might have selected a more lovely object for his amusement." "What do you mean, Lucretia?" asked Mrs. Montgomery. "Only that Sir Edward's present charmer, madam, is a great fat blowzy red armed wench." "Variety," said Sir Edward, with provoking indifference, "variety is the charm of life; the girl you speak of is ripe, glowing, and luxuriant: you, child," looking at Lady Percival through his eye-glass, "you

are raw and bony, thin as a cane chair, consequently no banquet for a voluptuary; to be sure in a hot summer's day it would be highly advantageous to have you walk before one, for if a breath of air was stirring, your sharp edges would divide it, and one should have two gales instead of one." "Lord, Sir Edward," rejoined Mrs. Montgomery, "I never heard nobody so amazingly rude before; I am sure Lucretia is a *perdigiously* fashionable figure." "At Glenwyn Priory, madam," replied he, with a sarcastic smile, "perhaps she may." "Yes, or any where else, sir," said her ladyship, reddening with passion, "and in any other eyes than your's; and far superior to the dirty trollop you visit so frequently." "I am downright astonished," exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery, lifting up her hands and eyes. "Lord bless me, Sir Edward, this can never be true sure: is it possible that you can be so *perdigiously* wicked?" "It would be the height of unpoliteness to contradict

a lady," replied Sir Edward, bowing. "Yes, madam, he does visit the audacious slut," resumed Lady Percival; "he was seen go in there yesterday morning, though what attraction he can find in the great blowzy, heaven only knows." "It is that very plenitude, Lady Percival, against which you are exclaiming, that is the alluring charm, for, as a certain gay modern authors says, 'I doat on the flesh, though I never was partial to bones.'" "Well, for my part I never heard nothing to fellow this for ill-manners," observed Mrs. Montgomery; "and if all men of fashion are like you, Sir Edward, I must needs say they are *perdigiously* rude. Why one would have thought that you would have taken the trouble to deny the matter, but here are you as bold as Turpin, and so amazingly confident, that you acknowledge having an intrigue at once, just as if it was something to be proud of."

"Why so it is, madam," rejoined her ladyship: "a man according to Sir Ed-

ward's account can make no pretensions to high breeding, unless he sets decency at defiance, and is only accounted fashionable according to the magnitude of his vices, and the assurance with which he defends them." "Bravo!" said Sir Edward; "upon my soul that had point; you really have some talent for the satirical, but you are crowning me with a wreath that I have not deserved; I have merely said that the girl Lady Percival alludes to is plump, has the rosy glow of health, and is in many particulars a desirable object, but I did not confess that I either had, or intended, to make her other than I believe she is at present, honest, ignorant, and industrious."—Her ladyship smiled incredulously. "When your ladyship is better acquainted with my character," continued he, "you will know that I am too indolent to commence seducer. Oh, lord no," yawning, "one need not be at any kind of trouble in these affairs, when there are so many kind creatures who are willing to spare

one the fatigue of solicitation. At present, child," addressing his wife, "I have no *affaire de cœur*, I assure you on my word of honor, but have a care that you don't if you continue prying and jealous find out some real cause for complaint." "Complain," replied her ladyship scornfully, "no, sir, I have too much pride for that; the loss of your person would be a matter of perfect indifference, I assure you; but don't imagine I should be so destitute of spirit, as to sit down tamely and contentedly under injuries; no, no, revenge is sweet; retaliation, Sir Edward, retaliation, do you understand the value of that word?" "Dear me, Lucretia, child, don't talk in this odd fashion," said her mother; "only consider what a *perdigious* scandal and disgrace you would bring upon the family." "And what a large sum of money you would put into my pocket," rejoined Sir Edward gaily; "you would be too good, too kind, too generous, by such a conduct, for you would not only free me from the

burthen of a wife, but enable me to sue for such damages as would authorize me to keep a mistress in the first style of fashionable expence." Mrs. Montgomery hoped that he would never drive her dear Lucretia to take such a *perdigiously* wicked step. "What would Hugh say?" "Hugh say!" retorted her ladyship contemptuously: "what Hugh might please to say on such an occasion would weigh very little in the scale of my intentions." "But dear me, Lady Percival, what would all the world think and say?" asked her mother. "The world, madam," replied Sir Edward, "would think that her ladyship was not gifted with more virtue than many of the rest of her sex." "The world would very easily reconcile itself to so common an event, it would furnish a few impertinent paragraphs for the public prints, a few whispering conversations for the idlers and loungers of fashion, among whom those who call themselves my friends would affect concern for my dishonor; it

would afford scandalous debates for the tea tables of malicious disappointed old maids, and antiquated dowagers, who having had the supreme good fortune never to be found out, pass for chaste and virtuous, and in a short time the *faux pas* of Lady Percival would give way to something of a newer date.”

“ Well,” said Mrs. Montgomery, “ I never heard nobody settle things with so much ease in my life ; why you speak of such a terrible affair, Sir Edward, with as much carelessness as if it was a matter of no kind of consequence ; why should not you be amazingly hurt, *perdigiously* shocked if such a scandalous business was to happen ?”

“ I should most certainly do all in my power, madam, to bear my misfortune with christian patience,” replied he, “ and happily I should have many brothers in adversity to keep me in countenance : and now I recollect, I have a distant relation, a learned limb of the law, who has made himself very conspicuous in setting forth in a most pathetic

style the injuries of the forsaken husband in crim con cases, and no doubt on such an occasion he would exert all his oratorical powers to procure me thumping damages; and when I weighed my gain against my loss, I think my philosophy would not have much difficulty in resigning me to my disgrace." "What then," asked Lady Percival, "you would not fight a duel on the occasion?"

"A duel!" echoed Sir Edward, "no, upon my soul I would not; I have far too great a relish for life, to place it in any kind of hazard for the sake of a woman who could be capable of shewing so little respect for herself. It is not uncommon to hear of challenges being given and accepted in cases of dogs and mistresses, but never in any affairs relative to wives; oh, no, that would be antediluvian indeed; that would be a solecism that a man of fashion could never hope to have overlooked or be forgiven."

Such and similar scenes were every day acted between Sir Edward Percival

and his lady, who hoped by continual disputes and ill temper to oblige him to carry her to London; but here she was doomed to meet disappointment, for the prophecy of Gabriel Jenkins was rapidly fulfilling: from being wantonly improvident and extravagant, even to profuseness, Sir Edward was falling with miserly habits, growing penurious, and felt pleasure in hoarding money; and her ladyship had soon the added mortification of seeing her daily expences curtailed, of being called to strict account, as to the how, and in what, she continued to expend the small sums he at long intervals gave her with a niggardly hand. Quarrels and discontent filled Rhydderdwyn Mansion-house. Lady Percival with a high spirit, and in high tones, protested against her husband's meanness and barbarity, while he with inflexible indifference listened to her remonstrances; but so far from altering his plan of parsimony, seldom let a week pass without retrenching something at his own table, which he denomi-

nated either useless or superfluous, or curtailing the kitchen of some of its immunities. Lady Percival, in whose ears her mother often sounded, "Oh, that you had been so *perdigiously fortinit* as to listen to Hugh's advice, when he told you that to marry in haste was to repent at leisure," now secretly wished that she had been more attentive to her brother's admonition; for thwarted by Sir Edward in all her wishes, and opposed in all her opinions, besides being treated with the most fashionable negligence, she found that she had purchased her title at too high a rate, the expence of nearly one hundred thousand pounds and her happiness. As Lady Percival, she expected to have been uncontroled mistress of her own actions, and on the contrary she found herself infinitely more restricted than when Miss Montgomery: her temper, naturally imperious and spiteful, had lost nothing of its original violence from the weak indulgence of her mother, and the early knowledge that a

large fortune had been left her, of which she was to have the entire disposal at the early age of eighteen. The constitutional indolence of the nabob, averse to all kinds of exertion, except that of pushing the bottle about, had consigned his daughter entirely to the management of his wife, who, totally uneducated herself, and unfortunately rather weak in intellect, supposed that wealth was an equivalent for higher attainments, and while she saw her daughter flattered by mercenary dependants, and crouching menials, ignorantly believed that her darling Lucretia was a model of elegance and beauty. Having by sullenness, tears, or violence, invariably subjugated her mother's inclinations to her own, and equally ruled the domestics, her ladyship supposed that a husband was to be managed after the same methods; but here she was fated to meet a disappointment, mortifying as it was unexpected: not all her virulence could provoke Sir Edward from the calm easy indifference under

which he entrenched himself, never for a moment suffering passion to overcome his politeness, or shake his resolutions, which having once formed, the united remonstrances of mother and daughter had no power to alter in the slightest degree. Lady Percival beheld the serene happiness of her brother and his gentle amiable Rosa with the malignant and jaundiced eye of envy; her being likely also to give an heir to Sir Edward's title and estates not a little encreased her vexation and discontent, particularly as there appeared no likelihood of herself having a child, she having in a moment of anger separated herself from his bed, to which he had never invited her return, and to which her pride determined her never to discover an inclination. After every visit to Birch Park her ill temper and discontent augmented, till at last disputes ran so high between her ladyship and Sir Edward, and gained so irreconcilable a pitch, that she declared to her mother she could no longer endure the

ill usage of Sir Edward, who had curtailed her of numerous indulgences, all of which she detailed with exaggerations suitable to her purpose, and the weak understanding to which they were addressed ; and these charges against her husband concluded with his having meanly and tyrannically threatened to put down her carriage, as one would do very well for both. Her mother would have mediated between them, but this Lady Percival would neither hear of or allow, violently protesting that she would reside under the same roof with such a barbarian no longer. The nabob was roused into oratory on this momentous occasion, and made a long speech to prove the impropriety of a woman flying from a husband's protection, and quitting his house, to which it was entirely at his option whether she should ever return. With all the energy he could exert, he opposed the intention of his daughter separating from Sir Edward, a measure he considered disgraceful and impolitic: he would have

sent for his son, to endeavor at bringing about an accommodation between the contending parties, or if he failed in this, to prevail on Sir Edward Percival to make some settlement on his wife, of the folly of whose marriage without such a provision he was now thoroughly sensible, and most severely censured himself for not having, according to the advice of his son, resolutely opposed. Lady Percival obstinately refused the interposition of her brother, for judging by the malignancy of her own heart, she supposed he would rejoice at the accomplishment of his predictions ; and the tears and representations of Mrs. Montgomery, which he was too imbecile to resist, soon wrung from the nabob a reluctant consent to his daughter's returning to reside at Glenwyn Priory. Early the following morning Mrs. Montgomery entered the breakfast parlor at Rhydderdwyn Mansion-house, and without much ceremony informed her ladyship she was come to fetch her to that home where she had never

known contradiction or opposition to her wishes. Sir Edward smiled contemptuously, but continued sipping his coffee with his usual careless indifference, while Mrs. Montgomery, in no very gentle terms, upbraided him with his shocking ill-usage of her darling Lucretia, whose bed he had quitted, she supposed to share his own with some trumpery abandoned slut. Sir Edward laughed, but made no answer to this charge, false as it was indelicate; while Mrs. Montgomery continued to enumerate all his omissions and remissions, which she concluded with saying his barbarous treatment had ruined the health, and nearly broke the heart of her poor dear child. Sir Edward merely replied, "Women they say have tender hearts; he must strain hard that breaks them." "Aye," said Mrs. Montgomery, "that is what hump-backed Othello says in the play. Other folks have read a little too, and have perhaps to the full as good a memory as you have, Sir Edward, with all your sneers." "Oh! no

doubt, madam," said the baronet, pouring cream into his coffee.

"Yes sir," continued Mrs. Montgomery, anxious to shew her reading, "I recollect perfectly well that the crook-backed Black Prince Othello—" "Prince!" repeated Sir Edward, "I understood Othello was only a general." "Well, prince or general, that is of no consequence," said Mrs. Montgomery: "he sees the apparition of his father, and he smothers his mother in her bed with a pillow, and has his *fortin* told by witches, and tears out his nephew's eyes, and poisons his wife, and promises a Jew a pound of his own heart, and ravishes his sister-in-law, and——" "Mercy on us what a terrible Turk," said Sir Edward, leaning back in his chair convulsed with laughter; while Lady Percival, astonished at her mother's erudition, scalded her fingers while staring at her, and attempting to reach the sugar bason. "Aye, aye, you may laugh, Sir Edward," said she, with a triumphant toss of her head,

“but you see I have not read to no purpose, any more than yourself.” “No one can presume to disbelieve that, madam,” replied Sir Edward, “who has the honor to converse with you, and to hear your very accurate association of persons and incidents.” “Very well,” said Mrs. Montgomery, taking his speech for a compliment, “I am glad you will allow that however—but I must say, Sir Edward, with all your vast politeness, you have not discovered any very great *speciment* of good manners, to speak in such an indecent way about women, before me and your wife.” “I protest, madam,” rejoined Sir Edward. “Oh, pray don’t want to stop my mouth with a sugar plum, Sir Edward, for fine words won’t butter no parsnips; and I say again, it was not over polite in you to introduce stuff out of plays at such a time as this, when I come on purpose to say—” “Pray proceed, madam,” said Sir Edward, ringing the bell, and ordering the breakfast things to be removed, “but have the

goodness to be as expeditious as you possibly can, for I have an engagement at eleven o'clock," taking out his watch and placing it before him on the table—"the enemy warns me; it only wants twenty minutes." "Well, I never heard any thing so *perdigiously* rude since I was first created," said Mrs. Montgomery, "but you shall not stop my tongue I promise you; I will force you to hear that you ought to be ashamed of yourself after having such an immense *fortin* with your wife, to be so mean and grudging as to want to bring her to account for every guinea she lays out, and almost starving her, because poor dear she has a delicate appetite and can't eat the coarse dishes that are set before her." "I shall not attempt," replied the baronet, "to confute these absurd charges. Lady Percival is too extravagant to have the uncontroled possession of money; if I was as little provident as her, we might soon expect to be reduced to a state of absolute poverty." "I am de-

terminated to put up with no more of your prudent restrictions, however," said Lady Percival; "no more of your economical one dish dinners for me. I shall leave you munificent sovereign of this splendid mansion, where, if ever the voice of hospitality was heard, it is buried in the grave of your right noble and illustrious ancestors. I shall return with my mother to Glenwyn Priory, and I beg to know what allowance your generosity will allot me out of the wealth with which I purchased myself a mean avaricious tyrant." Sir Edward looked at his watch, while Mrs. Montgomery finding he made no reply to her daughter, repeated the question, "Aye, Sir Edward, what allowance do you mean to make my poor dear deluded Lucretia out of her own *fortin*?" "Not a shilling, madam," replied the baronet rising: "if Lady Percival chooses to expose her character to public animadversion by quitting her own house, and the protection of her husband, she must make up her

mind to consequent inconveniences; not a shilling I repeat will I allow; those who abet her in rebellion against her duty, who advise her to such indiscreet procedure, must maintain her in her contumacy and folly." "O! mighty well, sir; you carry things at present with a high hand," said Lady Percival, "but we shall see—" "Yes, Lucretia," rejoined Mrs. Montgomery, "I have seen many a tumble out of the saddle into the mud. Sir Edward talks *perdigiously* grand and large: but we shall try if the law won't learn him another guess sort of a lesson. I never knew nothing to fellow such amazing rude behavior in my life; refuse to maintain his own wife! I think nobody can say nothing in defence of such shabby mean ways: he polite indeed! a hog knows as much of manners; but I shall employ counsel on this business, I shall see—" "You will see, madam," replied Sir Edward, "that the law will not encourage the

subject against her liege lord; but my time is expired," putting up his watch. "I lament that an indispensable engagement prevents my attending any longer to your edifying and elegant conversation. Ladies, I leave my character behind me, and you are welcome to treat it in what way you think proper. I have the honor to wish you a good morning." He took up his hat, made them a graceful bow and left the room. Lady Percival declared that his apathy made her mad, and nothing provoked her half so much as not being able to put him in a passion. Mrs. Montgomery proposed calling at Birch Park, but to this her ladyship objected, declaring her spirits were too much exhausted, and her mind too much irritated, to listen with any degree of patience to Hugh's long speeches about thoughtlessness and impropriety; and then added she: "The sight of his wife, that poor milk and water thing with her encreased size, will only add to my pre-

sent vexation, to think that my money is gone to redeem and improve estates that her squalling brat will inherit."

The happiness of Hugh Montgomery, who resided at Birch Park in compliance of the wish of Gabriel Jenkins, had no other alloy than what the domestic broils of his sister occasioned. In the gentleness and affection of his amiable Rosa he found all the impassioned hopes of his heart realized: mild, tender, and delicate, she seemed to look up to him for that support which his manly appearance promised, and her feminine fragility demanded. Gabriel Jenkins declared that Rosa's marriage had made quite and clean a new man of him: that, gad he never was half so happy in his life as now he was superintending the workmen employed to erect a new wing to the house designed for a nursery; and he whistled Saxoni's hornpipe in a tone of higher glee as he gazed on his niece, now near the time of becoming a mother, and on that account the object of his

fondest solicitude. "Here," said he to the blushing Rosa, as he pointed out the convenience of the building, "here you and I will spend many hours in the day. Gad, I am one of the best nurses in all the world: but, Rosa, let me beg of you not to bring us a muling puling girl. What say you," slapping Hugh on the shoulder, "had not you rather have a sturdy boy?" Hugh Montgomery, kissing the cheek of Rosa, said it was equal to him which, so his beloved did well. "You are right," said Gabriel Jenkins, "since you must have what God pleases to send. Girls though are quite and clean troublesome bargains; but gad, if you have a boy, Rosa, why in two or three years I shall be able to teach him to play at marbles, spin a top, and trundle a hoop." "No doubt," said Miss Jenkins, "no doubt you would soon teach him to turn the house out of the windows, and make him as rude as a bear; now I hope for the sake of peace and quietness that Mrs. Montgomery may

have a girl, for I am sure if it should be a boy it will be totally spoilt.”—
 “And if it should be a girl,” replied her brother, “and Rosa is so silly as to let you interfere in its management—” “No, by my truly,” said Dame Wilkins, who happened to be present, “Miss Nanny must have nothing to do with it.” “And why, pray?” asked Miss Jenkins, in no very gentle tone. “Because,” replied the old woman, “old maids are too fretful and pceevish to be good nurses.”—
 Gabriel Jenkins laughed. Miss Jenkins muttered something about impertinence, and turned into the house.

“I wish,” said Rosa. “What, my love?” said Hugh Montgomery, anxiously. “Aye, Rosa, what do you wish?” said her uncle, “is it for any thing to eat or drink? Gad, only say the word, it shall be had if North Wales produces it.” “That the child,” answered Rosa, “may be a boy, because I fear my uncle would not be fond of a girl.” “No fear of that,” replied Gabriel Jenkins.

“Gad, I loved you, and nursed you long before you could speak: and the first time your little tongue lisped uncle, the sound made me feel quite and clean like a fool, because, Rosa, you had no mother, and as good as no father. Gad, my girl, do not put on that sorrowful look, for your child when it comes into the world will have father, mother, uncles, and aunts; and I promise you I shall love it, quite and clean as much as I do you, whether it is a boy or a girl.

CHAP. VIII.

What is this sentimental love,
This spell of the romantic mind,
Whose flimsy texture fancy wove
Too weak, th' impassioned heart to bind?
TAYLOR.

IN the undisturbed solitude of her dressing-room, Mrs. Mortimer remained a considerable time sunk in the very depth of woe. She had convulsively shuddered at what she thought criminal feelings; she had wept the frailty of her heart with bitter tears of shame and compunction. A reflective calm succeeded the tumultuous transports of grief, and her

mind, tortured and agitated almost beyond human sufferance, at last yielded itself to the dangerous and seductive sophistry of Platonic love. She caught with avidity at the palliating, though fallacious idea, that her passion for Horatio Delamere was distinct and independent of his person, a person adorned by the partial hand of nature, with every attractive grace, and had its origin and rapid progress in the virtues of his mind, a mind the rich repository of every elegant accomplishment, the sacred temple of every perfection.

“ Why then,” said Adeline, “ is my passion criminal, since to love virtue and Horatio Delamere is the same ?” Such were the ideas, such the arguments of Mrs. Mortimer, when she received a summons to attend her husband in the library. A sensation of terror, such as she had never before experienced, seized the frame of Adeline, as she rose to follow the servant ; a blush of the deepest dye suffused her cheek ; her pulses throb-

bed even to agony : as she descended the stairs, she dreaded lest Delamere, equally agitated by honor and passion, might in the delirium of the moment have betrayed to Mr. Mortimer a secret she wished to remain unknown to all the world, but most of all to her husband. Possessed with the fearful idea that some fatal disclosure had been made, she reached the library with unsteady steps and a palpitating heart. Mr. Mortimer was pacing the room with folded arms : his appearance was disordered, his face was flushed, and his manner agitated.

“ Adeline,” said he, as she entered, “ an event so unexpected—” he sunk on a chair, and unable to proceed, gave to the apprehensive imagination of his wife time to conjure up all the terrifying consequences that would attend the discovery of Delamere’s passion. Her mind full of the occurrences of the morning, she faintly exclaimed :—

“ Oh, God ! for what more of wretchedness am I reserved ?” Her exclamation

recalled her husband to recollection ; he flew to her, and tenderly folding his arms about her, entreated her to be composed, to forgive him the alarm he had occasioned her, an alarm which the excessive agitation of his own spirits had prevented his foreseeing and guarding against. Re-assured in some measure by the tenderness of her husband, Adeline ventured to ask what event he had alluded to, which had so powerfully affected him. “ Oh, never,” said Henry, “ never let man in the sunny zenith of prosperity proudly suppose himself beyond the power of misfortune ; never let him arrogantly boast he is a mark too exalted for misery to reach. Adeline, the mighty are fallen ; the haughty Lord Dungarvon waters the earth with tears, mourns in hopeless agonies the deaths of those he haughtily looked up to as the props of his illustrious house ; the transmitters of his title and his wealth to posterity. Two months ago the wife of Richard Mortimer expired in giving birth

to a dead child ; and to complete the catalogue of his woes, last week his idolized son Richard Mortimer, by a fall from his horse in the sight of his distracted parents, fractured his skull.— Lady Dungarvon fell into convulsions, out of which she never recovered, but with her son waits to be laid in the mausoleum of their ancestors. Oh, Adeline ! who shall say that the hard of heart are not punished in this life ; who shall say that pride meets not retributive mortification.” Adeline gasped for breath.

“ You then are now the indisputable heir to the proud dignities of Lord Dungarvon,” replied Henry Mortimer. “ My mother, my sainted mother, now let thy injured spirit be appeased, for thy dying prediction is fulfilled, the abandoned neglected son of the despised Louisa Beresford heaven has ordained the heir of Lord Dungarvon ; to him he looks up for consolation ; sues to him for pity and forgiveness ; humbled by repeated strokes of

chastising affliction, writes in terms of pathetic contrition to him he has scorned, and denied affinity with, to come and receive his sighs of penitence, to accept his blessing, and close his eyes. Oh, if I had ever wished revenge—but heaven can witness for me I never prayed even for vengeance for my mother's injuries. What must his haughty spirit have suffered before it could be brought to this humility!" "You go then to England?" said Adeline. "Immediately to London," replied Mr. Mortimer. "Lord Dungarvon, from the account of his messenger, is confined to the bed of sickness, perhaps death; in that letter," putting one into her hand, "you will see, my love, how earnestly he desires to see me; he says he cannot leave the world in peace, unless he hears my voice pronounce his pardon. Can I refuse the request of a dying man, and that man my grandfather? By the late melancholy events I am the heir to his title and estates; for your sake, for the sake of our darling boy, it is necessary I go."

“How wonderful,” said Adeline, “are the ways of heaven !”

“Wonderous indeed,” replied Henry. “How different is the style of this letter to the haughty contemptuous language I last heard from Lord Dungarvon.”

“Why do you weep, my love : if his lordship dies, and from his letter, to which his physician has affixed a few lines, there appears but small hopes of his recovery, my beloved Adeline will be enabled to move in that elevated rank which she is formed to dignify and adorn. Title and splendor will receive new brilliancy from her graces and beauty.”

“Let me go with you,” said Mrs. Mortimer.

“It is utterly impossible, my love : the speed with which I must travel would be too great a fatigue for you ; besides, the house of sickness, nay, perhaps at this moment of death, would only again serve to revive scenes of melancholy, which I would wish you to forget. My friend, Mr. Delamere, will be the pro-

tector of my beloved till my return, and I dare say Sir Griffith Tudor, when he is acquainted with the important circumstances that call me to England, will allow Eliza to remain with you. Let a messenger be dispatched to Tudor Hall immediately ; her vivacity will support your drooping spirits."

As he spoke, Horatio Delamere entered the library in a travelling dress. " Hey day," said Mr. Mortimer, " accoutred for a journey ! where, my dear fellow, are you posting ?" " Business of some importance," replied he, " recalls me to Italy ; I merely go to Narbetto Lodge, to apprise my parents of my intention, which is to leave England as expeditiously as possible."

" Some love affair, I suppose," said Mr. Mortimer ; " but I have no time to bring you to confession." The varying cheek of Adeline, from the deepest flush of crimson, to the ashy hue of death, evidently told the interest she felt, as he answered with a heavy sigh, " You have

guessed alas, too truly." Mrs. Mortimer turned to the window to hide her emotions, while her husband, who had not heard Mr. Delamere's reply, affecting a gaiety his heart did not acknowledge, said, "Come, come, no demurs against my sovereign will, pleasure, and command; order your horses immediately from the carriage; for the present you must remain a prisoner at Dolegelly Castle, impressed into the service of friendship." Horatio Delamere, supposing his friend had no particular motive for wishing his stay, would have excused himself, and persisted in setting off instantly, saying that he had hoped to have escaped the painful ceremony of taking leave, when Henry Mortimer, advancing to his wife, took her hand, and bade her tell Horatio that she could not spare him, that he must stay to play with Owen, and that the lovely signora must wait a longer period before she was blest with a sight of his divine person.

Adeline, confused and trembling, saw

the dark, penetrating eye of Horatio seek her's, as if to read her wishes : her's fell beneath the scrutinizing glance. " My Adeline," continued Mr. Mortimer, " is too much agitated to repeat my request, but I am convinced she desires your stay as much as I do. Here," added he, tossing the letter he had just received from Lord Dungarvon over to his friend, " read that, and you will perceive the necessity of my departing immediately for England ; and surely you will not think of leaving Mrs. Mortimer without a protector in my absence ; and with whom," affectionately pressing his hand, " with whom could I so securely confide this treasure of my soul as with thee, the approved of my reason, on whose honor and friendship I can confidently rely to cheer her spirits, and divert the melancholy hours till my return."

Adeline would have objected to Delamere's remaining ; she had a secret foreboding of evil, but she feared to oppose her husband's wish, without giving a

reason for her conduct; and to do that she found impossible. "Besides," resumed Henry, "Mrs. Mortimer will send for her friend Eliza Tudor; she like an enchantress will enliven the scene, and with the spell of sprightliness charm you to forget the languishing beauties of Italy." "Dispose of me, dear Henry, as you please," replied Delamere: "if my remaining will in the least contribute to your content, or Mrs. Mortimer's security, I resign my own intention with pleasure."

Mr. Mortimer warmly thanked him, while Horatio added, "Rely on my friendship and attention to Mrs. Mortimer." "I thank you from my soul," said Henry Mortimer: "I know your honor, and in confiding my Adeline to your care, I depart with a mind lightened of half its sorrow."

His chaise was now at the door; he shook Delamere's hand, kissed his little Owen again and again, and folded the weeping Adeline with passionate fondness

to his heart ; bade her be careful of her health, tenderly chid her tears, while the big drops started in his own eyes : ashamed of his weakness, he tried to smile, to speak cheerily. " Farewel, my love," said he, " expect to hear from me the moment I arrive in London ; remember I exist but for you and our little darling." Again he kissed the tears from her cheek, again he pressed her to his heart, while Delamere stood a statue of woe, almost unconscious of the passing scene, till roused to recollection by Henry's repeated charges to keep up the spirits of his wife.

" Horatio, my friend, comfort this worshipped of my soul," said he. " Adeline, if you love me, be careful of yourself." He sprang into the chaise, which in a few moments whirled him out of sight. The moist eyes of Mrs. Mortimer followed the chaise, till the intervening woods shut it from her sight. Turning from the window, she beheld Delamere with a countenance pale as monumental marble,

but her head and heart were too full of recent events to enter into conversation on any subject ; and dreading a repetition of the temple scene, she hastily left the library, faltering out as she passed him, " We shall meet at dinner."

She flew to indulge alone and unobserved the mournful luxury of shedding tears, a luxury unknown to beings who have never felt the misery of disappointed passion, that have agonized with hopeless love. Delamere stood the personification of despair ; his looks were wild, and his thoughts delirious : it was some time before reason pointed out the propriety of ordering his horses again to the stable.

Mrs. Mortimer's delicacy soon suggested to her the awkwardness, as well as danger of being without a female companion, she therefore exerted herself to write to Eliza Tudor, to whom she gave a circumstantial account of the important change likely to take place in Mr. Mortimer's affairs, and entreated her immediate company at Dolegelly Castle, where

her lonely situation demanded the society and consolations of friendship. Having sealed her letter, she instantly dispatched a messenger to Tudor Hall, and then hastened to make some trifling reform in her dress ; while occupied at her toilet, the dinner bell rung, and again put her weakened spirits into flurries, again caused her blood to rush with painful rapidity through its channels, for at table she must meet, and alone, Horatio Delamere, the adored, yet dreaded Horatio Delamere ; the Platonic system, according to the calm, temperate wishes of which, a few hours before she thought she had regulated her passion, of the innocence of which she had endeavoured to convince herself, seemed at that moment to dissolve before the fascination of his form, the seductive enchantments of his conversation ; and the second bell hurried her to the dining parlor, in a state of agitation equal to his, who languished for, yet also feared her presence, who trembled lest her transcendent beauty,

the soft tones of her mellifluous voice, should seduce his mind from honor, should render him a traitor to his friend.

Their conversation turned on the absence of Mr. Mortimer, and the haughty inflexible character of Lord Dungarvon, now so humbled ; and the little chance of his surviving, to prove how worthy of his fondest love, how calculated to add lustre to his honor, and dignity to his rank, that grandson was, whom he had so unfeelingly neglected, and only noticed now, when heaven to punish his arrogance and hardness of heart had deprived him of those whom he, with overweening pride, had believed were to inherit his title and his wealth.

“ Heaven,” said Horatio, “ suffers man, inflated with his own ideal consequence, to exercise for a time his fancied superiority over those beneath him, ‘ a little rule, a little sway ;’ to form schemes of proud futurity, never to be accomplished, for at these eternal justice mocks, and in the triumphant hour of security

arrogates to itself the power of terrible retribution, of crumbling to dust the lofty fabrics of ambition, and proving on the heart of him, who never felt for other's woe, that he alike is vulnerable to adversity with the meanest of his fellows. Of this the haughty Lord Dunganvon is a living proof: how inhuman, how relentless was his conduct to the parents of my friend, how despicable his behavior to Henry himself; but he is now so humbled, that humanity forgives his vices, while it weeps their punishment."

The return of the servant from Tudor Hall interrupted the conversation; he brought a reply from Lady Tudor, congratulatory on Mr. Mortimer's prospects, and promising that Eliza should be at Dolegelly Castle on the following morning, being then absent with her father on an airing, he being something better. The evening set in dark and tempestuous. Confined to the house, Adeline attempted to divert her thoughts by joining in the

little sports of Owen, who often encreased her confusion by addressing Mr. De-lamere with the tender appellation of father. Often too her thoughts reverted to her husband; she considered the brilliant change likely to take place, and sickened at the sad conviction of the inability of grandeur to insure or purchase happiness. The hours wore away in reserve and melancholy on both sides, for it was equally as impracticable for Horatio to be entertaining, as it was impossible for Adeline to be entertained: on other evenings when they separated Horatio had been accustomed to kiss Mrs. Mortimer's hand, but she departed without extending it, with only a cold formal good night. Horatio retired immediately to his chamber, murmuring at being denied the pleasure of touching her hand.

“She hates me,” said he, as his head leaned against the wall, “she fears the touch of my lips will contaminate her.”

He listened till the profound stillness

told him the domestics were safe in their apartments; he then stole down a back staircase, and gaining the lawn, stood for sometime with his eyes intent on Mrs. Mortimer's window: the light still burned in her apartment. The curtains were of thin muslin; but though closely drawn, he could plainly discern the shadow of some person pass and re-pass, as if walking with a quick step.

“Adeline,” whispered he; “Adeline sleeps not; she wakes to think of her happy husband, to pray for his safety, to regret his absence. Wretch that I am! and dare I repine at this? dare I envy him the possession of her heart—a treasure only he is worthy of?”

Again he stood buried in reflection. The rain fell in heavy sheets, and a sudden gust of wind carried his hat to a distance beyond his ability or will to regain it: unheeding of this circumstance, he continued to watch the passing shadow of Adeline, till he saw her white hand unclothe the curtain; in the next instant

she threw up the window, and looking out, said:—

“What a dreary night!—heaven preserve my husband!”

The wind rushing through the open window, extinguished her taper, and Adeline, as she looked through the thick gloom, which almost precluded view of exterior objects, fancied she saw the figure of a man; starting with alarm, she suddenly closed the window and retired to bed—not to sleep, but to revolve the strange circumstance of a man under her window, and in such a night. Strange to her no doubt it was, but not to Delamere, who, ‘used to bide the pelting of the pityless storm,’ night after night wandered beneath her window, when every eye except his own was visited by the sweet pressure of repose; and every heart except his found in refreshing sleep an oblivion of care. Fearful that he had been seen, and that Adeline, mistaking him for a robber, might alarm the servants, he flew to the shelter of the

woods, that now, nearly stripped of their leaves, groaned as the boisterous wind rudely rushed amid their quivering branches; as the rain poured on his uncovered head, he found that when the mind's free the body's delicate.

“ Oh ! ” exclaimed Horatio, “ the tempest in my mind doth' from my senses take all feeling else save what beats there. Pour on, I will endure.”

Horatio listened to the hoarse blast as it rushed impetuously along, till his heated imagination was wrought to believe, ‘ thick thronging fancies,’ that he heard in the rustling of the agitated branches, prophetic whispers of his own approaching dissolution.

“ For what,” said he, stretching himself along the wet earth, his head resting on the fantastic root of an old withered elm; “ what have I to do with life, denied its joys, cut off from its enjoyments?—All evil constellations joined their malignant influences at my birth—I was from the first decreed for misery.

Love, the origin of blessings, the rich source of joy to other bosoms, only inflames mine to curse me. Celestina, thou didst pray that at the still midnight hour our tears might fall together; perhaps at this moment thy eyes——. Oh! not for me, I trust thou dost not weep for me; thy image, once thought peerless, fades before a brighter form. Oh! may thy prayers ascend to heaven, unsullied with a thought of me. Another, Celestina, sways the heart no longer thine; may peace with angel wings shadow thy bosom, and obliterate every trace of him who prays to be forgotten. Henry Mortimer, avenge my treachery; I, the approved of thy reason, the distinguished companion of thy youth, I adore thy wife. Honor, friendship; futile are your admonitions, unavailing your opposition against the gigantic power of love—that way madness lies. Oh! that the rain which pours upon my head could quench the fever of my brain. Oh! that the winds that chill my shuddering frame,

could sweep away upon their stormy wings remembrance of my tortures, destroy the fatal record that I am doomed never to love but where irrevocable vows have bound the object of my wishes to another.”

This was the first night since her marriage that Mrs. Mortimer had passed alone—it was a night of horror. In vain she endeavored to banish the idea of Delamere: if for a moment her wearied senses sank into slumber, fancy immediately united her to him; but as her arms expanded to embrace him, she would find she enfolded the pale lifeless corse of Henry Mortimer. From these dreams of terror she would start in agony, and, afraid to close her eyes, exclaim:—

“ Oh, heaven! can I not tear from my bosom this guilty, this disgraceful passion? Henry, dear injured Henry, thou art the best of men, and I the most criminal, the most ungrateful of women: this fatal flame preys upon my health;

I feel I am going to the grave: forget me, Henry, forget the wretched Adeline; seek some other worthier object, who, feeling for thee a reciprocal tenderness, may reward thy truth and goodness."

In such exclamations the long hours of night rolled cheerlessly away. With the first dawn of light Adeline arose, and throwing on a loose wrapper, descended to the library, to seek that volume from which on the day of her marriage she had selected a passage from whence she had then drawn comfort, but alas! now appeared to have been written as the particular description of her feelings. With trembling fingers she turned over the leaves till she came to the page herself had folded down:—When imperious love takes possession of the heart, all its gaiety departs, to nights of calm repose, and dreams of happiness, succeed visions of terror and despair: the bosom, once the mansion of peace and tranquillity, is tortured with an agonizing train of doubts, fears, and jealousies: restless and

dissatisfied, the mind busies itself with hopes that can never be realized, or in conjuring up misfortunes it may never encounter. Time ever passes too swift or too slow, the meridian sun is dark and gloomy as the noon of night in the absence of the adored one. “ Too fatally,” said Adeline, as the book fell from her nerveless fingers, “ too fatally do I experience the truth of what I once thought chimerical, of what I once considered the effervescence of a wild imagination.” At that moment footsteps in the hall disturbed her ; she caught up the volume, and hastened again to her chamber, but too much disturbed to read ; her eye only rested on the title page. All that her understanding could take in, was, “ Fatal obedience,” “ Fatal indeed,” sighed Adeline, as her cold hands, pressed on her bosom, seemed to wish to suppress its tumultuous throbbings. “ Gracious Heaven ! thou who in the fibres of our hearts amongst its nicest chords hast wove these passions, teach us, in mercy teach us to

subdue them." Lonely, weeping, and dejected, Mrs. Mortimer passed the hours till breakfast in her dressing room, and when she descended to the parlor, she found Mr. Delamere already there, his fine eyes sunk and heavy, and his whole appearance denoting that he had passed the night in a state of inquietude equal to her own. The first salutations were scarcely over, before a messenger arrived from Tudor Hall, with the intelligence that Miss Tudor had the preceding night eloped with Captain Seymour, and that the family were all in the utmost confusion; that Sir Griffith in spite of the gout was gone in pursuit of his daughter, swearing that if she did marry Captain Seymour that he would never forgive her, and that Lady Tudor, after being for a long time in fits, was at last gone to bed, so ill that a physician was sent for from Carnarvon, and that Tudor Hall was the seat of uproar and disturbance.

"Fortunate Eliza," said Mrs. Mortimer, as the servant left the room, "thou

wilt now be united to the man of thy choice, and the exertion of that very spirit which I have so often condemned, will be the means of securing thy future happiness. Captain Seymour was once received and favored by the family as Miss Tudor's lover, but some difference of opinion arising between him and the baronet respecting his continuing in the army, a measure Eliza warmly approved, Sir Griffith, in a paroxysm of rage, not only forbade him his house, but also forbade him to think of his daughter, who he swore should never be the wife of a soldier. In vain have the friends on both sides endeavored to effect a reconciliation: Sir Griffith has remained inflexible. I knew Eliza expected Captain Seymour, but she concealed from me her intended elopement; and since she has taken this step, I trust they will outstrip Sir Griffith, whose rage, should they be overtaken, will I know be ungovernable."

"May they be happy!" said Delamere in a tone of fervor.—"Amen!" re-

sponded Adeline. Again they were silent, and Adeline was seeking a pretence to quit the room, when Horatio, after a pause of some moments, in which he appeared to labor for utterance, broke the silence by saying, "I have been thinking that matrimony must be a state of most exquisite felicity where the parties whose fates are linked together love each other, but when there is no union of soul it must be misery in the extreme." "Misery indeed!" echoed Adeline, not considering what she said. The eyes of Horatio Delamere were in a moment fixed on her face, the variations of which explained too evidently that her unguarded exclamation was the true expression of tortured feelings. "Oh God!" continued Delamere, "what state can equal their's whom happy destiny unites in the soft bond of reciprocal love. In a lone cottage on a bleak mountain's side a more than paradise would be their's: obliged even to labor for subsistence, the homely board would be decked with epicurean luxuries, for love

would preside at it : the clear beverage drawn from the running stream would be delicious as the nectarean bowl, for love would sweeten it : the hours allotted to rest how delicious, for the frame fatigued with toil would be entwined in the embrace of affection, and the wearied would repose on the bosom of love.”

“ Oh ! had heaven been pleased so to dispose of me,” thought Adeline, as the picture he had drawn swam in her imagination, as her own marriage, to which she had felt even more than indifference, pressed upon her mind. “ My father, my sainted father, how little when you urged me to marry Henry Mortimer, how little did you foresee that the calm mind of Adeline was to undergo all those tortures you ridiculed as the poet’s idle dream ! Oh ! why did your persuasive arguments enforce my obedience—my fatal obedience ?”

“ To beings thus happy,” continued Delamere, “ thus living amidst the grand sublimity of nature, how insignificant

must appear the pomp of wealth : while possessing in each other invaluable treasures, they feel their utmost wish accomplished, and thank their great Creator that gave them the riches of love." As he spoke an hysterical sob burst from Mrs. Mortimer. She was standing near a window, in which her tremulous fingers were endeavoring to arrange some exotics. Delamere approached her ; he would have spoke, but Adeline was not in a situation to hear ; she had fainted, and would have fell to the ground but for the supporting arms of Delamere, which extended themselves to receive her. The character of death was on her countenance, and her ivory neck hung over his arm as he bore her to the sofa. For a moment he stood in indescribable terror, irresolute how to proceed for her recovery ; he dreaded to summon assistance lest any unguarded expression should expose them to the animadversions of the servants. At length his eye fell on the water that had been brought for the plants : he hastened to

sprinkle her temples and her hand : she slowly unclosed her eyes while kneeling before her ; he was in the act of pressing his lips to her cold hand. “ Forbear,” said Adeline, the warm blood glowing in carnation tints upon her neck and face, “ forbear ! In pity spare me, Delamere ; take not advantage of the wretch you have subdued. Strengthen with manly virtue the weakness of my mind—assist me to extirpate the guilty passion you have inspired.” “ Never,” replied Horatio. “ I call heaven to attest that I receive this confession of your love with rapture—it is my pride, my glory, the only solace this agonized heart can know. Here, Adeline, you reign.”

The face of Adeline sank on the sofa. “ Adored of my soul, why those blushes, this alarm ? On my knees I solemnly swear I will never breathe a wish offensive to virtue—from you I will never solicit an indulgence incompatible with my friendship for Henry Mortimer. Yes, Adeline, I will love thee with a passion

chaste and holy—I will ever respect your vows, made to the best the worthiest of men. He shall have your duty, but I,” his eyes lift up with tenderest expression, “I will have your heart.”

What mind of sensibility has not at some period listened to the sophistry of love?—what heart has not on some occasion or other deluded itself into a belief that what it wished was true? Delamere argued with persuasive eloquence, that a Platonic passion was not criminal; that as long as they respected chastity their love was innocent. Alas! poor Adeline, she listened and believed. It was now that softened by his passionate expressions, that lulled into confidence by his promises, Adeline told every circumstance relative to her marriage, confessed that she had given her hand to Henry Mortimer in compliance with the wishes of her father, lamented her inability to love him, upbraided herself with repaying his fervid affection with cold esteem, and at length, won by tender entreaty, acknow-

ledged that her heart had never felt a preference for man till he inspired it.-- This explanation having taken place, they were both calmer, their hearts were more at ease, and as they resolved never to carry the passion to criminal lengths, they perceived not the dangerous consequences of indulging it.

In a few days an express arrived from Henry Mortimer, now Lord Dungarvon, bringing intelligence of his own health and the death of his grandfather, who had expired in his arms a few hours after his arrival in London. His letter to Adeline spoke the tenderest impatience to be with her and his boy, his extreme regret at being obliged to attend the funerals of his relations to the family vault at Mortimer Abbey, and afterwards to wait the arrangement of his affairs, he having succeeded to the wealth of Richard Mortimer as well as to the title and estates of Lord Dungarvon, The express also brought letters for Horatio Delamere full of affectionate charges and affecting

requests to be informed how Adeline bore his absence, whether he succeeded in making her cheerful ; of expressions of unabating regard for himself, and reliance on his honorable friendship. The heart of Horatio smote him as he read, but he stifled the upbraiding monitor by saying, " We have outraged no law, human or divine ; we injure no one ; we commit no sin in loving each other, for we ask no higher indulgence than that of expressing our adoration, of deploring together that unhappy destiny that denies a union of persons where the souls are indissolubly cemented."

The express, among many elegant presents, brought books : with these came the Sorrows of Werter, a novel, which however elegantly written, ought not to escape the censure of the moralist. The title struck Adeline ; her mind sought to lose its own sorrows in attending to fictitious ones, and placing it in the hands of Delamere, she requested him to read it. He complied ; but the story was too si-

milar to their own situations not to excite sensations of the most painful nature.— Adeline wept for, and trembled with the anguish of Charlotte, like herself united to an amiable deserving man, yet not the choice of her affections. Delamere's bosom throbbed with the pangs of Werter; like him, he felt the agonies of a passion never to be rewarded. His mind, too sensitive, too highly wrought, entered into all the anguish of the hero of the tale, till his inflamed imagination, no longer amenable to reason, burst into wild and passionate complaints. He dashed the book to the floor, and traversing the room with frantic gestures exclaimed:—"Of what value is life to me?—the desolating hand of despair crushes my youth, while fevers fierce and excruciating drink the current of my blood. Adeline, worshipped of my soul, think of the tortures I endure. To view those lovely eyes, where every luxuriant pleasure beams, yet know their voluptuous rays must never bend on me; to see that form, where beauty

and symmetry fashion every limb, devoted to the embraces of another—”

“Is it thus, Delamere,” replied Adeline, terrified at his demeanor, “is it thus you observe your solemn promise? Sure you are mad.” “Mad!” echoed he; “oh! would to God I were mad! I should then forget my miseries; but reason lives with me to torture, to make me sensible that to the last moment of my existence I shall bear the burning arrow in my heart, that honor, friendship, philosophy fail to extract.” Adeline took up the letter of her husband that lay beside her; she would have persuaded Delamere to read it, but with a frenzied look he said: “Tell me not of the virtues of Henry Mortimer; calm and temperate by nature, he cannot love as I do: he feels not the harrowing sensation, the delirious torture of hopeless, incurable passion: his soul cannot worship you as mine does; to him, as to me, in the deep gloom of midnight your image cannot be present; your voice sounds not on his

ear, vibrates not on his heart : he wakes not from dreams of bliss to agonize with disappointment. No, no, he wakes from visions of delight, to an ecstatic certainty—to clasp a heaven of bliss, while I, condemned to misery, wander through the dark woods, groan to the sighing winds, which as they sweep across my fevered breast, in hollow gusts murmur, ‘Lost, wretched, hopeless Delamere.’

“Heaven,” said Adeline, weeping bitterly, “heaven ordains we should be miserable ; our part is resignation.” “And will you, Adeline, pretend you love me, yet calmly talk of resignation. Heaven, my adored, rejoices not at our tortures, it formed us for each other ; the union of our hearts, the similarity of our tastes, all proclaim it.” “Oh, Adeline,” continued he, advancing to the sofa on which she sat, every feature in his fine face animated with passionate fondness, “this snowy hand was formed for me ; those balmy lips, whose touch is bliss unutterable, for me to press.” Adeline sunk on his

shoulder ; their hearts distinctly throbbed against each other ; reason and virtue fled, duty was forgot, and loved triumphed. Adeline first recovered from the delirium of guilty pleasure, and starting from the arms of Delamere, that fondly circled her, her bosom heaving, her face the semblance of despair, in a voice of tremulous agony exclaimed, " What have I done ? where shall I fly to hide my shame ! Oh, that the earth would gape and swallow me." Opposite to her hung the portraits of her parents and her husband : her eye as it rolled in frenzy round the room fixed on them. " See," she cried, " see how they frown upon me ; save me, Horatio, save me from the just fury of a dishonored parent and an injured husband." " Father of mercies," said Delamere, who had stood immovable gazing on her, " forgive me for this deed, Adeline ; lovely adored Adeline, I have undone thy peace. Oh ! Mortimer, my honored, injured friend, what compensation shall be made to thee ?

Villain that I am! he, generous and confiding, reposed with me in fond security the treasure of his soul, and I have basely plundered the rich casket of his joys; have treacherously left him destitute of all, save shame and sorrow.” “Will he not kill me?” said Adeline: “alas! he need not; soon, very soon, shall this guilty head be bowed to dust. Fly, Delamere, fly this fatal spot, the tomb of peace and virtue.” “We will fly together,” said Delamere; “I will hush thy griefs with tenderest assiduity; every moment of my life shall be devoted to thee; in my fond impassioned bosom thou shalt forget the name of Mortimer.” “My child!” said Adeline, shuddering, “my angel little one, shall I abandon him! Oh! never, never. He shall go with us, and he shall be mine, the inheritor of my fortune.” “Is he not a part of thee, my Adeline?” said Horatio.—“Yes, but shall not inherit his mother’s infamy,” rejoined she. “Is he not Mortimer’s heir? Inhuman as thou

art, hast thou not fascinated me, lured me from innocence, seduced me from my duty, robbed the confiding Henry of his idol, and wouldst thou deprive him of his next dear treasure, of his child ?” “Be calm, my Adeline,” replied Delamere, “believe this event as deeply wounds my heart as thine ; I would give worlds did I posses them, to live again the last hour ; but since it cannot be recalled, let us concert some plan for future happiness.” Adeline cast on him a look of such despondency, as for a moment took from him the power of utterance. “Thou now art mine ; this deed of our’s separates thee eternally from Mortimer. Let us leave this place immediately ; let us fly to Italy.” “Am I so sunk in your esteem already,” said Adeline, indignantly, “that you can suppose I would consent to such a plan of shame and infamy ? No, Delamere, I confess I love you ; fatal has been the proof ; you are dearer to this bursting heart than is the light of heaven ; but yet I will not fly with you ;

I will not bring a public disgrace on him I have already injured beyond the power of reparation. No, thus degraded, thus fallen from virtue as I am, I will still prove my soul reveres, though I have sullied its brightness ; I will confess my guilt to Henry Mortimer, implore his pity and forgiveness, then haste to some obscure retreat, and hide my opprobrious head for ever." " Then here I swear," said Delamere, violently dashing his body on the floor, " here I swear to end my days ; I will on this spot wait the return of Mortimer. Adeline, cruel Adeline, I will not, cannot live without you : I will provoke his rage : you shall see the blood that feeds the heart, which doats upon you, shed in your presence. Yes, Adeline, my life shall expiate the injury I have done to Mortimer." " Forbear, rash man," replied she : " Oh, that my ear had never drank the magic of that voice, that I had never seen those wizard smiles, I had then been innocent and happy ; but let me

fly thee, fly for ever thy persuasions. Under this roof was I born: here in an ill-fated hour I became the wife of Henry Mortimer, and here," continued she, "here will I die. Oh, my distracted brain! it seems on fire. Delamere, adored of my soul, dear unhappy Delamere, we meet no more." As she spoke, she rushed with frantic speed from the room. Horatio Delamere lay a length of time stretched on the floor without reflection; the violence of his feelings had exhausted him, and when memory began again to exercise its functions, the whole seemed like a disjointed dream. But the darkness of the room, and his finding himself on the ground, soon brought him to a sense of his misery; he rang the bell; of the servant who entered he inquired for Mrs. Mortimer, and was answered that she was retired to bed, very unwell. "Ill," said Delamere, "did I understand you? ill!—Fly for a physician, lose not a moment."—"My mistress has forbade our calling in assistance; she

says, sir, that she merely wants repose.” With this answer, having brought lights, the servant left the room. “What a night of horror is this!” said Horatio, as he listened to the loud wind that shook the windows; “every thing that stirs alarms me, and seems the presage of some impending evil. Even my own shadow startles me. Oh! Henry, Henry, how have I abused thy confidence! thy soul was bound in Adeline, yet you must meet no more; *I*, the destroying fiend, the murderer of happiness, decree your eternal separation. Angels of peace hover round her, calm her dear bosom; sleep fall gently on her beauteous eyelids, and steep them in your sweetest slumbers. Oh, abandoned wretch!” cried he, striking his forehead with his clenched hand, “thou hast frightened peace from this once happy mansion; thou hast violated the sacred rights of a husband, poisoned the cup of thy most dear friend; but, Adeline, more than ever loved, we must begone. I will write to her.” Seat-

ing himself at the table, he took up a pen. "In vain, Adeline, you tell me to forget you, and to fly—my fate, my soul are your's; I cannot, will not separate myself from you, consent to fly with me. I know thy exalted mind too well to suppose you will ever again consider yourself the wife of Henry Mortimer; let us then forget and despise the world, and blest in each other, haste to some clime where this unhappy deed of our's may remain unknown. Come, as you are mistress of my destiny, be my wife, by the holy thrice blessed rite of divine affection. Love shall strew his own roses on our couch, and every new day shall wake us to new joys. Consent to this plan, my Adeline, and we may yet be happy." A burning tear fell on the last word and blotted it, as if to tell him that guilt and happiness were incompatible, never to be associated. Horatio felt the conviction, but to soothe the agonies of Mrs. Mortimer was his chief aim; he therefore sealed his billet, and retired to his cham-

ber; he threw himself on the bed, but his brain on fire, his senses whirling with the past event, sleep was chased from his pillow; while his passion for Adeline acquiring every moment new force, mingling with the sense of injury heaped on his friend, gave to the darkness of a tempestuous night more than natural gloom, and the long dreary, heavy hours, passed in misery inconceivable, except to those who have writhed with the accumulated tortures of love, horror, and remorse. At early morning, Horatio Delamere left his bed, his heart all anguish, and his body in a fever; and gladly would he have exchanged conditions with the meanest laborer that he saw in the adjoining grounds. All the agonies of hopeless passion appeared now blissful ease, compared with the scorpion stings of guilt, that darting through his heart and brain, sounded in his ears *thou art a villain*. A thousand times was he on the point of ending his miseries with his own desperate hand, but the pale weeping

form of Adeline intervened, and saved him from the additional crime of self-murder. At an early hour he got the letter he had written over night conveyed to Mrs. Mortimer, and waited gasping on the rack of breathless expectation and suspense, fearing she would refuse to comply with his wishes. After a tedious interval, he received this reply.

“ I conjure you by the love you profess for me, leave Dolegelly Castle immediately, unless you wish to hear that with a desperate hand I have put a period to those miseries which are almost too great for human constancy to support. Go, I beseech you, leave this place, no longer proper for you to inhabit. When I have reasoned my distracted senses to a calm, you shall hear again from Adeline.”

The grief of Delamere on reading this was frenzy. Again he wrote: again with all the vehemence of sorrow, with all the energetic eloquence of love, entreated for an interview; said all that passion

and desperation could suggest to persuade her to fly her paternal home, to become the partner of his future fate: but vainly he entreated. Mrs. Mortimer peremptorily refused to admit him to her presence, or to accompany his flight; but again fervently and pathetically repeated her request that he would immediately quit Dolegelly Castle. As Delamere found the utter impossibility of bringing her to acquiesce with his desires, and saw how earnestly she requested his absence, he took an affecting and tender leave of Owen, who fondly and innocently twined his little arms round his neck, and said he would go with him, told the servants that particular business obliged him to follow their master to London, and with a bursting heart left the house, having secretly deputed John Wilkins to procure him lodgings in the neighborhood. Mrs. Mortimer had now confined herself to her chamber near a fortnight; she scarcely ate any thing; she spoke to no one but her

own maid ; and her child became so pale and emaciated, that she looked only the beautiful spectre of her former self: yet her mind felt more at ease when she found that Delamere was actually gone. The idea of her husband's return, which she every day expected, had terrified her beyond measure; for she was well acquainted with his nice sense of honor, and foresaw with anguish inexpressible that the death of one, perhaps both must have been the dreadful result, when the unhappy affair came to his knowledge; and she had brought her mind to the desperate resolution of concealing no part of her own indiscretion. Another express arrived from Lord Dungarvon: it was wrote in a gay style, in high spirits; it detailed at large the particulars relative to the arrangement of the affairs that gave him possession of the title and vast estates of his ancestors, as well as the wealth of Richard Mortimer. His letter breathed all the impatient fondness of a lover, told her he expected to find Lady Dun-

garvon more beautiful than ever, and concluding with bidding her on the following Monday evening expect her adoring husband. The letter, on which her tears had fallen in heavy drops, fell from the nerveless fingers of Adeline; a sorrowful smile hovered on her lips, a blush of the deepest tint flamed across her cheek; she clasped her hands on her bosom; her eyes with a mournful expression turned towards Heaven, while in a voice of woe she said: “before then—yes, I trust Heaven will spare me the shame, the anguish of such a meeting!—Yes, I trust before then my miseries will know cessation. Oh, my parents! before then the erring heart-broken Adeline will rest with you.”

The domestics of Dolegelly Castle, most of whom had grown old in the service of the family, were bewildered with unpleasant surmises, and actually feared to ask each other the meaning of their ladyship's strange indisposition, for which she had peremptorily refused medical

advice and assistance; this, however, and the Honorable Mr. Delamere's sudden departure, who had been seen by the servants night after night wandering about the castle, after having said he was setting off for London, awakened suspicions, and gave birth to conjectures that furnished continual conversations in the hall and the kitchen. One hoary-headed old man, the butler, shaking his old white locks, said he had lived from childhood in the family, and had never found cause for sorrow, till his dear and honored lady and Sir Owen Llewellyn died: "But now," continued he, his eyes filling with tears, "I shall soon follow them. My sweet young mistress will never enjoy her new title. No, no: she is fading away, like a rose new blown and scorched by the morning sun. I saw her yesterday from her window so pale, so thin, she can't live long, and I, unhappy old man, shall break my heart. How often when she was an infant have I carried her in my arms, while her brother, as she used to

call him, my Lord Dungarvon, skipped beside us. With what pleasure I have listened to her innocent prattle while her pretty arms were clasped round my neck. Blessing on her, she is as good as she is beautiful. Would to God," said he, his voice choaked with sobs, "would to God Mr. Delamere had never set his foot in Dolegelly Castle." Ned Ratlin had not been an unobserving spectator of the passing scenes: he said that the gale which had blown Mr. Delamere into North Wales was a foul wind indeed, and he wished with all his soul that it had blown him another course, as he feared that he would run foul of the Mortimer, and damage her beyond repair: "And shiver my timbers," said Ned, "I would sooner be froze in an island of ice for six months, with only Greenland bears for my messmates, than a cock-boat belonging to the noble Mortimer should founder."

Sir Griffith Tudor's speed did not keep pace with that of the lovers, who

had besides the advantage of some hours before their elopement was discovered ; and the ritual of a Scotch and English marriage had confirmed Eliza Tudor the wife of Captain Seymour, while yet her father was at the distance of many miles. The conviction that he had not the power to separate them enraged the temper of Sir Griffith Tudor to so violent a degree, that by extravagant ravings, joined with the great fatigue he had undergone in travelling, the gout seized his stomach, and he lay at an inn on the north road seemingly at the last extremity. Fortunately the physician who was called was a man of sense and humanity, as well as skill, and succeeded in allaying the disorder of the patient's mind, as well as removing the gout from his stomach to his feet. Being informed of the motives of Sir Griffith's journey, and perceiving that he was neither prepared nor willing to die, he took some trouble to persuade him that he was in danger : after every mortal symptom had disappeared, and

under the influence of impending dissolution, to write to Captain Seymour in terms of reconciliation, entreating to see him and his wife, before it was too late for him to bless or be blest by them. This summons was instantly obeyed: Captain Seymour and his lovely Eliza hastened in extreme terror to the town where Sir Griffith Tudor lay again tied by the legs; but previous to an interview with him saw the kind physician, who instantly removed the fears Mrs. Seymour had entertained for her father's life, whom her heart affectionately loved, notwithstanding the delight she had ever found in contradicting him.

The terror of approaching death had certainly damped much of the fire of Sir Griffith's temper; yet when he saw Eliza enter his apartment leaning on Captain Seymour; when he beheld on her finger the badge of matrimony, he could not forbear flaming out, and calling her a little damned disobedient minx; but at last yielding to the remonstrances of his

medical friend, who had pointed out the dangerous consequences of giving way to rage in his case, and softened by the pleadings of Eliza and her husband, he pardoned them, swearing that all the sin of his broken oaths would fall on them. From this hour he recovered health and spirits: tenderly nursed and attended by Eliza, and amused by Captain Seymour, in a few days the gout entirely left him, and he stood firm on his legs again; and persuaded that travelling would be serviceable to him, and that he could not be happy without the company of his daughter, he sat down to inform Lady Tudor that he had forgiven that little mad devil Eliza the d——d trick she had played him, and that he expected she would do the same; that he had kicked the gout out of doors, and that he was now able to dance a reel, which he hoped soon to do to the music of the bagpipe; that he was on the way to visit the lairds of the Seymour clan, and designed to accompany his son and daugh-

ter to make a tour of Scotland, when they designed to return and spend the ensuing summer at Tudor Hall. He concluded with observing that her ladyship would now have undisturbed opportunity of indulging all her nervous affections and hysterical complaints, and that she might assure herself that he would not fail to lay in a good stock of Scotch snuff, which he had no doubt would be equally efficacious with Irish blackguard.—Mrs. Seymour wrote a letter of respect and duty to her mother, and another of affectionate explanation to Lady Dungarvon, excusing herself for not acquainting her with her intended elopement, knowing that her timidity and delicacy would have revolted from and advised against so bold a step. “A step which I trust,” added the lively Eliza, “I shall never be forced to repent, as Archibald promises to love me for ever: if he keeps his word all will be well; if he does not, tit for tat you know.”

Adeline washed the letter of her friend

with bitter tears, remembered how often she had censured the wild sallies of the playful Eliza, and blushed at the mortifying conviction that it is easier to teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow one's own teaching. When Mrs. Seymour's letter reached Tudor Hall, her ladyship's imaginary complaints were forgotten in a real illness, which prevented her attending Lady Dungarvon, for whom she felt a natural affection, and whose indisposition not a little added to her own sickness, and encreased the melancholy of Tudor Hall, which no longer sounding with the boisterous lungs of Sir Griffith, or the sprightly voice of Eliza, had become dull and gloomy.

CHAP. IX.

There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom.
Let schoolmen tell us why.

HUME.

THE loud ringing of the village bells, and cavalcades of joyous peasantry dressed out in their holiday clothes, prepared to meet and welcome their beloved and respected lord, ushered in the earliest dawn of this eventful Monday, so ardently wished, so anxiously expected by Lord Dungarvon, so dreaded by Adeline. Henry drew near to Dolegelly Castle, the seat of his dearest hopes and wishes,

with the tumultuous sensations of a lover, the impatience of a doating husband, the tenderness of a fond father.

Lady Dungarvon was evidently hastening to that bourn where grief forgets to groan, and love to weep. Her features were sunk and altered, and her fragile form appeared but as the airy shadow of an immortal being; yet though hourly declining, she had constantly and peremptorily evaded calling in medical assistance; ever silencing the dutiful remonstrances of her weeping attendant, by declaring that she was not sensible of bodily indisposition; that her malady was of the mind, and mocked all earthly power; for who can minister to minds diseased,

“ Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written sorrows of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ?”

Evening was already arrived; the

moon's chilly crescent was slowly ascending over the woods that surrounded Dolegelly Castle ; the village bells yet rang a merry peal, sounding on the apprehensive ear of Adeline like the deep and awful knell of death, when having long listened for the approach of her husband's carriage, she desired that her son might be brought to her apartment : as he entered with her nurse, she waved her hand for the servants to withdraw, and being left alone with Owen, she pressed him in agony to her bosom ; in tones of pathetic supplication she besought him not to hate the memory of his mother. As his rosy lips kissed her's, he told her repeatedly that he loved mamma better than any body, dearly to his heart. The big tears fell in heavy drops from her eyes and bedewed his innocent face ; while he, though ever accustomed to her caresses, felt uneasy at their unusual vehemence, and wiping her tears away with his little soft hand, told her papa was coming home, and that nurse said he would pu-

nish the naughty people that had made her cry.

Lady Dungarvon felt a cold shuddering creep through her veins, as she thought of the possibility of her words being verified, and with a look of anguish, accompanied by a harrowing groan, exclaimed : “ Murder ! occasion murder ! no, God forbid ! ” While she was thus mournfully employed, Lord Dungarvon’s carriage, drawn by his delighted tenants, who had taken out the horses, entered the gates ; but his heart partook not of the joy of his people. The day had been beautifully mild and fine, yet neither Adeline nor Horatio Delamere were on the road to meet him : their voices, most dear to his heart, were not mingled with the congratulatory shouts of the peasants. A thousand undefinable apprehensions, to which he could give neither form nor name, crowded his imagination, which was heightened even to agony, when he beheld no wife, no friend to welcome him. As he descended from his car-

riage, "Where," demanded he from the domestics, who had joyfully crowded around, each anxious to catch the honor of his first notice; "where is Lady Dungarvon?—where is Mr. Delamere?" A pause of hesitation succeeded these questions, which none were willing to answer; and Ned Ratlin, who had crowded among the foremost to the hall to welcome the return of Henry, now slunk behind the crowd, fearful of its becoming his task to reply to these painful interrogations.

Lord Dungarvon repeated them with breathless anxiety, and was at last answered: "Her ladyship is confined to her room, and Mr. Delamere is gone to England." Henry heard only what concerned Adeline: he sprang with the velocity of lightning up the grand staircase; he threw open the door of her dressing-room, but what was his unutterable anguish, to behold her pale and emaciated on her knees, invoking heaven to bless him and her child, who, kneeling beside

her, was holding up his little innocent unconscious hands in imitation of her action. As Lord Dungarvon entered, Adeline turned her heavy eyes towards him, uttered a faint scream, clasped her hands together in the gesture of supplication, murmured out some inarticulate sentences, fell into his arms, and breathed no more.

At first Henry supposed his sudden appearance had overcome her spirits weakened by illness, and occasioned fainting: he gently laid her on a couch, and rang for assistance; but when he found that every effort to recover her was unavailing, and that she was really dead, his grief was little short of madness; he tore his hair from his head, dashed his body with frantic violence on the floor, accused the attendants of want of duty and affection in not sending for physicians, in not informing him of her illness. "My absence," exclaimed he, "has murdered her." He would then press her in his arms, talk to her as if she

were alive, and utter such wild extravagancies, that the terrified and afflicted servants trembled for his intellects, nor could their persuasions or united efforts detach him from the corpse. “ Oh ! beautiful lily,” said the distracted Lord Dungarvon, gazing on the pale inanimate form of her he had so worshipped, “ thou art cut down before thy sweets had gained perfection. What now, alas ! are titles, rank to me, the world and its fallacious pleasures ? hateful, hateful all.— Is it thus the gay visions of hope are realized—are these my expected enjoyments, my promised joys.—If I ever desired the proud distinctions of rank it was for thy sake, my Adeline ; thou art gone to realms of bliss, to join thy sister angels in the sky ; and the forlorn, the wretched, widowed Henry shall never more behold thy beautiful countenance emanating smiles of love and goodness. Thou art lost to me, and nothing now in this wide world can give a joy to my sad heart. Oh, Adeline, my life, my love, my Adeline.”

In this state of distraction Lord Dungalvon passed the greatest part of the night ; at length throwing himself beside the remains of his wife, overcome by fatigue and sorrow, his aching weary eyes closed, and he sunk into a profound slumber, which lasted till day-light. Sleep refreshed and calmed his spirits, and though his bosom was wrung with the bitterest affliction, he behaved and spoke with rationality. It was now that he wept the tender tears of paternal affection over his lovely motherless Owen, who, delighted at the return of his father, and encouraged by his endearments, innocently asked questions that were daggers to the heart of the sorrowing Lord Dungalvon, who now made particular inquiries after Mr. Delamere. The answers he received were by no means consolatory or satisfactory. His friend, to whom he had left the care of his adored wife, quitting the place on her being taken ill, was an enigma so obscure, so inexplica-

ble, that his tired imagination turned from the impossibility of its solution; but the greater woe absorbed the less; his sensibility was wounded at what he considered Mr. Delamere's unfeeling conduct. But the lifeless Adeline engrossed his faculties, filled every sense with sorrow; her loss was an affliction so sudden, so unexpected, that it prevented reflection dwelling on any other circumstance.

The breathless form of Lady Dungarvon, arrayed in a robe of vestal white, had lain above a week, to keep alive the poignant sufferings of her husband. In vain had Hugh Montgomery and his gentle Rosa represented the necessity of interment; deaf to their representations, he had every day persisted in decorating the couch on which she lay with fresh flowers; and every day found him more averse to their final separation. But a change now visibly took place, and it was with anguish unutterable that Henry was convinced of the danger he incurred to

himself and household by keeping her longer from that earth to which she was so evidently returning.

As Lord Dungarvon consented to consign her so dear to her last dreary resting place, his grief knew no bounds; the tears chased each other down his pallid cheeks, and kissing her icy lips, he exclaimed :

“ Must I then part with thee, my Adeline ; must that angelic form become a prey to corruption ; are then thy melting eyes closed for ever ? Shall thy tuneful voice bless my ears no more ? Oh, anguish insupportable, must I consign thee to the dark cold grave ; must the damp earth rest on that lovely bosom, and divide thee from thy husband ? Oh, my child,” continued he, grasping the hand of Owen, who stood in silent wonder beside the coffin, “ your mother, who idolized you, shall see you no more ; she is gone for ever, and with her is fled all joy, all comfort, from the desolated heart of your father.”

The child, who had no conception of

death, and imagined his mother only slept, gently shook her, and holding up his finger, innocently said :—" Hush ! mamma is asleep." " Oh, God, she will never more wake in this world," said Lord Dungarvon.

Again Owen touched her, and whispered, " Speak to me, mamma ;" but when he saw her eyes still closed, and found she did not answer, he hung upon the knees of Lord Dungarvon, and looking piteously in his face, mournfully repeated : " Mamma will not awake, she will not speak to Owen." " No," said Henry, shuddering, " no, my child, she will speak no more ; the melody of her voice shall never again dissipate my sorrows, nor will she awake, till angels like herself welcome her to the abodes of heaven. Creator of the universe," added he, sinking on his knees beside the coffin, " thou who hast thought fit to steep me in affliction to the very lips, teach me to bear this worst of calamities as becomes a Christian and a man."

Before the lid of the coffin was screwed down, Lord Dungarvon came to take his last leave of all his soul held dear ; he dismissed the attendants, and removing the covering from her face, which was now much discoloured, he stood for some moments horror struck at the change which even a few short hours had effected ; but the still adoring Henry was not withheld by this circumstance from repeatedly pressing his lips to her's, her forehead, and her cheek. “ How thou art altered, my adored one,” said he, with a heavy sigh, “ how has the rude and desolating hand of death defaced thy beauteous countenance ; but, perhaps, at this moment thou shinest in heaven, arrayed in the unfading bloom of immortal beauty. Look down, bright cherub, from the realms of bliss, and inspire my fainting soul with fortitude.”

His bosom heaved, he covered his face with his hands, and wept the enanguished tears of blighted hope and disappointed love. “ Oh !” added he, with a deep

and labored groan, “ oh, that the chords that strain with agony about my heart would burst, then would I follow thee ; but I must live : the tender pledge of our affection demands the protection of his father. For ever, my Adeline, we part for ever. Yet, surely no—not for ever. In heaven, my adored one, we shall meet again.”

Hugh Montgomery, with the affectionate solicitude of friendship, came to lead him from the room ; nor were his eyes dry, nor was his heart unaffected, as he pressed his lips on the damp cold hand ; as he took a last farewell of her once so loved and lovely. Many times had Hugh Montgomery motioned to depart, but Henry still bending over the corpse, continued to press the icy lips ; and when at last, with gentle violence, he was forced from the apartment, his gaze was fixed on her, till the closing door shut her from his view for ever.

Again the chapel belonging to Dolegelly Castle was hung with black, and

the remains of the once beautiful Lady Dungarvon was borne through its dusky aisle, and deposited by torch-light in the vault of her ancestors. In the recess of an elegantly painted window her husband caused to be erected a magnificent cenotaph of white marble, on which was exquisitely sculptured figures emblematic of her beauty, her virtues, and his incurable sorrow. Many weeks wore away: the friends of Lord Dungarvon had been unremitting in their attentions and endeavors to amuse him, but their efforts were unavailing; melancholy had marked him for her own; and never for a moment was the idea of Adeline absent from his mind, never for a moment did he cease to bewail her loss; nor were his regrets for her unmingled with painful sensations as he reflected on the cruel dereliction of Horatio Delamere, to whose broken friendship and strange conduct he could find no clue, never having once heard from him since his accession to his title, while he recollected their

boyish attachment, which had seemed to strengthen with their strength ; he felt new pangs, and he would sigh heavily and despondingly as he thought of the specious virtues by which his esteem had been won, as he sorrowfully exclaimed :—" Such are the friendships of the world."

The only consolation Lord Dungarvon found in the midst of cherished woe was to gaze on a miniature picture he wore of his wife, and in the instruction of his little Owen, whose warm remembrance of his mother, and fond inquiries after her, made him more interesting, still dearer to the heart of his father. Six months had now past, and never had the foot of Henry ventured into the dressing-room where he had taken his everlasting leave of Adeline.

One morning he had stolen from his friends, and wandering along the corridor, his hand rested on the lock of that door through which the form of his adored had passed to the house of death.

A faint sensation seized him: twice he retreated; but irresistibly propelled, he at last made a desperate effort and entered the room. The tasteful adornments disposed around, the inventions of her genius, and the work of her elegant hand, brought her with added grief and tenderness to his imagination. Her harp stood in a corner of the room: Lord Dungarvon raised the white silk veil that covered it, and gently passing his fingers across the strings, it uttered a sound so plaintive, so full of woe, that he sank upon the seat she used to occupy, and for many minutes remained lost to himself and the world. A curious inlaid cabinet stood on the toilet table; it used to contain materials for drawing. "Here," said Lord Dungarvon, opening the spring with a trembling hand, "here I shall find the productions of my Adeline's pencil, the blendid proofs of her unrivalled taste and matchless fancy." Among some beautiful views of mountain scenery he found a portrait of himself, and an exquisitely

finished likeness of Horatio Delamere.—
 “What a resemblance!” said Henry, as his eyes wandered over the features; “who to see those eyes, to look on that countenance, could believe it belonged to a bosom heartless and unfeeling.” At the bottom of the cabinet lay a letter addressed to himself. He broke the seal with painful trepidation; but what language has words sufficiently expressive to describe his tortured feelings at the disclosure that followed as he read:

“Unhappy Henry!

“At this very moment, while I, giddy and trembling, hover on the awful verge of eternity, thou art amusing thy unconscious mind with gay visions of happiness to come: thou, kind and generous, art busied in contriving pleasures for the wretched Adeline.—Perhaps even now thou art on thy way to what thou fondly callest thy home, thy cheek flushed with joy, thy bosom throbbing with expected transport, thy soul

elevated with the fond idea of introducing to rank and grandeur, to the diversions of a fashionable world, her who is hastening with rapid pace to the cold and dreary confines of the grave. Yes, Henry, I am gliding out of life, and the only consolation I am capable of feeling is the certainty that I shall not exist to see thy frowns, to hear thy reproaches.— Oh ! Henry, fortify thy heart ; make it strong to hear that Adeline, the daughter of Sir Owen Ilewellyn, the wife of Lord Dungarvon, has long nourished in her bosom a criminal passion. Ungrateful to thy unceasing tenderness, spite of the sacred vows I plighted to thee at the altar of my God, I have dared to love another. Hate me, scorn me, lose all remembrance of me, Henry ; for, oh agony ! I have dishonored thee. Yet listen to the story of my heart. Brought up together from our earliest infancy, I ever regarded you as my brother ; you had my friendship, my esteem, all that an affectionate sister could be supposed to feel for an amiable

brother. I felt for you, nor did I dream a passion of a warmer nature existed in the human mind. Ill-fated Henry ! this fatal form in your's inspired a warmer one : you loved me. My father beheld with pleasure your growing attachment—to unite his child with the son of him who had been his dearest friend, was the first, most darling wish of his heart. I described to Sir Owen Llewellyn the state of my feelings : unhappily blinded by his wishes, he misinterpreted them ; he deluded himself with the belief that esteem was love. I listened to the arguments of my parent as to the unerring voice of heaven ; I thought it impiety to dispute his wishes. Fatal obedience ! I gave you my hand, Henry, and I ignorantly supposed I had given you my heart. Oh ! that I had never been undeceived ! My days were tranquil, and my nights were undisturbed by care or sorrow. I fancied I was happy. Dear hours of felicity you fled too fast ; quickly you vanished, never, no never to return. Peace fled my

bosom the moment that (how shall my trembling fingers trace the guilty name ?) that Horatio Delamere arrived ; his presence was as the electric stroke of heaven, it shot at once into my soul, and I felt the full force of that imperious passion I had ever ridiculed as ideal. In vain I tried to extinguish the guilty fire : I invoked the spirits of my parents, but they heard me not. I thought of you ; I brought to my remembrance your unceasing adoration of me ; I saw my own ingratitude ; I trembled at the criminality of my passion ; I blushed when I remembered I was a wife, I shuddered when I recollected I was a mother. But, alas ! I was also a woman too sensitive, too weak to struggle against the dominion of love.—At last in an evil hour I completed my own and thy dishonor. Now then let rage, contempt, disgust, possess thy soul—hate, abhor the memory of Adeline—yet I beseech you abandon not my child, my cherub Owen ; pour not your vengeance on his innocent head ; let not

your wrath extend to him ; though he is mine, remember, Henry, he is also your's, and while you feel the just indignation of an injured husband, forget not you are a father. This I know is a needless injunction for thou whose mind is generosity, whose soul is humanity and honor ; thou wilt not confound the unoffending with the guilty. My father loved you ; my mother was to you a parent when death deprived you of your own—remember and respect their virtues. For their sakes seek no revenge on the miserable Delamere ; his mind sufficiently punishes him for all the woes which he has heaped on you. Let not the daughter of Sir Owen Llewellyn, of him whose life was one pure stream of unsullied honor, become a subject of sport for vulgar tongues. By the memory of my virtuous mother I conjure you spare my reputation ; for the sake of our dear, our precious little one, let not my fame be blasted, but let my infamy be buried with me in the grave. My fall from virtue

will give you many pangs—but me—Oh ! Henry, could you read my soul, behold the torturing anguish that rends the chords of life, the deep repentance and unceasing tears that fall to wash away the stains of my pollution, you, injured as you are—yes, you would pity me.—The flame that feeds my life is nearly quenched ; my eyes grow dim, my pulses stop, these are my last pangs. Oh ! Henry, dear betrayed and injured Henry, forgive me !”

The frame of Lord Dungarvon shook with convulsive shudderings ; a cold spasm like the cold damp of death seemed to crush his heart ; discordant noises rang in his ears, and his bosom labored for respiration. “ The dreadful mystery of Delamere’s absence is now explained,” murmured from his lips as his head sank against the table ; “ her supplicating attitude, her dying scream all accounted for. Wretched, ruined woman ! villain Delamere !” After a pause of speechless misery he started up, and pacing the

room with maniac steps, his burning brain seemed no longer to own the government of reason; he laughed convulsively, gnashed his teeth, and struck his head with violence against the wall.— From his nose gushed out a torrent of blood, and this fortunate hæmorrhage happily restored his faculties, but with returning sense came the remembrance of his injuries. “ Oh misery !” exclaimed he, “ she never loved me. Delamere, the happy treacherous Delamere, was the object of her wishes : even in my arms her soul was filled with his idea ; accursed was the hour in which I invited him hither, but doubly damned the hour in which I left her to his protection.— His life shall answer for his crime.”

Then musing.—“ Yet, what consolation will that afford—plundered of all I loved, despoiled of all that rendered life desirable, will his blood restore my Adeline ? Will it give back the days when content led the hours, and peace shed its smiles ineffable around us ?—Will it

resuscitate from the grave her whom even my infant heart idolized ; will it restore her innocence, her unspotted fame?—No—it will do none of these. Let me then drive from my soul this spirit of revenge, let me obey the wish of her, adored even in her death. Live, treacherous, faithless Delamere. Live, and, if thou canst, repent. It is well that she is dead. Father of mercies, thou who hast laid thy chastising hand upon me, thy will be done : let me not murmur at my destiny, hard as it is. My soul doated on her, she was my hope, my joy, my comfort. Yet, was she living, and dishonored.—Oh ! it is too much ; anguish too great to think of. It is better she is dead.” He sighed as if his heart was breaking.

From the window he walked to the balcony, where the plants were placed that Lady Dungarvon’s hand had reared : he fancied they drooped and looked sickly. “ They sympathize with me,” said Henry, as he regarded them. “ No

longer cheered by the sun-beam of her eye they wither like my heart." Again he read the letter, and considered it attentively. "Unhappy Adeline," said he, "thy acute sense of honor has destroyed thee;—yet thou wert not to blame. Our affections are involuntary, for who would be wretched were they free to chuse? The Being who traced upon our hearts their glowing characters, will, I trust, forgive their accidental weaknesses, their unpremeditated errors. Oh yes, the power who wove the passions of our souls, he will pity, will forgive them. Adeline, thou hast expiated thine offence; be all remembrance of thine error buried with thee. I commiserate, I forgive thee from my soul; yet it is better thou art dead—though here," added he, pressing his hands on his heart, "here, while I inhabit this breathing world, thou wilt reign spite of all. Abandon thy child, the beautiful image of thee. Oh! never, never. This act of thine has fatally deprived

him of his mother, but in my tenderness he shall find both his parents. Creator of the universe, enable me to form his mind to virtue ; for me I will lowly bend before thy throne ; I will adore thy hand, that has thus crushed my proud hopes to dust ; I will supplicate thy aid to vanquish my unavailing sorrows, to enable me unmurmuring to submit to thy decrees.”

With these resolutions Lord Dungarvon joined his friends ; he no longer shunned society, or refused its consolations, but became every day more composed ; a sigh of regret would indeed frequently heave his bosom, and a tear drop glisten in his eye as he thought on past events ; but the summer, which was now nearly at a close, beheld him resigned though pensive. It was the custom of Lord Dungarvon every night to visit the cenotaph erected in memory of Adeline : his heart still adored her, and he had a melancholy delight in pouring out the impassioned effusions of love and grief before her tomb.

A severe cold had confined him for some time, but believing himself better he again repaired to the chapel. It was near midnight ; the full-moon wandered in unclouded majesty over a clear blue sky thickly studded with stars ; a soft breeze sighed through a long avenue of yew and cypress through which he had to pass, whose waving branches were partially silvered by the moon-beams that chequered his path. The spirits of Lord Dungarvon were languid ; he felt not the extravagance of grief, but his mind was heavy with presaging melancholy, not the superstition of his nature, but the gloomy offspring of afflictive occurrence. He entered the chapel, and the sound of his steps ran in murmuring echoes along the aisles. Once he started as he fancied a groan met his ear. " It is the moaning of the wind," said Henry, and he knelt beside the cenotaph. The moon poured a flood of light through the painted window : in the fervor of devotion he raised his eyes towards heaven, and

perceived the form of a man stretched on the marble. "What wretch art thou," said Lord Dungarvon rising; "that liest here exposed to the unwholesome night?" "A wretch indeed," answered a hollow voice; "one who has done with life, and waits here the hour when he shall be released from mortal suffering: whomsoever thou art, be gone, disturb not the last moments of a woe-devoted being who hates the world; who execrates the light. In mercy begone, and let me die." "Surely," said Lord Dungarvon, gasping with emotion, "surely that voice is known to me—Oh, bitter recollection! Oh God! thou art Delamere." "Yes, thy treacherous friend," said he, leaping from the tomb, "the selected of thy choice, the approved of thy reason, the miserable guilty Delamere. Here," added he, throwing himself at the feet of Lord Dungarvon, and baring his bosom, "strike here, be speedy, and revenge my crime and thy injuries. I have tinged thy cheek with

the disgraceful blush of shame, (Henry uttered a groan of anguish) I have murdered thy angel wife. (Henry reeled against an opposite pillar) I have destroyed thy happiness for ever. I, thy friend. What could thy most inveterate enemy have effected worse against thee?" The moon-beams (as in the agitation of his utterance he shifted his position) fell full on the face of Horatio Delamere; and Lord Dungarvon, spite of the indignation of his spirit, could not help shuddering at its altered character. His fine hair was matted and neglected, his dark eyes had lost their effulgence, his cheeks were sunk and ghastly pale; and his wasted form seemed but the shadow of his former self. "Behold," said Henry, as he gazed upon him, "behold the sad effects of guilt. Rise, Delamere, from the earth. Heaven has punished thy crime severely. Unhappy man, how thou art altered. Where is the vivacity that sparkled in thine eye, the healthful bloom that glowed upon thy cheek?" "Bu-

ried," replied Delamere, with a harrowing groan that seemed to rend his heart; "buried in the grave with Adeline." "Thou hast destroyed for ever the peace of my mind; thou hast betrayed, deceived me, injured me beyond the power of reparation, devoted me to wretchedness," said Lord Dungarvon; "yet if to know that I forgive thee, will it in any measure speak comfort to thy lacerated bosom, hear me now before the tomb of Adeline solemnly swear I do sincerely pardon thee." Horatio Delamere fell senseless on the marble pavement at the feet of Henry, who hearing distant footsteps called to know who was approaching: in the answer he recognized the voice of John Wilkins, who knowing that his master was in the habit of paying midnight visits to the chapel, had followed with the intent of persuading him home. He was an athletic young man, and [raising the lifeless form in his arms, pushed open a low arched door, and admitted the air, which blowing freshly on the face of

Delamere, restored him to sense and misery. His eyes with a look of unutterable woe rested on Lord Dungarvon, and in a voice scarcely articulate he said, "now then I may die in peace." "Talk not of dying," replied Lord Dungarvon, "live and be happy." "Happy!" sighed Delamere, shivering as he accidentally placed his hand on the tomb of Adeline. "Go to thy bed," continued Henry, "and may the refreshing balms of sleep restore thee to health and blest serenity; farewell. Oh! Delamere, disturb not the prayers I nightly pay before this tomb: you robbed me of her love, deprive not my aching heart of this last sad consolation." "Not for the wealth of worlds," said Delamere; "farewel, may peace attend your orations; for myself, I dare not supplicate. Oh, Henry! if thy exalted soul can so far soar above humanity, when you bend the pious knee, beseech forgiveness for the guilty Delamere." He departed leaning on John Wilkins, who had waited at a respectful

distance to attend him. Lord Dungarvon, who this unexpected interview had much agitated, remained in the chapel, earnest in devotion till morning. On his return home he was seized with cold shiverings; a fever succeeded, which with alarming violence threatened to settle on his brain: he got the better of this, but was rapidly advancing in a decline; his physicians recommended a warmer climate, and advised the south of France. Henry was unwilling to quit Dolegelly Castle, but every day growing weaker, for the sake of his darling Owen he began to arrange his affairs, and make preparations for his departure; but alas! it was too late, he was seized with symptoms that told his final dissolution too near to admit unnecessary trouble and unavailing fatigue: he saw his end approaching with evident satisfaction; he bore his pains with manly uncomplaining fortitude; his son was all that raised an uneasy thought, or pressed with heaviness upon his heart. With respect to his fate one wish was predo-

minant in his mind, and in his last hours he sent for Horatio Delamere, who obeyed his summons with pangs like those that separate the soul and body.

When he arrived at Dolegelly Castle, he was unfortunately shewn into the very saloon where the fatal act had been committed which had deprived Lady Dungenarvon of life, and made him the most miserable of created beings. His sensations whirled his brain almost to frenzy, as he beheld a portrait of Adeline suspended over the sofa, in the very dress in which he had last seen her ; the expression of the countenance was mournful ; and as he gazed upon it, he fancied the lips moved, and the eyes reproached him ; he turned away from the picture with horror ; shuddering, he sunk upon the sofa, but from this resting place torturing remembrance instantly drove him ; he started up, while cold drops of perspiration hung upon his forehead.

“ Here,” exclaimed he, “ here I enjoyed the most exquisite bliss ; for a little

moment I enfolded in my arms the loveliest of women ; I felt the delicious throbbings of her heart—that heart how inestimable : too soon was I roused from the dream of rapture, too hastily the vision of delight faded, to renew no more. Oh ! what since then have I endured—and yet I live, grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine. The reproaches of Adeline still sound in my ears, they press upon my memory with accumulating anguish ; I see her despairing look. Oh ! misery, she is dead—the virtuous Adeline, though for a moment subdued by love, could not survive dishonor. Oh ! she was chaste, was pure ; thy soul, dear angelic Adeline, was the unpolluted temple of honor, spite of thy single error. My friend too, the generous confiding Henry, here on this very spot I despoiled him of that peace which in this world shall never again be his ; my crime deprives the cherub Owen of his father. I shorten the thread of his existence ; but he is hastening to Adeline,

to the abodes of everlasting happiness, while I, having made their child an orphan, shall, like the first murderer, wander despised of men, abhorred of myself. Oh ! that the Everlasting had not fixed his canon against self-slaughter, then might my own hand free me from the accuser within, silence the upbraidings of conscience, and in the oblivious darkness of the grave bury my guilt and misery.”

The entrance of a servant to summon him to the presence of Lord Dungarvon interrupted and put an end to his ravings ; he cast a despairing look on the portrait of Adeline, and followed in silence.

Henry was seated on a couch, supported by pillows, in Adeline’s dressing-room. A hectic flush had given to his cheek a more than mortal bloom, and his eyes shone with uncommon brilliancy. Lady Dungarvon’s favorite plants and flowers were ranged near him, many in full blossom seemed as if expanding their glowing beauties ready to strew his corse.

Pale, trembling, and covered with confusion, he approached the invalid, who said in a low tremulous voice, "Delamere, heaven has listened to my ceaseless supplications ; I am going to Adeline." Horatio covered his face with his hands, and sunk on his knees before him.

"Kneel only to thy God," said Henry solemnly, "rise, be calm, and listen to me ; I sent not to reproach you, no, all earthly resentments are subdued in me ; I sent for you to restore peace to your bosom, to reconcile you to yourself—to repeat to you the assurance that the past is all forgiven."

"Generous noble-minded Henry," replied Delamere, "thou mayest with more than mortal goodness pardon, but while memory lives, never, no never, can I forgive myself." "Thou wert," said Lord Dungarvon, "the friend of my early youth, valued and preferred before a train of gay companions. I loved you, Horatio. I confided in you——"

“ And I became a villain. Oh ! God,” exclaimed he, “ I basely, treacherously betrayed that confidence. I became a fiend.” “ Forbear thy self accusations,” continued Henry, “ and listen to me.— Absolute perfection poor mortality can never reach. In all but that one point thou hast been all that man should be ; noble, generous, liberal, and sincere. In thy situation, seduced by resistless beauty, ensnared by imperious love, I might have been deaf to the voice of honor, I might have forgot my friend : in the grave all sense of injuries will moulder, and in according mercy to thy offence, I trust I shall obtain it, when ‘ this mortal evil is shuffled off, and I am judged, even to the death and forehead of my sins.’” Horatio Delamere sobbed audibly.

“ Nay, spare thy grief,” resumed Henry, “ and rather rejoice that my sufferings are nearly at a close. I sent for thee to give thee an opportunity of repairing the wrong thou hast done me ; to

prove if thy affection for Adeline was perishable as her beauty, or whether it survives the triumph of the grave."

"Go on," said Delamere. "What is it you can ask that I shall not gladly, willingly perform?"

"Horatio," said Lord Dungarvon, raising himself up from the pillows on which he had reclined, "as thou art a man, answer me sincerely. Remember it is a dying friend that questions thee, one who in a few short hours will bear thy words to an eternal record; answer me truly, dost thou love me?" "Yes," said Horatio, firmly; "yes, most truly—so may heaven remit or punish my offences." "Then," continued Lord Dungarvon, "attend my last request:—My child, Delamere, Adeline's boy, my little cherub Owen, the lovely infant, image of her so much adored, when his unfortunate parents moulder into dust, wilt thou protect him; wilt thou be the guardian of his youth; wilt thou be a father to the son of thy friend, of her who died, Ho-

ratio, with a mind unsullied by a crime, save that alone of loving thee too well? Say, wilt 'thou accept this dear, this sacred trust?" "I will," replied Delamere, fervently raising his eyes to heaven, "and as I faithfully perform it, may I be punished or rewarded in the world to come." "Enough," said Lord Duncarvon. "I am satisfied. Thou art again my friend, come to my arms while I have strength to fold thee."

Horatio Delamere rushed to his embrace; they wept, they hung upon each other, but the mortal powers of Henry, already nearly exhausted, were unequal to this transport; his eyes grew filmy, his nerves slackened, and the numbing hand of death pressed heavily on his heart. Owen was brought to take his last farewell of his expiring father; he repeatedly blessed him; many times he kissed his rosy cheek, and at length consigned him to the care of Horatio Delamere.

Almost in his last moments Lord Dun-

garvon spoke the cheering words of consolation to his disconsolate domestics, whom he told he had in his will provided for ; “ And for you, my good friend,” said he, addressing Ned Ratlin, “ I have taken care for your comfort ; while you live, Dolegelly Castle will be your harbour.”

Ned tried to speak with a steady tone, but it was an unsuccessful effort, and he at last blubbered out, “ One sail, your honor, will serve to wind us both up in. You was my sheet anchor : when your cable is coiled up, why the same signal that commands you to steer for a better world will find me ready to sail in company.” Lord Dungarvon was visibly affected at the honest expression of his attachment, and when the servants were dismissed, he particularly recommended the old disabled seaman to Horatio : growing faint, he requested to be removed to the balcony. Here, as his languid eyes followed the moon over the blue arch of heaven, he said, his voice growing every moment fainter, and his

respiration more difficult : “ Ever in the open air, as my wandering eyes viewed the magnificent structure above us, and the millions of gems that glitter in the stupendous concave, my mind has thought of the littleness of human grandeur, the insignificance of all sublunary greatness, and my heart has glowed with more gratitude, more elevated devotion towards the omnipotent creator of this brilliant arch, as I have thought, if so much splendor and beauty is permitted to human vision, what must be the glory of the heaven of heavens.” As he spoke, his head gently declined on the shoulder of Horatio Delamere, and he appeared as if he had fallen into a sweet sleep.

“ Thou art gone to enjoy, to prove the glory of that heaven,” said Delamere ; for Lord Dungarvon had expired, without a groan, or a convulsive struggle ; his soul gently released itself from its mortal tenement, and flew to “ realms unsullied with a tear.”

Ned Ratlin, silent and heart-broken,

followed his youthful patron to the grave : his looks were mournful, but he uttered no lamentations, he shed no tears. In the hall, after the funeral, as he listened to the exclamations of sorrow vented by the weeping domestics, he said his pumps were choaked, though his heart had sprung a leak. " Farewel, messmates," said he, shaking them severally by the hand, " I am going a long cruise, and I have hopes that I shall be promoted to a birth in the same frigate with Lord Dungarvon." Ned Ratlin spoke truth, he was going a long cruise ; he died in three days after the interment of Henry. Sir Owen Llewellyn's death was a severe shock to the honest tar ; but the loss of Lord and Lady Dungarvon was too much for his affectionate heart to bear : old and infirm, he, who had bravely fought the battles of his country, and stood undaunted the appalling strife of elements, no longer strong to contend with sorrow, was obliged to strike, and the domestics of Dolegelly Castle, as they followed him to

his last station, bore weeping testimony to the honest unoffending simplicity of his manners, and the goodness of his heart. Sir Griffith Tudor, accompanied by Captain and Mrs. Seymour, returned home a few days after the funeral of Lord Dungarvon. The lively high-spirited Eliza was so much shocked at the melancholy changes which had in so short a time taken place, and so deeply lamented the disastrous fortunes of her early friends, that it appeared to her sick fancy as if she had returned to a spot

“ Where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
 Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the
 air,
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd, for whom? and good men's
 lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying, or e'er they sicken.”

Eliza had suffered hope to plan such scenes of felicity in the society of Lord

and Lady Dungarvon that she was unequal to their annihilation ; she fell into a nervous complaint, that nearly baffled the skill of the most eminent of the faculty, united with the attention of her fond husband and disconsolate family : it was long before she recovered health, and though she tried change of scene, and the amusements of a variety of fashionable watering places, her spirits never regained their former hilarity. The names of Henry or Adeline were never mentioned without tears ; her affection for Owen was of the tenderest character, for all the love she had felt for his lamented parents seemed to centre in him.

The sight of Dolegelly Castle threw her into agonies, and for a length of time her carriage was driven to Carnarvon by a circuitous road, for her mind tremblingly alive to all the tender remembrances of friendship so fatally dissolved, could not bear to pass a spot where she had enjoyed so much felicity with those dear friends who now inhabited the nar-

row house. Lady Tudor's real illness, from which she had slowly recovered, considerably lessened the *en bon point* of her person in the terrors of actual indisposition; she began to consider the sinfulness of affecting complaints she did not feel, and she made a serious resolution never on any occasion, however favorable to the display of female delicacy and timidity, to counterfeit another hysteric fit; and this resolution was confirmed by the malady of Mrs. Seymour; for Lady Tudor by nature weak in intellect, and grossly superstitious, when she beheld the trembling frame and distressed state of her daughter, considered it as the visitation of Heaven, and that her sins were being punished in her child. Impressed with this idea, her dressing-room was cleared of physical herbs and quack medicines; and Sir Griffith Tudor had the pleasure of seeing surfeit-water, sal volatile, valerian-water, hartshorn, and asafœtida, mingled with the waters of an adjoining stream.

The late melancholy occurrences at Dolegelly Castle that so rapidly followed each other were not without their salutary effects on the temper of Sir Griffith; he became far less boisterous in his manners, and more patient of contradiction, impressed with the awful reflection that his friends were only departed a little time before him to that world where he also would be obliged to render up a true account of how he had conducted himself in this. Mrs. Hugh Montgomery obliged the wishes of her uncle by presenting her husband with a fine boy, who was, agreeable to his request, named after him plain Gabriel, as he protested he should never be able to remember fine quality names. On this joyful occasion an ox was roasted whole, and several hogsheads of ale distributed to the neighboring peasantry, while the village bells rang merrily; and bonfires, and various useful presents made to the poor cottagers round, spoke the goodness and joy of Gabriel Jenkins's heart, who insisted

in being at the whole of the expence for the christening of his godson. Lady Percival and her mother were the only persons whose congratulations came from the lips unprompted by sincerity of heart. Lady Percival felt envy, rage, and mortification, while she reflected that her brother's son would in all human probability inherit her husband's title, and be also enriched by the wealth she had so improvidently thrown away on a worthless unfeeling man, who had not only by the assumption of specious manners and insinuating arts, wheedled her into trusting him with the whole of her fortune, but had disappointed all her expectations, and thwarted all her wishes. Mrs. Montgomery underwent her full share of vexation ; because not feeling old, and still looking handsome, her son Hugh had, contrary to her desire, been so *perditionally* rude, so amazingly unthinking and undutiful, as to make her in her forty-sixth year a grandmother. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Montgomery,

"Attun'd to happy unison of soul,
 To whose exalting eyes a fairer world
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light,
 And in whose breasts enthusiastic burns
 Love which the sons of interest deem romance."

They, happy in themselves, content with
 all around them, rejoiced to think that
 the sex of their child so little important,
 was a source of felicity to the loved and
 respected Gabriel Jenkins, who fre-
 quently told Rosa that the boy had quite
 and clean twisted her nose on one side,
 for that he should make his godson heir
 to every farthing he was worth in the
 world ; this declaration by no means de-
 lighted the ears of Miss Jenkins, who
 though amply gifted with the goods of
 fortune, thought her brother might have
 made some reserve in her favor in case
 she should outlive him ; and she began
 now more bitterly than ever to repent
 that she had not taken the trouble to
 rein in her imperious temper, and restrain
 her clamarous tongue before her late

admirer Mr. Williams, who in spite of his little nose, short legs, and cool deliberating manners, was not so very despicable a person, particularly when the war and the scarcity of men were considered, and to have been mistress of Woodland Cottage, nothing higher to be obtained, would certainly have been a state infinitely better than that of perpetual celibacy of single blessedness; but her reflections came alas too late. Mr. Williams overlooked her superior charms and attainments; the pert saucy rosy-cheeked dairy maid had so wound herself into her master's good graces, had obtained such influence, had made herself so useful, that he often in her hearing, to the total extinction of her hopes, declared there was nothing in the world so desirable as for a man to make himself agreeable and comfortable, and he was sure that never could be the case when a poor fellow had the misfortune to be tied to a wife, who had a fiery tyrannical temper, and a brawling tongue.

In Sir Edward Percival the prophecy of Gabriel Jenkins was literally fulfilled, exactly as he predicted : from being a man of style and fashion, a buck, a spendthrift, a prodigal, and a libertine, he had become mean, parsimonious, an absolute miser ; his *aura sacra fames* swallowed up every other passion, and he, who had but a very few years before considered gold as dirt, had only valued wealth as it enabled him to gratify his licentious inclinations, and pursue the career of folly : he who with a wanton hand had profusely wasted thousands, now absolutely trembled to part with a guinea to purchase the common necessities of life. With the most abstemious and rigid parsimony, he enabled himself to clear all the mortgages from his several English estates, that the unbounded extravagance of his youth had heavily incumbered, and was hoarding money, which Gabriel Jenkins would laughingly say his godson would enjoy.

Frequently the melancholy Delamere

leads his youthful charge to the monument of his ill-fated parents, and while he sheds the tears of mingled love and friendship, of grief and repentance, he enlarges on their virtues, and tells the attentive Owen as much of their sad history as he can confide to him without injury to the reputation of his mother, and rendering himself a monster in his eyes. To the end that Owen may not be unacquainted with the manners of the world, the Honourable Mr. Delamere sometimes mixes with the gay and fashionable part of mankind, but even to the circles of pleasure the pale phantoms of Lord and Lady Dungarvon pursue him; and from the noisy scenes of bustle and dissipation he hurries to the sublime mountains of North Wales, to vent in the dark woods that surround Dolegelly Castle the anguish of his heart; there hurrying along the winding paths he endeavors to fly from retrospection, from himself; or stretched beneath an o'er shadowing cypress, watches the wind wave

its melancholy branches, or sweep in mystic whispering o'er the dark green grass, while with disordered imagination he sees the thin forms of Adeline and Henry flit before him, and vows to devote his days to Owen.

In the meridian of his days, eminently gifted by nature and fortune, Horatio Delamere is a living proof that even in this life Heaven punishes the indulgence of criminal inclinations; of the wide devastation the slightest deviation from the path of rectitude may spread around, and that the contagious influence of a single error may involve the health, the peace, the happiness of the innocent: his waking hours are devoted to sad regret; his sleep is harrassed with distressing visions, his conscience loaded with the dreadful reflection that his ungoverned passions had destroyed the two persons he loved best on earth; his woe-worn countenance evincing that only the truly virtuous can be truly happy.

Lady, throw not down the volume in

disgust, deny not to the frailty of Adeline thy commiseration and thy tears ; be merciful, and say not in the proud security of unassailed chastity, I would not have acted thus. Be doubtful of thyself, examine thine heart, explore its secret recesses ; perhaps thou wilt find some tender woman's weaknesses ; confide not therefore in thine own strength, depend not on thine own fortitude, but remember with humility that *Every one has Errors*. Bend then the suppliant knee humbly before thy Maker, pray never to be placed in such a situation, never to be so tempted. Guard well each avenue to your heart, stifle the first symptoms of a lawless inclination, so shall your days glide pleasantly away, the pitiless taunt of scorn shall not wound your ear, the consciousness of error shall not lacerate your bosom, but you shall surely feel that innocence is happiness.

THE END.





This book is given special protection for the reason indicated below:

Autograph	Giftbook
Association	Illustration
Condition	Miniature book
Cost	✓ Original binding or covers
Edition	Presentation
Fine binding	Scarcity
Format	Subject

L82—5M—1-52—49125

